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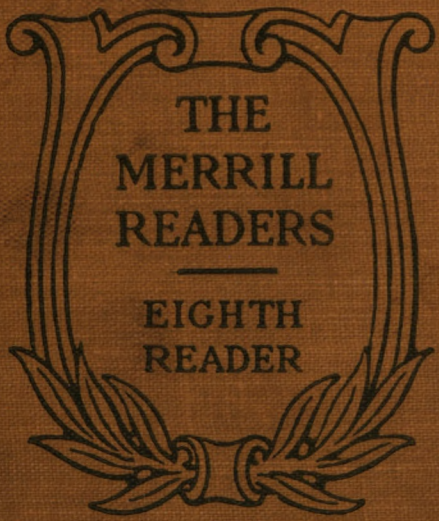
READINGS IN LITERATURE

BOOK TWO



DYER & BRADY

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THE MERRILL READERS: EIGHTH READER

READINGS IN LITERATURE

BOOK TWO

BY

FRANKLIN B. DYER
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, BOSTON

AND

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CHARLES E. MERRILL COMPANY
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO

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PREFACE

THIS collection of READINGS IN LITERATURE is designed as a basal Reader for the eighth grade of the Elementary School or the mid-year of the Junior High School. It has been prepared with the realization that this is a period of transition for most pupils from elementary to secondary education, and that the character of the literature is an important means of bridging the gap between the two.

The high-school requirements in literature usually include: Poetry, Essays, Biography, Oratory, Prose Fiction, Drama, and Scripture. It is the purpose of this Reader to acquaint pupils with these types of literary expression in their simplest and choicest forms, without taking the keen edge off the pupils' interest by anticipating the more difficult selections that will be read later. The book thus lays the foundations for high-school English by presenting many kinds of poetry from Addison down through the recent World War; by numerous biographical notes and sketches of statesmen and men of letters, and essays of humor and fancy; by many simple examples of oratory from American and English statesmen, including some of the most recent; by short stories and tales from Irving, Poe, O. Henry, and living writers; by a sketch of the life of Shakespeare, and three great scenes from Julius Cæsar; Old Testament readings from the book of Daniel, the Psalms, and the book of Job.

In short, the selections pave the way for future literary study, without trespassing on the material that belongs to the later period. They represent the usual forms in which great literary artists speak to the human heart. Culture demands an acquaintance with all these forms because, first in one and then in

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another, according to our various moods, we find satisfaction and inspiration.

The purpose of this Reader is, however, more fundamental than simply to convey an idea of literary forms and an appreciation of standards of literary excellence. It recognizes that pupils in this grade are in the transitional period from childhood to youth, and that they have definite needs and immediate interests, which, rightly satisfied, will furnish firm foundations of character. General reading and the study of other subjects satisfy the desire for facts and information, but the still keener hunger of the imagination must also be administered to, for through it we construct our ideals, and these determine what we shall be.

Van Dyke says that the imagination has four tongues, — Scripture, Mythology, Chivalry, and Democracy, and that the latter will inspire the art and literature of the future. These are all drawn upon in this collection, if we interpret Mythology as Nature's appeal to the heart of man, or God speaking through his handiwork. An entire group of selections is devoted to Nature and in large part to its spiritual aspects; Chivalry tells its most beautiful story in "Gareth and Lynette"; and the Bible is represented by some of its most sublime passages.

Recognizing that Democracy in its larger meanings is to be the vitalizing principle in the life of the world, and that serious attention is given to Civics in the school year for which this book is designed, the place of honor is here given to a series of selections upon the American Spirit and the Ideals of Democracy. It is more than a collection of great oratory and fine writing. It presents the strong foundations of American life, and shows the slow unfolding of the idea of world-wide democracy. Through these great utterances, the pupils cannot fail to construct a somewhat adequate conception of what America means, and of their own privileges and duties.

Another group of selections on Human Life reveals vital truths of ethics, the moral bonds that hold society together.

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It is said that Reading is a form of living because of the things that happen in us when we read. These selections will meet a sympathetic response in the hearts of pupils and will prove most effective agents in character building.

Because humor is a pronounced American trait and is particularly relished by youth, a group of humorists is included, together with Irving and Hawthorne, those artists of the fanciful, whose stories are especially suited for pupils of this age.

Although many of the selections in this book are uncommon in a Reader, the choice has always been made, not for the sake of novelty, but with a view to the needs, tastes, and interests of boys and girls.

Following the plan of the earlier books of the series, which contain lightly drawn studies of great American authors and their masterpieces, this volume concludes with sketches of Poe, Tennyson, Stevenson, and Shakespeare, and somewhat extended readings from them.

The Suggestions for Study at the back of the book are intended to fill the rôle of friendly guide for the pupils and to stimulate their interest, rather than to serve as elaborate analyses of lesson plans for the teacher. There are also brief biographies of authors, and a word list for those not having access to large dictionaries.

Grateful acknowledgment for permission to use selections in this book is made to D. Appleton and Company for the selection from Heywood Broun's *The A. E. F.;* to *Arts and Decoration* for Van Dyke's poem "The Name of France"; to John Vance Cheney for his poem "The Happiest Heart"; to Dodd, Mead and Company for the selection from Fabre's *Life of the Fly,* and for the photograph of the author; to Doubleday, Page and Company for the story by O. Henry; to Harry Stillwell Edwards and the Century Company for the story "Shadow"; to Hamlin Garland for the poem, "Color in the Wheat"; to Joseph B. Gilder for the poem "The Parting of the Ways"; to Hermann Hagedorn for the selection from the poem "The Troop of the Guard";

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to Harper and Brothers for the selections from George William Curtis's *Orations and Addresses;* to the Houghton Mifflin Company for the selection from Woodrow Wilson's *Mere Literature and Other Essays;* to Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company for the poems by Sam Walter Foss and Paul Hamilton Hayne; to the National Education Association for the selection from an address by John P. Kavanaugh; to *The Outlook* for Roosevelt's address to the Hill School; to Fleming H. Revell Company for the selections from Dr. S. Hall Young's *Alaska Days with John Muir;* and to Charles Scribner's Sons for the poem "Tennyson" by Henry van Dyke and for the story, "A Piece of Red Calico," by Frank R. Stockton. The selections from Emerson, Hawthorne, and Holmes are used by permission of and by special arrangement with, the Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers of their works.

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READINGS IN LITERATURE

GOD GIVE US MEN!

By Josiah Gilbert Holland

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands,
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
  Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
  Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
  And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
  In public duty, and in private thinking:
    For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
    Their large professions and their little deeds, —
    Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
    Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

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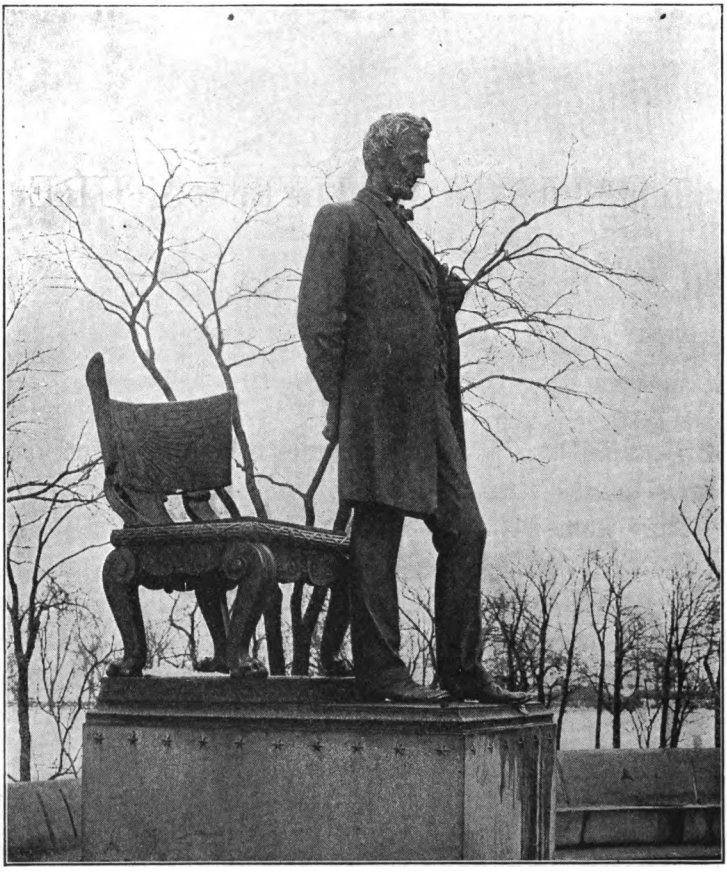

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From the Statue by Augustus Saint Gaudens

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FROM THE SPEECH IN INDEPENDENCE HALL, FEBRUARY 22, 1861

By Abraham Lincoln

I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing in this place, where were collected together the wisdom, the patriotism, the devotion to principle, from which sprang the institutions under which we live.

All the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments which originated in and were given to the world from this hall. I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. I have often pondered over the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here and framed and adopted that Declaration. I have pondered over the toils that were endured by the officers and soldiers of the army who achieved that independence.

I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world, for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal

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chance. This is the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence.

Abridged.

A DEFENSE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

IN THE ENGLISH HOUSE OF LORDS, NOVEMBER 18, 1777

BY WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM

THIS, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment! It is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot now avail — cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the Throne in the language of truth. We must dispel the illusion and the darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger and true colors, the ruin that is brought to our doors. This, my Lords, is our duty.

The Crown declares an unalterable determination to pursue measures — and what measures, my Lords? The measures that have produced the imminent perils that threaten us; the measures that have brought ruin to our doors.

Can the minister of the day now presume to expect a continuance of support in this ruinous infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and its duty as to be thus deluded into the loss of the one and the violation of the other? To give an unlimited credit and support for the steady perseverance in measures, my Lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt!

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"But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world: now none so poor to do her reverence." I use the words of a poet; but, though it be poetry, it is no fiction. It is a shameful truth, that not only the power and strength of this country are wasting away and expiring, but her well-earned glories, her true honor, and substantial dignity are sacrificed.

The desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known. No man thinks more highly of them than I do. I love and honor the English troops. I know their virtues and their valor. I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, I venture to say it, you cannot conquer America. Your armies in the last war effected everything that could be effected; and what was it? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most able general, a long and laborious campaign, to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America. My Lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. Besides the sufferings, perhaps total loss of the Northern force, the best appointed army that ever took the field, commanded by Sir William Howe, has retired from the American lines. He was obliged to relinquish his attempt, and with great delay and danger to adopt a new and distant plan of operations. We shall soon know, and in any event have reason to lament, what may have happened since.

As to conquest, therefore, my Lords, I repeat, it is

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impossible. You may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince; your efforts are forever vain and impotent — doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I would never lay down my arms — never — never — never.

My Lords, no man wishes for the due dependence of America on this country more than I do. To preserve it, and not confirm that state of independence into which your measures hitherto have driven them, is the object which we ought to unite in attaining. The Americans, contending for their rights against arbitrary exactions, I love and admire. It is the struggle of free and virtuous patriots. But, contending for independency and total disconnection from England, as an Englishman, I cannot wish them success. America derived assistance and protection from us; and we reaped from her the most important advantages. She was, indeed, the fountain of our wealth, the nerve of our strength, the nursery and basis of our naval power. It is our duty, therefore, my Lords, if we wish to save our country, most seriously to endeavor the recovery of these most beneficial subjects; and in this perilous crisis, perhaps the present moment may be the only one in which we can hope for success. Let us wisely take advantage of every possible moment of reconciliation.

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Besides, the natural disposition of America herself still leans toward England; to the old habits of connection and mutual interest that united both countries. This was the established sentiment of all the Continent; and still, my Lords, in the great and principal part, the sound part of America, this wise and affectionate disposition prevails.

America is not in that state of desperate and contemptible rebellion which this country has been deluded to believe. It is not a wild and lawless banditti, who, having nothing to lose, might hope to snatch something from public convulsions. Many of their leaders and great men have a great stake in this great contest. The gentleman who conducts their armies, I am told, has an estate of four or five thousand pounds a year; and when I consider these things, I cannot but lament the inconsiderate violence of our penal acts, our declaration of treason and rebellion, with all the fatal effects of attainder and confiscation.

You cannot conciliate America by your present measures. You cannot subdue her by your present or by any measures. What, then, can you do? You cannot conquer; you cannot gain. My Lords, the time demands the language of truth. In a just and necessary war, to maintain the rights or honor of my country, I would strip the shirt from my back to support it. But in such a war as this, unjust in its principle, impracticable in its means, and ruinous in its consequences, I would not contribute a single effort nor a single shilling. I do not call for vengeance on the heads of those who have been

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guilty; I only recommend to them to make their retreat. Let them walk off; and let them make haste, or they may be assured that speedy punishment will overtake them.

My Lords, I have submitted to you, with the freedom and truth which I think my duty, my sentiments on your present awful situation. I have laid before you the ruin of your power, the complication of calamities, that overwhelm your sinking country. Your dearest interests, your own liberties, the Constitution itself, totters to the foundation. All this disgraceful danger, this multitude of misery, is the monstrous offspring of this unnatural war. We have been deceived and deluded too long. Let us now stop short. This is the crisis — the only crisis of time and situation, to give us a possibility of escape from the fatal effects of our delusions.

Is it possible, can it be believed, that ministers are yet blind to this impending destruction? I did hope, that instead of this false and empty vanity, this overweening pride, ministers would have humbled themselves in their errors, would have confessed and retracted them, and by an active, though a late, repentance, have endeavored to redeem them. But, my Lords, since they had neither sagacity to foresee, nor justice nor humanity to shun these oppressive calamities — since not even severe experience can make them feel, nor the imminent ruin of their country awaken them from their stupefaction, the guardian care of Parliament must interpose. I shall therefore, my Lords, propose to you an amendment to recommend an immediate cessation of hostilities, and the commencement of a treaty to restore peace and liberty

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to America, strength and happiness to England, security and permanent prosperity to both countries.

Abridged.

THE ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF OUR GOVERNMENT

FROM THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS, 1801

BY THOMAS JEFFERSON

ABOUT to enter, fellow citizens, on the exercise of duties which comprehend everything dear and valuable to you, it is proper that you should understand what I deem the essential principles of our government, and consequently those which ought to shape its administration. I will compress them in the narrowest compass they will bear, stating the general principles, but not all their limitations:

Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political.

Peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, — entangling alliances with none.

The support of the state governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies.

The preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home, and safety abroad.

A jealous care of right of election by the people, a

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mild and safe corrective of abuses, which are loosed by the sword of revolution where peaceable remedies are unprovided.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.

A well-disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them: the supremacy of the civil over the military authority.

Economy in public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened.

The honest payment of our debts and sacred preservation of the public faith.

Encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its handmaid.

The diffusion of information and the arraignment of all abuses at the bar of public reason.

Freedom of religion, freedom of the press, and freedom of person under the protection of the habeas corpus; and trial by juries impartially selected.

These principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. The wisdom of our sages and the blood of our heroes have been devoted to their attainment. They should be the creed of our political faith — the text of civil instruction, the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust; and should we wander from them in moments of error or alarm, let us

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hasten to retrace our steps and to regain the road which leads to peace, liberty, and safety.

DANIEL WEBSTER AT BUNKER HILL

By Samuel Griswold Goodrich

The first time I ever saw Mr. Webster was on the 17th of June, 1825, at the laying of the cornerstone of the Bunker Hill Monument. I shall never forget his appearance as he strode across the open area, encircled by some fifty thousand persons — men and women — waiting for the "Orator of the Day," nor the shout that simultaneously burst forth as he was recognized, carrying up to the skies the name of "Webster! Webster! Webster!"

It was one of those lovely days in June when the sun is bright, the air clear, and the breath of nature so sweet and pure as to fill every bosom with a grateful joy in the mere consciousness of existence.

There were present long files of soldiers, in their holiday attire. There were many associations, with their mottoed banners; there were miles of citizens from the towns and the country round about; there were two hundred gray-haired men, remnants of the days of the Revolution. Among them was a stranger, of great mildness and dignity of appearance, on whom all eyes rested, and when his name was known the air echoed with the cry, "Welcome, welcome, Lafayette!"

I have seen many public festivities and ceremonials, but never one of more general interest than this. Every-

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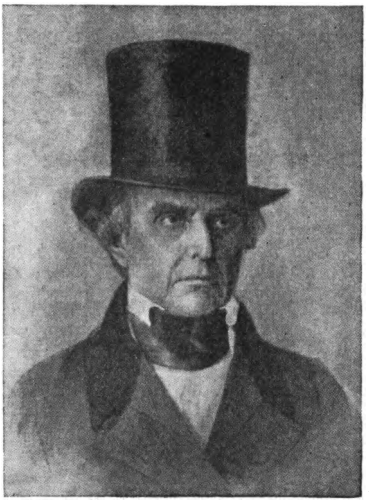
thing was fortunate; all were gratified; but the address was that which seemed uppermost in all minds and hearts. Mr. Webster was in the very zenith of his fame and of his powers.

There was a grandeur in his form, an intelligence in his deep dark eye, a loftiness in his expansive brow, a significance in his arched lip, altogether beyond those of any other human being I ever saw. And these, on the occasion to which I refer, had their full expression and interpretation.



In general, the oration was serious, full of weighty thought and deep reflection. Occasionally there were flashes of fine imagination, and several passages of deep overwhelming emotion.

As I was near the speaker, I not only heard every word, but saw every movement of his countenance. When he came to address the few scarred and time-worn veterans — some forty in number — who had shared in the scene which all had now gathered to commemorate, he paused a moment, and as he uttered the words, "Venerable men!" his voice trembled, and I could see a cloud pass over the sea of faces that turned upon the speaker.

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OUR SACRED TRUST

FROM THE ORATION AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNERSTONE OF BUNKER HILL MONUMENT

BY DANIEL WEBSTER

VETERANS of half a century! When in your youthful days you put everything at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this! At a period to which you could not reasonably have expected to arrive, at a moment of national prosperity such as you could never have foreseen, you are now met here to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers, and to receive the overflowings of a universal gratitude.

Look abroad upon this lovely land which your young valor defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled. Yea, look abroad upon the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom, and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind!

And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those who established our liberty and our government are daily dropping from among us. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object.

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We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of States. Our fathers have filled them.

But there remains to us a great duty of defense and preservation; and there is opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered.

Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four states are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act.

Let our object be, *our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country.* And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of Wisdom, of Peace, and of Liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever.

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WASHINGTON

By Daniel Webster

America has furnished to the world the character of Washington! If our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind.

Washington! "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Washington is all our own! The enthusiastic veneration and regard in which the people of the United States hold him, prove them to be worthy of such a countryman, while his reputation abroad reflects the highest honor on his country. I would cheerfully put the question to-day to the intelligence of Europe and the world: "What character of the century, upon the whole, stands out in the relief of history, most pure, most respectable, most sublime?" And I doubt not that, by a suffrage approaching unanimity, the answer would be, "Washington!"

The structure now standing before us, by its uprightness, its solidity, its durability, is no unfit emblem of his character. His public virtues and public principles were as firm as the earth on which it stands; his personal motives, as pure as the serene heaven in which its summit is lost. But, indeed, though a fit, it is an inadequate emblem. Towering high above the column which our hands have builded, beheld, not by the inhabitants of a single city or a single state, but by all the families of man,

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ascends the colossal grandeur of the character and life of Washington.

Born upon our soil, of parents also born upon it; never for a moment having had sight of the Old World; instructed, according to the modes of his time, only in the spare, plain, but wholesome elementary knowledge; living from infancy to manhood and age amidst our expanding, but not luxurious civilization; partaking in our great destiny of labor, our long contest with unreclaimed nature and uncivilized man, our war of Independence, our great victory of peace, the formation of the Union, and the establishment of the Constitution, — he is all, all our own! Washington is ours. That crowded and glorious life was the life of an American citizen.

I claim him for America. In all the perils, in every darkened moment of the state, in the midst of the reproaches of enemies and the misgivings of friends, I turn to that transcendent name for courage and consolation.

To him who denies or doubts whether our fervid liberty can be combined with law, with order, with the security of property, with the pursuits and advancement of happiness; to him who denies that our forms of government are capable of producing exaltation of soul and the passion of true glory; to him who denies that we have contributed anything to the stock of great lessons and great examples — to all these I reply by pointing to Washington.

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THREE GREAT AMERICANS

By Woodrow Wilson

The American spirit is something more than the old, the immemorial Saxon spirit of liberty from which it sprung. It has been bred by the conditions attending the great task which we have all the century been carrying forward: the task, at once material and ideal, of subduing a wilderness and covering all the wide stretches of a vast continent with a single free and stable polity. It is, accordingly, above all things, a hopeful and confident spirit. It is progressive, optimistically progressive, and ambitious of objects of national scope and advantage. It is unpedantic, unprovincial, unspeculative, unfastidious; regardful of law, but as using it, not as being used by it or dominated by any formalism whatever; in a sense unrefined, because full of rude force; but prompted by large and generous motives, and often as tolerant as it is resolute.

No one man, unless it be Lincoln, has ever proved big or various enough to embody this active and full-hearted spirit in all its qualities; and the men who have been too narrow or too speculative or too pedantic to represent it have, nevertheless, added to the strong and stirring variety of our national life, making it fuller and richer in motive and energy; but its several aspects are none the less noteworthy as they separately appear in different men.

One of the first men to exhibit this American spirit with an unmistakable touch of greatness and distinction

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was Benjamin Franklin. It was characteristic of America that this self-made man should become a philosopher, a founder of philosophical societies, an authoritative man of science; that his philosophy of life should be so homely and so practical in its maxims, and uttered with so shrewd a wit; that one region should be his birthplace and another his home; that he should favor effective political union among the colonies from the first, and should play a sage and active part in the establishment of national independence and the planning of a national organization, and that he should represent his countrymen in diplomacy abroad. They could have had no spokesman who represented more sides of their character.

Franklin was a sort of multiple American. He was versatile without lacking solidity; he was a practical statesman without ceasing to be a sagacious philosopher. He came of the people, and was democratic; but he had raised himself out of the general mass of unnamed men, and so stood for the democratic law, not of equality, but of self-selection in endeavor. One can feel sure that Franklin would have succeeded in any part of the national life that it might have fallen to his lot to take part in. He will stand the final and characteristic test of Americanism; he would unquestionably have made a successful frontiersman, capable at once of wielding the axe and of administering justice from the fallen trunk.

Washington hardly seems an American, as most of his biographers depict him. He is too colorless, too cold, too prudent. He seems more like a wise and dispassionate Mr. Allworthy, advising a nation as he would a parish,

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than like a man building states and marshaling a nation in a wilderness. But the real Washington was as thoroughly an American as Jackson or Lincoln. What we take for lack of passion in him was but the reserve and self-mastery natural to a man of his class and breeding in Virginia. He was no parlor politician, either. He had seen the frontier, and far beyond it where the French forts lay. He knew the rough life of the country as few other men could. His thoughts did not live at Mount Vernon. He knew difficulty as intimately and faced it always with as quiet a mastery as William the Silent.

This calm, straightforward, high-spirited man, making charts of the western country, noting the natural land and water routes into the heart of the continent, marking how the French power lay, conceiving the policy which should dispossess it, and the engineering achievements which should make the utmost resources of the land our own; counseling Braddock how to enter the forest, but not deserting him because he would not take advice; planning step by step, by patient correspondence with influential men everywhere, the meetings, conferences, common resolves which were finally to bring the great constitutional convention together; planning, too, always for the country as well as for Virginia; and presiding at last over the establishment and organization of the government of the Union: he certainly — the most suitable instrument of the national life at every moment of crisis — is a great American. Those noble words which he uttered amidst the first doubtings of the constitutional convention might serve as a motto for the best efforts of

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liberty wherever free men strive: "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the event is in the hand of God."

Lincoln was the supreme American of our history. In Clay, East and West were mixed without being fused or harmonized: he seems like two men. In Jackson there was not even a mixture; he was all of a piece, and altogether unacceptable to some parts of the country, — a frontier statesman. But in Lincoln the elements were combined and harmonized.

The most singular thing about the wonderful career of the man is the way in which he steadily grew into a national stature. He began an amorphous, unlicked cub, bred in the rudest of human lairs; but, as he grew, everything formed, informed, transformed him. The process was slow but unbroken. He was not fit to be President until he actually became President. He was fit then because, learning everything as he went, he had found out how much there was to learn and had still an infinite capacity for learning. The quiet voices of sentiment and murmurs of resolution that went whispering through the land, his ear always caught, when others could hear nothing but their own words. He never ceased to be a common man: that was his source of strength. But he was a common man with genius, a genius for things American, for insight into the common thought, for mastery of the fundamental things of politics that inhere in human nature and cast hardly more than their shadows on constitutions; for the practical niceties of affairs; for judging men and assessing

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arguments. Jackson had no social imagination: no unfamiliar community made any impression on him. His whole fibre stiffened young, and nothing afterward could modify or even deeply affect it. But Lincoln was always a-making; he would have died unfinished if the terrible storms of the war had not stung him to learn in those four years what no other twenty could have taught him.

And, as he stands there in his complete manhood, at the most perilous helm in Christendom, what a marvelous composite figure he is! The whole country is summed up in him: the rude Western strength, tempered with shrewdness and a broad and humane wit; the Eastern conservatism, regardful of law and devoted to fixed standards of duty. He even understood the South, as no other Northern man of his generation did. He respected, because he comprehended, though he could not hold its view of the Constitution; he appreciated the inexorable compulsions of its past in respect of slavery; he would have secured it once more, and speedily if possible, in its right to self-government, when the fight was fought out. To the Eastern politicians he seemed like an accident; but to history he must seem like a providence.

Abridged.

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF LEXINGTON

By George William Curtis

On April 19, 1775, when Samuel Adams, well called the Father of the Revolution, heard the first shots of the

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British upon Lexington Green, he knew that war had at last begun, and full of enthusiasm, of hope, of trust in America, he exclaimed with rapture, "Oh, what a glorious morning!" And there is no fellow-citizen of ours, wherever he may be to-day, whether sailing the remotest seas or wandering among the highest Alps, however far removed, however long separated from his home, who, as his eyes open upon this glorious morning, does not repeat with the same fervor the words of Samuel Adams, and thank God with all his heart that he too is an American. In imagination he sees infinitely multiplied the very scene that we behold. From every roof and gable, from every door and window of all the myriads of happy American homes from the seaboard to the mountains, and from the mountains still onward to the sea, the splendor of this summer heaven is reflected in the starry beauty of the American flag. From every steeple and tower in crowded cities and towns, from the village belfry and the school-house and meeting-house on solitary country roads, ring out the joyous peals. From countless thousands of reverent lips ascends the voice of prayer. Everywhere the inspiring words of the great Declaration, the charter of our independence, the scripture of our liberty, is read aloud in eager, in grateful ears. And above all, and under all, pulsing through all the praise and prayer, from the frozen sea to the tropic gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the great heart of a great people beats in fulness of joy, beats with pious exultation, that here at last, upon our soil — here by the wisdom of our fathers and the bravery of our brothers is founded a republic, vast, frater-

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nal, peaceful, upon the divine cornerstone of liberty, justice, and equal rights.

Could the men of that earlier day — could Samuel Adams and all his associates have lived through this amazing century to see this glorious morning, as they counted these teeming and expanding States, as they watched the advance of republican empire from the Alleghanies through a country of golden plenty, passing the snowy Sierras and descending to the western sea of peace; as they saw the little spark of political liberty, which they painfully struck, blown by the eager breath of a century into a flame which aspires to heaven and illuminates the earth, they would bow their reverend heads at this moment, and the happy burden of their hearts would tremble from their expiring lips, "Now, oh Lord, let thy servants depart in peace, for our eyes have seen thy salvation."

But we have learned, by sharp experience, that prosperity is girt with peril. In this hour of exultation we will not scorn the wise voices of warning and censure, the friendly and patriotic voices of the time. We will not forget that the vital condition of national greatness and prosperity is the moral character of the people. It is not vast territory, a temperate climate, exhaustless mines, enormous wealth, amazing inventions, imperial enterprises, magnificent public works, a population miraculously multiplied; it is not busy shops, and humming mills, and flaming forges, and commerce that girdles the globe with the glory of a flag, that make a nation truly great. These are but opportunities. They are like the health and strength and talents of a man, which are not his

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character and manhood, but only the means of their development. The test of our national greatness is the use we make of our opportunities. If they breed extravagance, wild riot, and license; if they make fraud plausible and corruption easy; if they confuse private morality and debauch the public conscience, — beware, beware! for all our prosperity is then but a Belshazzar's feast of splendor, and while we sit drunken with wine and crowned with flowers, the walls of our stately palace are flaming and cracking with the terrible words of our doom.

But, with all faults confessed and concessions made, with all dangers acknowledged and difficulties measured, I think we may truly say that, upon the whole, we have used our opportunities well. The commanding political fact of the century that ends to-day is the transcendent force and the recuperative power of republican institutions. Neither the siren of prosperity nor the red fury of civil war has been able to destroy our government, or to weaken our faith in the principles upon which it is founded. We have been proud and reckless and defiant; we have sinned, and have justly suffered; but I say in your hearing, as, had I the voice, I would say in the hearing of the world to-day, that out of the fiery furnace of our afflictions America emerges, at this moment, greater, better, truer, nobler, than ever in its history before. Fidelity to the spirit and principles of our fathers will enable us to deliver our country enlarged, beautified, ennobled, to our children of the new century. Unwavering faith in the absolute supremacy of the moral law, the clear perception

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that well-considered, thoroughly proved, and jealously guarded institutions are the chief security of liberty, and an unswerving loyalty to ideas made the men of the Revolution and secured American independence. The same faith and same loyalty will preserve that independence, and secure progressive liberty forever.

And here and now, let us, at least, swear that we will try public and private men by precisely the same moral standard; and that no man who directly or indirectly connives at corruption or coercion, to acquire office or to retain it, or who prostitutes any opportunity or position of public service to his own or another's advantage, shall have our countenance or our vote. The one thing that no man in this country is so poor that he cannot own is his vote; and he is bound to use it not only honestly, but intelligently. Good government does not come of itself; it is the result of the skilful co-operation of good and shrewd men. If they will not combine, bad men will; and if they sleep, the devil will sow tares. And, as we pledge ourselves to our fathers' fidelity, we may well believe that in this hushed hour of noon their gracious spirits bend over us in benediction.

Abridged.

OUR ADOPTED SONS

An Address to Those Who Seek American Citizenship

By John P. Kavanaugh

You are about to renounce allegiance to the land of your birth, and swear allegiance to the land of your adop-

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tion. Your memories of home and country are still a bright tradition, but you have chosen America as your final home. It is your country; its air and sunshine have mingled with your blood. All that the future holds for you and your children is centered in this Republic. You have anxiously awaited this day when the fullness of your citizenship would be accomplished. You now accept the full measures of responsibility, the burdens which the government imposes along with the blessings it bestows.

You will be no longer subjects, but citizens, vested with sovereign functions and privileges. We welcome you to that high estate. Our power and might are drawn from every quarter of the earth. The unseen crimson threads of kinship stretch across the seas. Here the best blood of the world is mingled; here the races are fused into a great mixed racial family, forming a composite citizenship, the greatest the world has known. The government confers upon you a privilege that is above price. You receive the institutions of liberty as a free heritage, institutions which were founded by the fathers through privation and sacrifice, through blood and tears. It is our duty to preserve them in their native vigor, and to transmit them unimpaired to succeeding generations. It remains for you to demonstrate that this confidence has not been misplaced. If your allegiance be undivided, if your loyalty be pure and constant, then you will be a distinct contribution to our industrial life, an energizing influence in every field of activity, a bulwark of safety in times of stress and danger.

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In ancient Rome the sacred fire burned constantly in the temple of Vesta. It was thought that the safety of the city depended upon the wavering, lambent flame. If it were extinguished, the vestal virgins were severely punished, and it was rekindled from the rays of the sun. Patriotism is our sacred fire, and the existence of the state depends upon its ardent glow. We are the vestals charged with the duty to tend and watch with eternal vigilance. Let it never smoulder, but keep it ever aglow, that this nation, the refuge of the persecuted and haven of the oppressed, the nation of equal opportunity, of impartial justice, of equality before the law, may not perish from the earth.

As you call the God of Nations to witness the sincerity of your intentions and the purity of your motives, may there arise in your mental vision the spirit of America, in grace and majesty, her form suffused with holy light, bearing the flaming sword of justice and the radiant shield of mercy — a sign and promise that before the sword is sheathed again tryanny will be brought low and the weak raised up; and that peace with justice may prevail among all the races of men.

Abridged.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP

AN ADDRESS TO THE BOYS OF THE HILL SCHOOL, JUNE 9, 1913

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

MR. CHAIRMAN, and you members of the school, and parents: It is about sixteen years ago that I came to the

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Hill School to speak and I have always remembered my visit. I take a peculiar interest in speaking to you, as introduced by the President of the Civic Club, because I feel that every school such as this fails in its duty unless it turns out men who in after life will play a useful part in the world. The first thing I want to say to you here, to the boys of the school, is that the only efficient way in which, in after life, you can show your gratitude to the school is by the kind of reputation you win in the great world. You cannot, save in wholly exceptional cases, individually do much of direct return to the school itself for what the school has done for you. Your return must be in the way of adding to the school's good name, adding to the sum of reputation which will come, and can come only, from the part played by the graduates of the school in the life of the Nation after they have graduated.

The first point that I want to make with you is the dual character of the obligation that rests on you when you leave here; that is, that first you have got to be efficient, and next, and equally, you have got to be decent and straight.

The one thing that I wish to see avoided in this connection is a segregation of our people into two camps: the

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camp of those who know how and can do things but who do them crookedly, and the camp of those who have excellent purposes and no power to achieve them. I am not in the least interested in virtue that is only virtue in the abstract. I want to hold up to you nothing in the way of an ideal that you cannot live up to if you have got in you the right stuff for citizenship. That is why I want to dwell upon the need of your combining the qualities of idealism and efficiency.

First, efficiency. Remember that you cannot do good to anybody else until you can pull your own weight, and no amount of lofty ambition will atone in the least if you have not the practical efficiency that will make you count among your fellows. I don't care in what line of work you make the effort, you cannot be a benefit from the standpoint of those with high aspirations until, in addition to the high aspirations, you develop the trait that will enable you to put them into effect.

If I were speaking only to the Civic Club, for instance, I should say to you that you would be perfectly worthless in politics if you did not have a lofty purpose, but that you would also be utterly worthless if you did not possess the necessary physical and moral robustness to do more than meet other men like yourselves in politics and say, "How nice it would be to have that lofty purpose realized in our National life!" If you go into politics with an idea that, merely because you have, and because you have announced that you have, fine qualities, you are going to have any special consideration shown you, you will be left.

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What is true of politics is just as true of business. I do not want you to think even for a moment that I intend to put efficiency as the sole idea before you. I do not. I shall speak of that later. But you must have it. You cannot do any good to anybody as a business man unless you make your business succeed. You cannot take care of those who work for you unless you are such a good business man that there will be something that you have to divide with them. If you do not earn anything you cannot divide it, because it is not there to divide.

If you take up newspaper work, unless you can make a newspaper which people will read, then it does not make any difference what you write in it; some one has got to read it, or else the writing does not do any good. I could extend it to the pathetic portion of the brotherhood of authors (I am one of them — one of the authors — myself, not one of the pathetic portion) who keep writing to me and explaining that they have written poems or essays or novels of such unexampled excellency of purpose, but that nobody will read them. Then the poor, good people usually ask me to get them read, or tell them how they can get them read. There is not any answer that I can make, except to make them interesting, which, although excellent advice, is a little too large to meet the needs of the case.

What is true of the man with the newspaper, and true of the business man, is true of the public servant, is true in every relation of life. You must be efficient, you must be able to hold your own in the world of politics, the world of business, able to keep your own head above water, to

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make your work satisfactory, to make it pay. If you do not, you cannot do good to others. You must be efficient. You must never forget for a moment that, so far from the doctrine of efficiency being a base theory, it is a vital doctrine, a doctrine vital to good in this country. If the elders as well as the boys would keep that in mind, they would appreciate better what I regard as one of the cardinal political doctrines that should be preached in this country, the doctrine that we should never penalize efficiency; that the line we should draw on business is on conduct and not on size; the line that we should draw, and what we should discriminate against, is misconduct in any phase, and not efficiency. If the efficiency is gauged by misconduct, then strike it, but strike it incidentally, not as efficiency, but as misconduct. If a man in any way owes his business success to swindling, to sharp practices, get at him under the law if you can, get at him by public opinion if you cannot get at him under the law, but do not get at him because he is efficient. Get at him because he has done evil, get at him because he has achieved his efficiency in anti-social, in improper fashion.

So with politics. One of the hardest things to do is to make men understand (this will be especially appropriate in speaking to the members of the Civic Club) that efficiency in politics does not atone for public immorality, and that morality, good intentions, decent conduct, all together do not atone for inefficiency. You must have both traits. I am always tempted to illustrate what I mean by referring, simply because it is so easy to understand and so clear, to army experiences. Take my own

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brief military experience, merely an experience of four months, but it gave me in part an understanding of all the problems that come in connection with soldiery, of the problems that were fronted on a gigantic scale by your fathers in the days of the Civil War. I could gain nothing with any man in the regiment unless he had the right purpose in him. I did not want him unless he had the right purpose in him; but even if he had the right purpose, even if he was boiling with patriotic enthusiasm, he was not of the least use to me if he could not shoot and walk and ride. And I could not accept any amount of patriotic fervor as offsetting a slight tendency to run away.

I am speaking now to a body which has had peculiar advantages in training. I am speaking to boys, young men, who will speedily be out in the world, to whom we shall speedily be able to look for leadership in their respective communities. I have a right to expect that you will remember that your duty is twofold: that you cannot for one moment forget that you are worthless unless you make yourselves count in the world, and also that if you make yourselves count for evil you are not merely worthless, you are worse than worthless. You must, if you want to do your part in the world, remember that you must pull your own weight; that until you have pulled your own weight you cannot help any one else. And then further remember, having pulled your own weight, you must strive to work for the common good.

And you, boys of the Hill School, and the undergraduates of every large school and of every college in this

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land, know that the supreme test in the effort to get clean athletics comes when you are required to condemn your own side and not the other side. It is perfectly easy to arouse indignation against foul play in the other team, but you never get clean athletics until you get a sentiment which will condemn successful trickery in your own interest. Until you can get that, until you can get a sentiment which will back up the principle of professors when they will not let the man who plays foully play on the team at all, until you get that, you do not get fair play in athletics, you do not get the right kind of sporting spirit. It is the same thing in public life. Until we get a public opinion so genuine that the man on the side that is benefited will condemn the crooked act of the successful politician, until we can get that tone, we cannot get the right standard of public conduct in this country. You must have efficiency, and you must have high idealism combined with efficiency.

I want to say a word to the two different classes of boys to be found in this as in all similar schools. Some of you boys, I suppose the big majority, in fact (I rather hope the big majority), will, when you leave, have to work for your own livelihood, just as my boys will have to. I do not pity you at all, unless you are afraid of working for your livelihood. In that case I pity you, but with the pity that is akin not to love but to contempt. Then there is in addition the smaller number who do not have to work for their own livelihood. I want to say a word to the latter first. You will sometimes find that people advise the boys of the country of the latter class

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to go into active business when they become men, just as if their own livelihood depended on it.

There is in this country ample room for non-remunerative work, but there is no room at all for leisure that is not spent in work. I wish it were possible to express as strenuously as I feel it that the man, whatever means he has, who does no work, real work, hard work, is a useless cumberer of the world's surface, is not only a useless citizen (I am not putting it quite strong enough), is not only a useless cumberer of the world's surface, but by his mere existence represents just so much of a detriment to the community as a whole. If one of you here, a graduate of the Hill School — especially if he goes to college afterward and graduates from that college — if one of you with that education, with that training, and with ample means, then becomes not even a noxious but merely a useless member of society, he is discrediting himself and his associates. He is a discredit to his school and his college, he is a discredit to the people with whom he associates. He is a social menace, because his existence tends to give point to the animosity, the slumbering animosity, which is so easy always to awaken, of the "have nots" against the "haves." The man who has, and who makes a bad use or makes no use of what he has, is one of the prime menaces to our social system of to-day.

I believe in happiness, I believe in pleasure, I believe in having just as good a time in life as you can have, and I do not believe you will have any good time at all in life unless the good time comes as an incident of the doing of duty — doing some work worth doing. The men I have

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known whom I respect and admire are, without exception, men who have achieved something worth achieving, by effort, by the acceptance, perhaps, of risk and hardship, by hard work and even by dreary work, who have had their eyes fixed on a goal worth striving for and have striven steadily toward it; and those are the men who have had real happiness in life. I know a considerable number of people, men whom I knew in my youth, whom I know slightly now, who have with more or less intelligent industry devoted themselves to having a good time. They strike me as having had an uncommonly poor time; and the very few of them who have enjoyment have it only because gradually their brains have atrophied so as to enable them to take pleasure out of the infinitely vapid.

In any institution such as this, all of you know that the boy is not really happy if he does not have some school feeling, that you cannot have a school a success at all unless the average boy in it thinks not only of his own individual success, but thinks of the school success. He may think of it in a great many ways. He is pretty sure to think of it in connection with the "eleven" and the "nine," and to develop a very fervid patriotism toward the close of either the baseball or the football season. As he gets more of a sense of responsibility in the upper forms, he grows to think of the standing of the school in all respects, and part of his own pleasure and of his own pride comes not only in his own achievements, but in the sum of the achievements of himself and his fellows in the school. If you do not get that feeling in the school, the school goes down. It is the same thing in the country on a

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large scale. If, when you get out into actual life, you do not grow to feel, and to feel continually more and more, that in addition to your own success you wish to see community success, you wish to see National success, if you are not influenced by these emotions taken in the aggregate, you lose a large part of your power for usefulness, you lose a large part of your power of achieving not merely success, but happiness.

In short, to-day, under the auspices of the Civic Club, I preach to you the doctrine of realizable idealism. I preach to you the doctrine that in after life, whether you go into politics as a career, or whether, as every good citizen should, you go into politics as a decent citizen, whether you are making a career of it or not, or into business or literature or art or any of the professions, that wherever you work you must set before yourselves high ideals, and you must set them before you in realizable fashion. You will amount to nothing unless you have the ideals, and you will amount to nothing unless in good faith you strive to realize them.

THE GREATNESS OF AMERICA

By Elihu Root

It is worth while to be a citizen of a great country, but size alone is not enough to make a country great. A country must be great in its ideals; it must be great-hearted; it must be noble; it must despise and reject all smallness and meanness; it must be faithful to its word;

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it must keep the faith of treaties; it must be faithful to its mission of civilization in order that it shall be truly great. It is because we believe that of our country that we are proud, aye, that the alien with the first step of his foot upon our soil is proud to be a part of this great democracy.

THE HISTORY OF OUR FLAG

By Alfred P. Putnam

The history of our glorious old flag is of exceeding interest, and brings back to us a throng of sacred and thrilling associations. The banner of St. Andrew was blue, charged with a white saltier or cross, in the form of the letter X, and was used in Scotland as early as the eleventh century. The banner of St. George was white, charged with the red cross, and was used in England as early as the first part of the fourteenth century. By a royal proclamation, dated April 12, 1700, these two crosses were joined together upon the same banner, forming the ancient national flag of England.

It was not until Ireland, in 1801, was made a part of Great Britain, that the present national flag of England, so well known as the Union Jack, was completed. But it was the ancient flag of England that constituted the basis of our American Banner. Various other flags had indeed been raised at other times by our colonial ancestors. But they were not particularly associated with, or, at least, were not incorporated into, and made a part of the

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destined "Stars and Stripes." It was after Washington had taken command of the fresh Army of the Revolution, at Cambridge, that, January 2, 1776, he unfolded before them the new flag of thirteen stripes of alternate red and white, having upon one of the corners the red and white crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, on a field of blue. And this was the standard which was borne into the city of Boston when it was evacuated by the British troops, and was entered by the American army.

Uniting, as it did, the flags of England and America, it showed that the colonists were not yet prepared to sever the tie that bound them to the mother country. By that union of flags they claimed to be a vital and substantial part of the empire of Great Britain, and demanded the rights and privileges which such a relation implied. Yet it was by these thirteen stripes they had made known the union *also* of the thirteen colonies, the stripes of white declaring the purity and innocence of their cause, and the stripes of red giving forth defiance to cruelty and opposition.

On the 14th day of June, 1777, it was resolved by Congress, "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes alternate red and white, and that the Union be thirteen white stars in the blue field." This resolution was made public September 3, 1777, and the flag that was first made and used in pursuance of it was that which led the Americans to victory at Saratoga. Here the thirteen stars were arranged in a circle, as we sometimes see them now, in order better to express the idea of the union of the states.

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In 1794, there having been two more new states added to the Union, it was voted that the alternate stripes, as well as the circling stars, be fifteen in number, and the flag, as thus altered and enlarged, was the one which was borne through all the contests of the War of 1812. But it was thought that the flag would at length become too large if a new stripe should be added with every freshly admitted state. If was therefore enacted, in 1818, that a permanent return should be made to the original number of thirteen stripes, and that the number of stars should henceforth correspond to the growing number of states. Thus the flag should symbolize the Union, as it might be at any given period of its history, and also as it was at the very hour of its birth. It was at the same time suggested that these stars, instead of being arranged in a circle, be formed into a single star — a suggestion which we occasionally see adopted. In fine, no particular order seems now to be observed with respect to the arrangement of the constellation. It is enough if only the whole number be there in that azure field — the blue to be emblematical of perseverance, vigilance, and justice, each star to signify the glory of the state it may represent, and the whole to be eloquent forever of a Union that must be "one and inseparable."

Abridged.

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WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

By Sir William Jones

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, strong navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No: — men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude, —
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a state;
And sovereign Law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

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AS TOILSOME I WANDER'D VIRGINIA'S WOODS

By Walt Whitman

As toilsome I wander'd Virginia's woods,
To the music of rustling leaves kick'd by my feet (for 'twas autumn),
I mark'd at the foot of a tree the grave of a soldier;
Mortally wounded he and buried on the retreat (easily all could I understand),
The halt of a mid-day hour, when up! no time to lose — yet this sign left,
On a tablet scrawl'd and nail'd on the tree by the grave,
Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.

Long, long I muse, then on my way go wandering,
Many a changeful season to follow, and many a scene of life,
Yet at times through changeful season and scene, abrupt, alone, or in the crowded street,
Comes before me the unknown soldier's grave, comes the inscription rude in Virginia's woods,
Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.

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THE FATHERLAND

By James Russell Lowell

Where is the true man's fatherland?
  Is it where he by chance is born?
  Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned?
Oh, yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,
  Where God is God and man is man?
  Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this?
Oh, yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear
  Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,
  Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
  Where'er one man may help another, —
  Thank God for such a birthright, brother, —
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

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LET FREEDOM BE YOUR KING

By Ralph Waldo Emerson

God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball
A field of havoc and war,
Where tyrants great and tyrants small
Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel — his name is Freedom —
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west,
And fend you with his wing.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

By Joseph B. Gilder

Untrammelled Giant of the West,
With all of Nature's gifts endowed,
With all of Heaven's mercies blessed,
Nor of thy power unduly proud —
Peerless in courage, force, and skill,
And godlike in thy strength of will, —

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Before thy feet the ways divide:
One path leads up to heights sublime;
Downward the other slopes, where bide
The refuse and the wrecks of Time.
Choose then, nor falter at the start,
O choose the nobler path and part!

Be thou the guardian of the weak,
Of the unfriended, thou the friend;
No guerdon for thy valor seek,
No end beyond the avowed end,
Wouldst thou thy godlike power preserve,
Be godlike in the will to serve!

LIBERTY FOR ALL MANKIND

ADDRESS AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON, JULY 4, 1918

BY WOODROW WILSON

GENTLEMEN of the Diplomatic Corps and my Fellow Citizens:

I am happy to draw apart with you to this quiet place of old counsel in order to speak a little of the meaning of this day of our nation's independence. The place seems very still and remote. It is as serene and untouched by the hurry of the world as it was in those great days long ago when General Washington was here and held leisurely conference with the men who were to be associated with him in the creation of a nation. From these gentle slopes they looked out upon the world and saw it whole, saw it with the light of the future upon it, saw it with modern eyes

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that turned away from a past which men of liberated spirits could no longer endure. It is for that reason that we cannot feel, even here, in the immediate presence of this sacred tomb, that this is a place of death. It was a place of achievement. A great promise that was meant for all mankind was here given plan and reality. The associations by which we are here surrounded are the inspiriting associations of that noble death which is only a glorious consummation. From this green hillside we also ought to be able to see with comprehending eyes the world that lies around us and conceive anew the purpose that must set man free.

It is significant — significant of their own character and purpose and of the influences they were setting afoot — that Washington and his associates, like the Barons at Runnymede, spoke and acted not for a class, but for a people. It has been left for us to see to it that it shall be understood that they spoke and acted not for a single people only, but for all mankind. They were thinking not of themselves and of the material interests which centered in the little groups of landholders and merchants and men of affairs with whom they were accustomed to act, in Virginia and the Colonies to the north and south

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of her, but of a people who wished to be done with classes and special interests and the authority of men whom they had not themselves chosen to rule over them. They entertained no private purpose, desired no peculiar privilege. They were consciously planning that men of every class should be free, and America a place to which men out of every nation might resort who wished to share with them the rights and privileges of free men. And we take our cue from them — do we not? We intend what they intended. We here, in America, believe our participation in this present war to be only the fruitage of what they planted. Our case differs from theirs only in this: that it is our inestimable privilege to concert with men out of every nation what shall make not only the liberties of America secure, but the liberties of every other people as well. We are happy in the thought that we are permitted to do what they would have done had they been in our place. There must now be settled, once for all, what was settled for America in the great age upon whose inspiration we draw to-day. This is surely a fitting place from which calmly to look out upon our task, that we may fortify our spirits for its accomplishment. And this is the appropriate place from which to avow, alike to the friends who look on and to the friends with whom we have the happiness to be associated in action, the faith and purpose with which we act.

This, then, is our conception of the great struggle in which we are engaged. The plot is written plain upon every scene and every act of the supreme tragedy. On the one hand stand the peoples of the world — not only the

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people actually engaged, but many others also who suffer under mastery but cannot act; peoples of many races and in every part of the world — the people of stricken Russia still, among the rest, though they are for the moment unorganized and helpless. Opposed to them, masters of many armies, stand an isolated, friendless group of Governments who speak no common purpose, but only selfish ambitions of their own, by which none can profit but themselves, and whose peoples are fuel in their hands; Governments which fear their people and yet are for the time being their sovereign lords, making every choice for them and disposing of their lives and fortunes as they will, as well as of the lives and fortunes of every people who fall under their power; Governments clothed with the strange trappings and the primitive authority of an age that is altogether alien and hostile to our own. The Past and the Present are in deadly grapple and the peoples of the world are being done to death between them.

"There can be but one issue. The settlement must be final. There can be no compromise. No half-way decision would be tolerable. No half-way decision is conceivable. These are the ends for which the associated peoples of the world are fighting and which must be conceded them before there can be peace:

1. The destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world; or, if it cannot be presently destroyed, at the least its reduction to virtual impotence.

2. The settlement of every question, whether of terri-

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tory, of sovereignty, of economic arrangement, or of political relationship, upon the basis of the free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned, and not upon the basis of the material interest or advantage of any other nation or people which may desire a different settlement for the sake of its own exterior influence or mastery.

3. The consent of all nations to be governed in their conduct toward each other by the same principles of honor and of respect for the common law of civilized society that govern the individual citizens of all modern States in their relations with one another; to the end that all promises and covenants may be sacredly observed, no private plots or conspiracies hatched, no selfish injuries wrought with impunity, and a mutual trust established upon the handsome foundation of a mutual respect for right.

4. The establishment of an organization of peace which shall make it certain that the combined power of free nations will check every invasion of right and serve to make peace and justice the more secure by affording a definite tribunal of opinion to which all must submit and by which every international readjustment that cannot be amicably agreed upon by the peoples directly concerned shall be sanctioned.

These great objects can be put into a single sentence. What we seek is the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind.

These great ends cannot be achieved by debating and

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seeking to reconcile and accommodate what statesmen may wish, with their projects for balances of power and of national opportunity. They can be realized only by the determination of what the thinking peoples of the world desire, with their longing hope for justice and for social freedom and opportunity.

I can fancy that the air of this place carries the accents of such principles with a peculiar kindness. Here were started forces which the great nation against which they were primarily directed at first regarded as a revolt against its rightful authority, but which it has long since seen to have been a step in the liberation of its own people as well as of the people of the United States; and I stand here now to speak — speak proudly and with confident hope — of the spread of this revolt, this liberation, to the great stage of the world itself! The blinded rulers of Prussia have roused forces they knew little of — forces which, once roused, can never be crushed to earth again; for they have at their heart an inspiration and a purpose which are deathless and of the very stuff of triumph!

AMERICA AND GREAT BRITAIN SIDE BY SIDE

From the Speech Delivered in London, July 4, 1918

By James Bryce, Viscount

This is the National Birthday of the American people. It is the day when the tree of their separate national existence was planted, but that tree was planted in war. For many a year the day was celebrated in the United

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States with hostility and defiance. By us in Britain it was remembered with sorrow as marking the severance of precious ties. And now, after a hundred and forty-two years, it is being celebrated by both people with like enthusiasm — by the children of those who revolted against the British Crown as by the children of those who sadly admitted the loss of one of that Crown's choicest jewels. This fact, this joint celebration, is more eloquent than any words. What had been a day of anger on one side and of grief on the other has become for both a day of affection and rejoicing.

I need not ask what history might show to have been gained or lost by each country. It may be thought that if some political connection had been preserved, two things at least would have been gained. The War of 1812 — an unmixed evil for both nations — would have been avoided, and though the North American Colonies would soon have become practically self-governing, as in Canada to-day, the mediation of the Mother-country would probably have averted the War of Secession, and secured the peaceable extinction of negro slavery.

On the other hand, it may have been well for us, and for the world, that no one State so powerful as Britain and America united in one would have been, should have grown up. A State so immensely strong might have been led into aggression and injustice by the thirst for World Dominion — a passion whose fatal consequences we see in the moral degradation of Prussianized Germany.

What forces have brought Britain and America again together, and how comes it that in the fourth generation

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another King George is joining, on behalf of his people, in a celebration of to-day, which now records the extinction of all the bitterness that arose in the days of George III — a bitterness that could never have risen had the will of British people ruled in 1775 as it rules to-day? For the severance came because we had then a perverse Court, and a non-representative Parliament.

It is not merely blood relationship that has brought this happy consummation. Quarrels between relatives are often the most bitter. It is a sense of other and stronger ties that bind us together. You will remember the lines in "Lycidas":

> For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
> Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.

Our greatest poets, — Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, — are the common glory of our race. Common to both people is the love of freedom and the faith in freedom, which, sown long ago in English hearts, came to full flower in the days of Milton and Hampden, and established civil and religious liberty, both here and in America, on foundations never thereafter to be shaken.

With the love of freedom, and as its proper accompaniment, Britain and America have both revered the moral law, have held to good faith between nations, have recognized their duties to the world. Their thoughts, their beliefs, their ideals sometimes differ in expression, but are substantially the same. The national heroes of both have been men who were great by their courage, and by their sense of right and duty, from King Alfred down to

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Washington and Lincoln, whom Britain as well as America counts among the heroes of the race.

It is these things that have made each nation respect the other even at moments of tension. Deep down in the heart of each, almost too deep for expression, there has been the sense that the other possessed these essential virtues by which nations live; and each had a secret pride in seeing that the other retained what both felt to be the finest characteristics of the ancient stock. We saw another quality of that stock shine forth in the energy with which the people of the United States have overspread a vast continent, have planted everywhere self-governing institutions, are assimilating and turning into useful citizens the immigrants who came in a huge and turbid flood, and have built up a fabric of industrial prosperity such as has never been seen elsewhere.

For half a century, the sense of unity had been growing closer, when an event happened which revealed both nations to themselves and to one another. The German Government suddenly invaded neutral and peaceful Belgium. Britain sprang into the breach and within three years raised an Army of more than five millions, ten times as large as that she had when the war began. Germany followed up her first crime by perpetrating upon noncombatants and neutrals a succession of outrages unheard of before.

It was then the turn of America. We in England have scarcely yet realized the magnitude of the new departure which America took when she entered the war. The oldest and best established of her traditions, dating from

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the days of Washington, had been to stand aloof, secure in her splendid isolation, from all European entanglements. The Germans from the height of their intellectual arrogance had despised Americans as given up to the gross materialism of money-making, just as they despised the English as a decadent people, sunk in luxury and sloth. But when America saw every principle of right overridden, every sentiment of humanity cast to the winds, America strode forth in her strength. Duty called on her to help to save the world, and she blazed forth in the sky like that star which startled astronomers three weeks ago.

But this is a star whose light will know no fading. First came her Navy, helping the ships of Britain to hunt down these wild beasts of the sea, who rise from their green lairs beneath the waves to murder the innocent. Then, while in the American cities the elder men have been watching with breathless anxiety for every report brought hour by hour along the cables from the imperilled front in France, we see the young soldiers of America come swarming over the ocean in an ever-growing host which begins to be counted by millions. They come with the passion of crusaders, eager to bear the shock of battle in a sacred cause.

The New World — to use the famous phrase which Canning pronounced nearly a century ago — "has come to redress the balance of the Old." Its fresh and fiery spirit has the promise of victory. This spirit, this zeal to serve the cause of right, this sense of a common duty and a common purpose, these perils which American and British soldiers (citizen armies drawn from the people)

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are facing side by side upon the plains of France, all this has brought Britain and America closer than ever — closer than they were under one Government before that far-off day of Independence, which we are celebrating now and here.

These things will be the surest pledge of affection and coöperation in a future stretching before us as far as human thought can reach. I have quoted a famous phrase of Canning's. Let me quote, and adapt to the present, the no less famous words of Pitt: "Britain and America have together led the world of Freedom by their example. Together they will save it — will save it for freedom — by their exertions."

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD

By Winifred M. Letts

I saw the spires of Oxford
  As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
  Against the pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Oxford men
  Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
  The golden years and gay,
The hoary Colleges look down
  On careless boys at play.
But when the bugles sounded war
  They put their games away.

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MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD

They left the peaceful river,
The cricket-field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford,
To seek a bloody sod —
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

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THE NAME OF FRANCE

By Henry van Dyke

Give us a name to fill the mind
With the shining thoughts that lead mankind,
The glory of learning, the joy of art, —
A name that tells of a splendid part
In the long, long toil and strenuous fight
Of the human race to win its way
From the feudal darkness into the day
Of Freedom, Brotherhood, Equal Right, —
A name like a star, a name of light.
I give you *France!*

Give us a name to stir the blood
With a warmer glow and a swifter flood, —
A name like the sound of a trumpet, clear,
And silver-sweet, and iron-strong,
That calls three million men to their feet,
Ready to march, and steady to meet
The foes who threaten that name with wrong, —
A name that rings like a battle-song.
I give you *France!*

Give us a name to move the heart
With the strength that noble griefs impart,
A name that speaks of the blood outpoured
To save mankind from the sway of the sword,—
A name that calls on the world to share

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In the burden of sacrificial strife
When the cause at stake is the world's free life
And the rule of the people everywhere, —
A name like a vow, a name like a prayer.
I give you *France!*

TO BELGIUM

By Eden Phillpotts

Champion of human honor, let us lave
Your feet and bind your wounds on bended knee.
Though coward hands have nailed you to the tree
And shed your innocent blood and dug your grave,
Rejoice and live! Your oriflamme shall wave —
While man has power to perish and be free —
A golden flame of holiest Liberty,
Proud as the dawn and as the sunset brave.

Belgium, where dwelleth reverence for right
Enthroned above all ideals; where your fate
And your supernal patience and your might
Most sacred grow in human estimate,
You shine a star above this stormy night
Little no more, but infinitely great.

IN WISDOM HAST THOU MADE THEM ALL

From the Bible

O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.

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The heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

AN ODE

By Joseph Addison

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

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Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine!"

THE OCEAN

By George Gordon Byron

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

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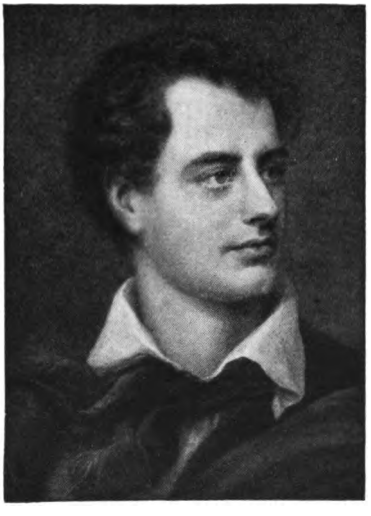
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean! — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore: — upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain



A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; — boundless, endless and sublime —
The image of Eternity — the throne
Of the Invisible: even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be

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Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers — they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror — 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

Abridged.

THE RIVER

By Charles Kingsley

Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle, and foaming weir;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
Undefiled, for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoky town in its murky cowl;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank;
Darker and darker the further I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow;
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

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Strong and free, strong and free,
The floodgates are open, away to the sea,
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along,
To the golden sands, and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again,
Undefiled, for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

THE POND*

By Jean Henri Fabre

A stagnant pool, though but a few feet wide, hatched by the sun, is an immense world, an inexhaustible mine of observation to the studious man and a marvel to the child who, tired of his paper boat, diverts his eyes and thoughts a little with what is happening in the water. Let me tell what I remember of my first pond, at a time when ideas began to dawn in my seven-year-old brain.

How shall a man earn his living in my poor native village, with its inclement weather and its niggardly soil? The owner of a few acres of grazing-land rears sheep. In the best parts, he scrapes the soil with the swing-plough; he flattens it into terraces banked by walls of broken stones. Pannierfuls of dung are carried up on

*From *The Life of the Fly*, copyright, 1913, by Dodd, Mead and Company.

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donkey-back from the cowshed. Then, in due season, comes the excellent potato, which, boiled and served hot in a basket of plaited straw, is the chief stand-by in winter.

Should the crop exceed the needs of the household, the surplus goes to feed a pig, that precious beast, a treasure of bacon and ham. The ewes supply butter and curds; the garden boasts cabbages, turnips and even a few hives in a sheltered corner. With wealth like that one can look fate in the face.

But we, we have nothing, nothing but the little house inherited by my mother and its adjoining patch of garden. The meagre resources of the family are coming to an end. It is time to see to it and that quickly. What is to be done? That is the stern question which father and mother sat debating one evening.

Hop-o'-my-Thumb, hiding under the woodcutter's stool, listened to his parents overcome by want. I also, pretending to sleep, with my elbows on the table, listen not to blood-curdling designs, but to grand plans that set my heart rejoicing. This is how the matter stands: at the bottom of the village, near the church, at the

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spot where the water of the large roofed spring escapes from its underground weir and joins the brook in the valley, an enterprising man, back from the war,* has set up a small tallow-factory. He sells the scrapings of his pans, the burnt fat, reekings of candle-grease, at a low price. He proclaims these wares to be excellent for fattening ducks.

"Suppose we bred some ducks," says mother. "They sell very well in town. Henri would mind them and take them down to the brook."

"Very well," says father, "let's breed some ducks. There may be difficulties in the way; but we'll have a try."

That night, I had dreams of paradise: I was with my ducklings, clad in their yellow suits; I took them to the pond, I watched them have their bath, I brought them back again, carrying the more tired ones in a basket.

A month or two after, the little birds of my dream were a reality. There were twenty-four of them. They had been hatched by two hens, of whom one, the big, black one, was an inmate of the house, while the other was borrowed from a neighbor.

To bring them up, the former is sufficient, so careful is she of her adopted family. At first, everything goes perfectly: a tub with two fingers' depth of water serves as a pond. On sunny days, the ducklings bathe in it under the anxious eye of the hen.

A fortnight later, the tub is no longer enough. It contains neither cresses crammed with tiny Shellfish nor

*The war of 1830 with Algiers. — Translator's note.

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Worms and Tadpoles, dainty morsels both. The time has come for dives and hunts amid the tangle of the water-weeds; and for us the day of trouble has also come. True, the miller, down by the brook, has fine ducks, easy and cheap to bring up; the tallow-smelter, who has extolled his burnt fat so loudly, has some as well, for he has the advantage of the waste water from the spring at the bottom of the village; but how are we, right up there, at the top, to procure aquatic sports for our broods? In summer, we have hardly water to drink!

Near the house, in a freestone recess, a scanty source trickles into a basin made in the rock. Four or five families have, like ourselves, to draw their water there with copper pails. By the time that the schoolmaster's donkey has slaked her thirst and the neighbors have taken their provision for the day, the basin is dry. We have to wait for four-and-twenty hours for it to fill. No, this is not the hole in which the ducks would delight nor indeed in which they would be tolerated.

There remains the brook. To go down to it with the troop of ducklings is fraught with danger. On the way through the village, we might meet cats, bold ravishers of small poultry; some surly mongrel might frighten and scatter the little band; and it would be a hard puzzle to collect it in its entirety. We must avoid the traffic and take refuge in peaceful and sequestered spots.

On the hills, the path that climbs behind the chateau*

* The Chateau de Saint-Leons, standing just outside and above the village of Saint-Leons, where the author was born in 1823. — Translator's note.

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soon takes a sudden turn and widens into a small plain beside the meadows. It skirts a rocky slope whence trickles, level with the ground, a streamlet, forming a pond of some size. Here profound solitude reigns all day long. The ducklings will be well off; and the journey can be made in peace by a deserted foot-path.

You, little man, shall take them to that delectable spot. What a day it was that marked my first appearance as a herdsman of ducks! Why must there be a jar to the even tenor of such joys? The too-frequent encounter of my tender skin with the hard ground had given me a large and painful blister on the heel. Had I wanted to put on the shoes stowed away in the cupboard for Sundays and holidays, I could not. There was nothing for it but to go barefoot over the broken stones, dragging my leg and carrying high the injured heel.

Let us make a start, hobbling along, switch in hand, behind the ducks. They too, poor little things, have sensitive soles to their feet; they limp, they quack with fatigue. They would refuse to go any farther if I did not, from time to time, call a halt under the shelter of an ash.

We are there at last. The place could not be better for my birdlets; shallow, tepid water, interspersed with muddy knolls and green eyots. The diversions of the bath begin forthwith. The ducklings clap their beaks and rummage here, there and everywhere; they sift each mouthful, rejecting the clear water and retaining the good bits. In the deeper parts, they point their sterns into the air and stick their heads under water.

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They are happy; and it is a blessed thing to see them at work. We will let them be. It is my turn to enjoy the pond.

What is this? On the mud lie some loose, knotted, soot-colored cords. One could take them for threads of wool like those which you pull out of an old ravelly stocking. Can some shepherdess, knitting a black sock and finding her work turn out badly, have begun all over again and, in her impatience, have thrown down the wool with all the dropped stitches? It really looks like it.

I take up one of those cords in my hand. It is sticky and extremely slack; the thing slips through the fingers before they can catch hold of it. A few of the knots burst and shed their contents. What comes out is a black globule, the size of a pin's head, followed by a flat tail. I recognize, on a very small scale, a familiar object: the Tadpole, the Frog's baby. I have seen enough. Let us leave the knotted cords alone.

The next creatures please me better. They spin round on the surface of the water and their black backs gleam in the sun. If I lift a hand to seize them, that moment they disappear, I know not where. It's a pity: I should have much liked to see them closer and to make them wriggle in a little bowl which I should have put ready for them.

Let us look at the bottom of the water, pulling aside those bunches of green string whence beads of air are rising and gathering into foam. There is something of everything underneath. I see pretty shells with compact whorls, flat as beans; I notice little worms carrying tufts

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and feathers; I make out some with flabby fins constantly flapping on their backs. What are they all doing there? What are their names? I do not know. And I stare at them for ever so long, held by the incomprehensible mystery of the waters.

At the place where the pond dribbles into the adjoining field are some alder-trees; and here I make a glorious find. It is a Scarab — not a very large one, oh no! He is smaller than a cherry-stone, but of an unutterable blue. The angels in paradise must wear dresses of that color. I put the glorious one inside an empty snail-shell, which I plug up with a leaf. I shall admire that living jewel at my leisure, when I get back. Other distractions summon me away.

The spring that feeds the pond trickles from the rock, cold and clear. The water first collects into a cup, the size of the hollow of one's two hands, and then runs over in a stream. These falls call for a mill: that goes without saying. Two bits of straw, artistically crossed upon an axis, provide the machinery; some flat stones set on edge afford supports. It is a great success: the mill turns admirably. My triumph would be complete, could I but share it. For want of other playmates, I invite the ducks.

Everything palls in this poor world of ours, even a mill made of two straws. Let us think of something else: let us contrive a dam to hold back the waters and form a pool. There is no lack of stones for the brickwork. I pick the most suitable; I break the larger ones. And, while collecting these blocks, suddenly I forget all about the dam which I meant to build.

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On one of the broken stones, in a cavity large enough for me to put my fist in, something gleams like glass. The hollow is lined with facets gathered in sixes which flash and glitter in the sun. I have seen something like this in church, on the great saints' days, when the light of the candles in the big chandelier kindles the stars in its hanging crystal.

We children, lying, in summer, on the straw of the threshing floor, have told one another stories of the treasures which a dragon guards underground. These treasures now return to my mind: the names of precious stones ring out uncertainly but gloriously in my memory. I think of the king's crown, of the princesses' necklaces. In breaking stones, can I have found, but on a much richer scale, the thing that shines quite small in my mother's ring? I want more such.

The dragon of the subterranean treasures treats me generously. He gives me his diamonds in such quantities that soon I possess a heap of broken stones sparkling with magnificent clusters. He does more: he gives me his gold. The trickle of water from the rock falls on a bed of fine sand which it swirls into bubbles. If I bend over towards the light, I see something like gold-filings whirling where the fall touches the bottom. Is it really the famous metal of which twenty-franc pieces, so rare with us at home, are made? One would think so, from the glitter.

I take a pinch of sand and place it in my palm. The brilliant particles are numerous, but so small that I have to pick them up with a straw moistened in my mouth.

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Let us drop this; they are too tiny and too bothersome to collect. The big, valuable lumps must be farther on, in the thickness of the rock. We'll come back later; we'll blast the mountain.

I break more stones. Oh, what a queer thing has just come loose, all in one piece! It is turned spiral-wise, like certain flat Snails that come out of the cracks of old walls in rainy weather. With its gnarled sides, it looks like a little ram's-horn. Shell or horn, it is very curious. How do things like that find their way into the stone?

Treasures and curiosities make my pockets bulge with pebbles. It is late and the little ducklings have had all they want to eat. Come along, youngsters, let's go home. My blistered heel is forgotten in my excitement.

The walk back is a delight. A voice sings in my ear, an untranslatable voice, softer than any language and bewildering as a dream. It speaks to me for the first time of the mysteries of the pond; it glorifies the heavenly insect which I hear moving in the empty snail-shell, its temporary cage; it whispers the secrets of the rock, the gold-filings, the faceted jewels, the ram's-horn turned to stone.

Poor simpleton, smother your joy! I arrive. My parents catch sight of my bulging pockets, with their disgraceful load of stones. The cloth has given way under the rough and heavy burden.

"You rascal!" says father, at sight of the damage. "I send you to mind the ducks and you amuse yourself picking up stones, as though there weren't enough of them all round the house! Make haste and throw them away!"

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Broken-hearted, I obey. Diamonds, gold-dust, petrified ram's-horn, heavenly Beetle are all flung on a rubbish-heap outside the door.

Mother bewails her lot:

"A nice thing, bringing up children to see them turn out so badly! You'll bring me to my grave. Green stuff I don't mind: it does for the rabbits. But stones, which ruin your pockets; poisonous animals, which'll sting your hand: what good are they to you, silly? There's no doubt about it: some one has thrown a spell over you!"

Yes, my poor mother, you were right, in your simplicity: a spell had been cast upon me; I admit it to-day. When it is hard enough to earn one's bit of bread, does not improving one's mind but render one more meet for suffering? Of what avail is the torment of learning to the derelicts of life?

A deal better off am I, at this late hour, dogged by poverty and knowing that the diamonds of the duck-pool were rock-crystal, the gold-dust mica, the stone horn an Ammonite and the sky-blue Beetle a Hoplia! We poor men would do better to mistrust the joys of knowledge: let us dig our furrow in the fields of the commonplace, flee the temptations of the pond, mind our ducks and leave to others, more favored by fortune, the job of explaining the world's mechanism, if the spirit moves them.

And yet no! Alone among living creatures, man has the thirst for knowledge; he alone pries into the mysteries of things. The least among us will utter his whys and his wherefores, a fine pain unknown to the brute beast. If these questionings come from us with greater persist-

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ence, with a more imperious authority, if they divert us from the quest of lucre, life's only object in the eyes of most men, does it become us to complain? Let us be careful not to do so, for that would be denying the best of all our gifts.

Let us strive, on the contrary, within the measure of our capacity, to force a gleam of light from the unknown; let us examine and question and, here and there, wrest a few shreds of truth. We shall sink under the task; in the present ill-ordered state of society, we shall end, perhaps, in the poor-house. Let us go ahead for all that: our consolation shall be that we have increased by one atom the general mass of knowledge, the incomparable treasure of mankind.

COLOR IN THE WHEAT

By Hamlin Garland

Like liquid gold the wheat field lies,
A marvel of yellow and russet and green,
That ripples and runs, that floats and flies,
With the subtle shadows, the change, the sheen,
That play in the golden hair of a girl, —
A ripple of amber — a flare
Of light sweeping after — a curl
In the hollows like swirling feet
Of fairy waltzers, the colors run
To the western sun
Through the deeps of the ripening wheat.

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Broad as the fleckless, soaring sky,
Mysterious, fair as the moon-led sea,
The vast plain flames on the dazzled eye
Under the fierce sun's alchemy.
The slow hawk stoops
To his prey in the deeps;
The sunflower droops
To the lazy wave; the wind sleeps —
Then swirling in dazzling links and loops,
A riot of shadow and shine,
A glory of olive and amber and wine,
To the westering sun the colors run
Through the deeps of the ripening wheat.

O glorious land! My western land,
Outspread beneath the setting sun!
Once more amid your swells, I stand,
And cross your sod-lands dry and dun.
I hear the jocund calls of men
Who sweep amid the ripened grain
With swift, stern reapers; once again
The evening splendor floods the plain,
The crickets' chime
Makes pauseless rhyme,
And toward the sun
The colors run
Before the wind's feet
In the wheat!

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A FOREST HYMN

By William Cullen Bryant

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above him, — ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.

Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn — thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

Father, Thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in Thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died

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Among their branches, till at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker.

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on
In silence, round me — the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed
For ever. Written on Thy works I read
The lesson of Thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die — but see again
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses — ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. Oh! there is not lost
One of earth's charms!

O God! when Thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift, dark whirlwind, that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at Thy call,
Uprises the great deep and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities — who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of Thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?

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Oh! from these sterner aspects of Thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, Thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of Thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

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From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there, —
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night!

FARM-YARD SONG

By John Townsend Trowbridge

Over the hill the farm-boy goes,
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar-tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling; —
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,

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Cheerily calling, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day;
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plow;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,
The cooling dews are falling; —
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes.
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling; —
The new-milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye;

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And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling, —
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So! so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes.
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose;
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes
Singing, calling, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING WITH JOHN MUIR

By Samuel Hall Young

I

The following adventure took place in the summer of 1879 when the author, engaged in civilizing a tribe of Indians in southeastern Alaska, went up the Stickeen River by steamer

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with a party of prominent men including the naturalist, John Muir. After landing at Glenora one noon, Muir suggested that he and Young climb a near-by peak some seven or eight thousand feet high.

FROM the first, it was a hard climb. Muir led, of course, picking with sure instinct the easiest way. Three hours of steady work brought us suddenly beyond the timber-line, and the real joy of the day began. Nowhere else have I seen anything approaching the luxuriance and variety of delicate blossoms shown by these high, mountain pastures of the North. "You scarce could see the grass for flowers." Everything that was marvelous in form, fair in color, or sweet in fragrance seemed to be represented there, from daisies and campanulas to Muir's favorite, the cassiope, with its exquisite little pink-white bells shaped like lilies-of-the-valley and its subtle perfume. Muir at once went wild when we reached this fairyland. From cluster to cluster of flowers he ran, falling on his knees, babbling in unknown tongues, prattling a curious mixture of scientific lingo and baby talk, worshiping his little blue-and-pink goddesses.

"Ah! my blue-eyed darlin', little did I think to see you here. How did you stray away from Shasta?"

"Well, well! Who'd 'a' thought that you'd have left that niche in the Merced Mountains to come here!"

"And who might you be, now, with your wonder look? Is it possible that you can be (two Latin polysyllables)? You're lost, my dear; you belong in Tennessee."

"Ah! I thought I'd find you, my homely little sweetheart," and so on unceasingly.

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With all his boyish enthusiasm, Muir was a most painstaking student; and any unsolved question lay upon his mind like a personal grievance until it was settled to his full satisfaction. One plant after another, with its sand-covered roots, went into his pockets, his handkerchief and the "full" of his shirt, until he was bulbing and sprouting all over, and could carry no more. He was taking them to the boat to analyze and compare at leisure.

Hours had passed in this entrancing work, and we were progressing upwards but slowly. We were on the south-eastern slope of the mountain, and the sun was still staring at us from a cloudless sky. Suddenly we were in the shadow as we worked around a spur of rock. Muir looked up, startled. Then he jammed home his last handful of plants, and hastened up to where I stood.

"Man!" he said, "I was forgetting. We'll have to hurry now or we'll miss it, we'll miss it."

"Miss what?" I asked.

"The jewel of the day," he answered, "the sight of the sunset from the top."

Then Muir began to *slide* up that mountain. I had been with mountain climbers before, but never one like him. A deer-lope over the smoother slopes, a sure instinct for the easiest way into a rocky fortress, an instant and unerring attack, a serpent-glide up the steep; eye, hand and foot all connected dynamically; with no appearance of weight to his body—as though he had Stockton's negative gravity machine strapped on his back. It was only by exerting myself to the limit of my strength that I was able to keep near him.

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We were now beyond the flower garden of the gods, in a land of rocks and cliffs, with patches of short grass, caribou moss, and lichens between. Along a narrowing arm of the mountain, a deep canyon flumed a rushing torrent of icy water from a small glacier on our right. Then came moraine matter, rounded pebbles and boulders, and beyond them the glacier. Once a giant, it is nothing but a baby now, but the ice is still blue and clear, and the crevasses many and deep. And that day it had to be crossed, which was a ticklish task. A misstep or slip might land us at once fairly into the heart of the glacier, there to be preserved in cold storage for the wonderment of future generations. But glaciers were Muir's special pets, his intimate companions, with whom he held sweet communion. Their voices were plain language to his ears, their work, as God's landscape gardeners, of the wisest and best that Nature could offer.

No Swiss guide was ever wiser in the habits of glaciers than Muir, or proved to be a better guide across their deathly crevasses. Half a mile of careful walking and jumping and we were on the ground again, at the base of the great cliff of metamorphic slate that crowned the summit. A quick glance to the right and left, and Muir, who had steered his course wisely across the glacier, attacked the cliff, simply saying, "We must climb cautiously here."

Now came the most wonderful display of his mountain-craft. Had I been alone at the feet of these crags I should have said, "It can't be done," and have turned back down the mountain. But Muir was my "control,"

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as the Spiritists say, and I never thought of doing anything else but following him. He thought he could climb up there and that settled it. He would do what he thought he could. And such climbing! There was never an instant when both hands and feet were not in play, and often elbows, knees, thighs, upper arms, and even chin must grip and hold. My task was the lighter one; he did the head-work, I had but to imitate.

But I was handicapped in a way that Muir was ignorant of, and I would not tell him for fear of his veto upon my climbing. Ten years before I had been fond of breaking colts — till the colts broke me. On successive summers in West Virginia, two colts had fallen with me and dislocated first my left shoulder, then my right. Since that, both arms had been out of joint more than once. My left was especially weak. It would not sustain my weight, and I had to favor it constantly.

Muir climbed so fast that his movements were almost like flying, legs and arms moving with perfect precision and unfailing judgment. I must keep close behind him or I would fail to see his points of vantage. But the pace was a killing one for me. As we neared the summit my strength began to fail, my breath to come in gasps, my muscles to twitch. The overwhelming fear of losing sight of my guide, of being left behind and failing to see that sunset, grew upon me, and I hurled myself blindly at every fresh obstacle, determined to keep up. At length we climbed upon a little shelf, a foot or two wide, that corkscrewed to the left. Here we paused a moment to take breath and look around us. We had ascended the

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cliff some nine hundred and fifty feet from the glacier, and were within forty or fifty feet of the top.

Standing out on the rounded neck of the cliff and facing the southwest, we could see on three sides of us. The view was much the finest of all my experience. We seemed to stand on a high rostrum in the center of the greatest amphitheater in the world. The sky was cloudless, the level sun flooding all the landscape with golden light. From the base of the mountain on which we stood stretched the rolling upland. The strangely elongated and rounded hills had the appearance of giants in bed, wrapped in many colored blankets, while the lakes were their deep, blue eyes, lashed with dark evergreens, gazing steadfastly heavenward.

The whole landscape was alert, expectant of glory. Around this great camp of prostrate Cyclops there stood an unbroken semicircle of mighty peaks in solemn grandeur, some hoary-headed, some with locks of brown, but all wearing white glacier collars. The taller peaks seemed almost sharp enough to be the helmets and spears of watchful sentinels. And the colors! Great stretches of crimson fireweed, acres and acres of them, smaller patches of dark blue lupins, and hills of shaded yellow, red, and brown, the many-shaded green of the woods, the amethyst and purple of the far horizon — who can tell it? We did not stand there more than two or three minutes, but the whole wonderful scene is deeply etched on the tablet of my memory, a photogravure never to be effaced.

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II

Muir was the first to awake from his trance. Like Schiller's king in "The Diver," "Nothing could slake his wild thirst of desire."

"The sunset," he cried; "we must have the whole horizon."

Then he started running along the ledge like a mountain goat, working to get around the vertical cliff above us to find an ascent on the other side. He was soon out of sight, although I followed as fast as I could. I heard him shout something, but could not make out his words. I know now he was warning me of a dangerous place. Then I came to a sharp-cut fissure which lay across my path — a gash in the rock, as if one of the Cyclops had struck it with his ax. It sloped very steeply for some twelve feet below, opening upon the face of the precipice above the glacier, and was filled to within about four feet of the surface with flat, slaty gravel. It was only four or five feet across, and I could easily have leaped it had I not been so tired. But a rock the size of my head projected from the slippery stream of gravel. In my haste to overtake Muir I did not stop to make sure this stone was part of the cliff, but stepped with springing force upon it to cross the fissure. Instantly the stone melted away beneath my feet, and I shot with it down towards the precipice. With my peril sharp upon me, I cried out as I whirled on my face, and struck out both hands to grasp the rock on either side.

Falling forward hard, my hands struck the walls of the

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chasm, my arms were twisted behind me, and instantly both shoulders were dislocated. With my paralyzed arms flopping helplessly above my head, I slid swiftly down the narrow chasm. Instinctively I flattened down on the sliding gravel, digging my toes into it to check my descent; but not until my feet hung out over the edge of the cliff did I feel that I had stopped. Even then I dared not breathe or stir, so precarious was my hold on that treacherous shale. Every moment I seemed to be slipping inch by inch to the point when all would give way and I would go whirling down to the glacier.

After the first wild moment of panic when I felt myself falling, I do not remember any sense of fear. But I know what it is to have a thousand thoughts flash through the brain in a single instant — an anguished thought of my young wife at Wrangell; an indignant thought of the insurance companies that refused me policies on my life; a thought of wonder as to what would become of my poor flocks of Indians among the islands; recollections of events far and near in time, important and trivial; but each thought printed upon my memory by the instantaneous photography of deadly peril. I had no hope of escape at all. The gravel was rattling past me and piling up against my head. The jar of a little rock, and all would be over. The situation was too desperate for actual fear. Dull wonder as to how long I would be in the air, and the hope that death would be instant — that was all. Then came the wish that Muir would come before I fell, and take a message to my wife.

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Suddenly I heard his voice right above me. "My God!" Then he added, "Grab that rock, man, just by your right hand."

I gurgled from my throat, not daring to inflate my lungs, "My arms are out."

There was a pause. Then his voice rang again, cheery, confident, unexcited, "Hold fast; I'm going to get you out of this. I can't get to you on this side; the rock is sheer. I'll have to leave you now and cross the rift high up and come down to you on the other side by which we came. Keep cool."

Then I heard him go away, whistling "The Blue Bells of Scotland," singing snatches of Scotch songs, calling to me, his voice now receding, as the rocks intervened, then sounding louder as he came out on the face of the cliff. But in me hope surged at full tide. I entertained no more thoughts of last messages. I did not see how he could possibly do it, but he was John Muir, and I had seen his wonderful rockwork. So I determined not to fall and made myself as flat and heavy as possible, not daring to twitch a muscle or wink an eyelid, for I still felt myself slipping, slipping down the greasy slate. And now a new peril threatened. A chill ran through me of cold or nervousness, and I slid an inch. I suppressed the growing shivers with all my will. I would keep perfectly quiet till Muir came back.

It seemed like hours, but it was really only about ten minutes before he got back to me. By that time I hung so far over the edge of the precipice that it seemed impossible that I could last another second. Now I heard

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Muir's voice, low and steady, close to me, and it seemed a little below.

"Hold steady," he said. "I'll have to swing you out over the cliff."

Then I felt a careful hand on my back, fumbling with my waistband, my vest, and shirt, gathering all in a firm grip. I could see only with one eye and that looked out upon a foot or two of gravel on the other side.

"Now!" he said, and I slid out of the cleft with a rattling shower of stones and gravel. My head swung down, my impotent arms dangling, and I stared straight at the glacier, a thousand feet below. Then my feet came against the cliff.

"Work downwards with your feet."

I obeyed. He drew me close to him by crooking his arm and as my head came up past his level he caught me by my collar with his teeth! My feet struck the little two-inch shelf on which he was standing, and I could see Muir, flattened against the face of the rock and facing it, his right hand stretched up and clasping a little spur, his left holding me with an iron grip, his head bent sideways, as my weight drew it. I felt as alert and cool as he.

"I've got to let go of you," he hissed through his clenched teeth. "I need both hands here. Climb upward with your feet."

How he did it, I know not. The miracle grows as I ponder it. The wall was almost perpendicular and smooth. My weight on his jaws dragged him outwards. And yet, holding me by his teeth as a panther her cub and clinging like a squirrel to a tree, he climbed with me

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straight up ten or twelve feet, with only the help of my iron-shod feet scrambling on the rock. It was utterly impossible, yet he did it!

When he landed me on the little shelf along which we had come, my nerve gave way and I trembled all over. I sank down exhausted, Muir only less tired, but supporting me.

The sun had set; the air was icy cold and we had no coats. We would soon chill through. Muir's task of rescue had only begun and no time was to be lost. In a minute he was up again, examining my shoulders. The right one had an upward dislocation. I told him how and he soon snapped the bone into its socket. But the left was a harder proposition. All that could be done was to make a rude sling with one of my suspenders and our handkerchiefs, so as to both support the elbow and keep the arm from swinging.

Then came the task to get down that terrible wall to the glacier, by the only practicable way that Muir, after a careful search, could find. Again I am at a loss to know how he accomplished it. Muir would let himself down to a lower shelf, brace himself, and I would get my right hand against him, crawl my fingers over his shoulder until the arm hung in front of him, and falling against him, would be eased down to his standing ground. Sometimes he would pack me a short distance on his back. Again, taking me by the wrist, he would swing me down to a lower shelf, before descending himself. My right shoulder came out three times that night, and had to be reset.

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It was dark when we reached the base; there was no moon and it was very cold. We had ten hard miles to go, and no supper, for our hardtack had disappeared ere we were half-way up the mountain. Muir dared not take me across the glacier in the dark; I was too weak to jump the crevasses. So we skirted it and came, after a mile, to the head of a great slide of gravel, the fine moraine matter of the receding glacier. Muir sat down on the gravel; I sat against him with my feet on either side and my arm over his shoulder. Then he began to hitch and kick, and presently we were sliding at great speed in a cloud of dust. A full half-mile we flew, and were almost buried when we reached the bottom of the slide. It was the easiest part of the trip.

All that night this man of steel and lightning worked, never resting a minute, doing the work of three men, helping me along the slopes, easing me down the rocks, pulling me up cliffs, dashing water on me when I grew faint with pain; and always cheery, full of talk and anecdote, cracking jokes with me, infusing me with his own indomitable spirit. He was eyes, hands, feet, and heart to me — my caretaker, in whom I trusted absolutely. My eyes brim with tears even now when I think of his utter self-abandon as he ministered to my infirmities.

About four o'clock in the morning we came to a fall that we could not compass, sheer a hundred feet or more. So we had to attack the steep walls of the canyon. After a hard struggle we were on the mountain ridges again, traversing the flower pastures, creeping through openings in the brush, scrambling over the dwarf fir, then down

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through the fallen timber. It was half-past seven o'clock when we descended the last slope and found the path to Glenora.

One overpowering regret — one only — abides in my heart as I think back upon that golden day with John Muir. He could, and did, go back to Glenora on the return trip of the *Cassiar*, ascend the mountain again, see the sunset from its top, make charming sketches, stay all night and see the sunrise, filling his cup of joy so full that he could pour out entrancing descriptions for days. But my lifelong lamentation over a treasure forever lost, is this: "I never saw the sunset from that peak."

Abridged.

WHERE SHALL WISDOM BE FOUND?

FROM THE BIBLE

SURELY there is a mine for silver,
And a place for gold which they refine.

Iron is taken out of the earth,
And brass is molten out of the stone.

But where shall wisdom be found?
And where is the place of understanding?

Man knoweth not the price thereof;
Neither is it found in the land of the living.

The deep saith, It is not in me:
And the sea saith, It is not with me.

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It cannot be gotten for gold,
Neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.

It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir,
With the precious onyx, or the sapphire.

Gold and glass cannot equal it:
Neither shall the exchange thereof be jewels or fine gold.

No mention shall be made of coral or of crystal:
Yea, the price of wisdom is above rubies.

The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it,
Neither shall it be valued with pure gold.

Whence then cometh wisdom?
And where is the place of understanding?

Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living,
And kept close from the fowls of the air.

Destruction and Death say,
We have heard a rumor thereof with our ears.

God understandeth the way thereof,
And he knoweth the place thereof.

For he looketh to the ends of the earth,
And seeth under the whole heaven;

To make a weight for the wind;
Yea, he meteth out the waters by measure.

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When he made a decree for the rain,.
And a way for the lightning of the thunder:

Then did he see it, and declare it;
He established it, yea, and searched it out.

And unto man he said,
Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom;
And to depart from evil is understanding.

THE VISION OF MIRZA

By Joseph Addison

On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, "Surely," said I, "man is but a shadow, and life a dream."

Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the

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haunt of a Genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it; but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible.

I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and, as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept.

The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me."

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placed me on the top of it. "Cast thy eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest."

"I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it."

"The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the vale of misery; and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity."

"What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see, rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?"

"What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now," said he, "this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it."

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"I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide."

"The bridge thou seest," said he, "is human life; consider it attentively."

Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it.

"But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it."

"I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it."

As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, than they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud than many fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire. There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken

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arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trapdoors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The Genius, seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it.

"Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou seest anything thou dost not comprehend."

Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge and setting upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches."

"These," said the Genius, "are envy, avarice, super-

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stition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life."

I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!"

The Genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect.

"Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it."

I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw a valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments.

Gladness grew in me at the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly

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away to those happy seats; but the Genius told me there was no passage to them except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the seashore. There are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them: every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him."

I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant."

The Genius making no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but, instead of the rolling

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tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it.

Abridged.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

FROM THE BIBLE

BELSHAZZAR the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before them. While he tasted the wine, he commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels which Nebuchadnezzar his father had taken out of the temple which was in Jerusalem, that the king and his lords might drink therein. Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God which was at Jerusalem; and the king and his lords drank in them. They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone.

In the same hour came forth the fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over the plaster of the wall of the king's palace; and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then the king's countenance was changed in him, and his thoughts troubled him: and his knees smote one against another.

The king cried aloud to bring in the enchanters, the Chaldeans, and the soothsayers. The king spake and said to the wise men of Babylon, "Whosoever shall read this writing, and show me the interpretation thereof,

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Mene Tekel

From the Painting by Rembrandt

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shall be clothed with purple and have a chain of gold about his neck, and shall be the third ruler in the kingdom."

Then came in all the king's wise men: but they could not read the writing, nor make known to the king the interpretation. Then was King Belshazzar greatly troubled, and his countenance was changed in him, and his lords were perplexed.

Now the queen, by reason of words of the king and his lords, came into the banquet house, and she spake and said, "O king, live forever. Let not thy thoughts trouble thee, nor let thy countenance be changed. There is a man in thy kingdom in whom is the spirit of the holy gods; and in the days of thy father, light and understanding and wisdom, like the wisdom of the gods, was found in him. And the king, Nebuchadnezzar thy father, made him master of the magicians, enchanters, Chaldeans, and soothsayers; forasmuch as an excellent spirit, and knowledge, and understanding, interpreting of dreams, and showing of dark sentences, and dissolving of doubts, were found in the same Daniel. Now let Daniel be called, and he will show the interpretation."

Then was Daniel brought in before the king. The king spake and said unto Daniel, "Art thou that Daniel which art of the children of the captivity of Judah, whom the king my father brought out of Judah? I have heard of thee, that the spirit of the gods is in thee, and that light and understanding and excellent wisdom is found in thee. And now the wise men, the enchanters, have been brought in before me, that they should read this writing

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and make known unto me the interpretation thereof: but they could not show the interpretation of the thing. But I have heard of thee, that thou canst give interpretations and dissolve doubts. Now if thou canst read the writing, and make known to me the interpretation thereof, thou shalt be clothed in purple and have a chain of gold about thy neck, and shalt be the third ruler in the kingdom."

Then Daniel answered and said before the king, "Let thy gifts be to thyself, and give thy rewards to another. Nevertheless I will read the writing unto the king, and make known to him the interpretation.

"O thou king, the Most High God gave Nebuchadnezzar thy father the kingdom, and greatness, and glory, and majesty. And because of the greatness that he gave him, all the peoples, nations, and languages trembled and feared before him. Whom he would, he slew; and whom he would, he kept alive. And whom he would, he raised up; and whom he would, he put down. But when his heart was lifted up, and his spirit was hardened that he dealt proudly, he was deposed from his kingly throne. They took his glory from him: and he was driven from the sons of men: and his heart was made like the beasts, and his dwelling was with the wild asses. He was fed with grass like oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven: until he knew that the Most High God ruleth in the kingdom of men, and that he setteth up over it whomsoever he will.

"And thou his son, O Belshazzar, hast not humbled thine heart, though thou knewest all this; but hast

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lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven. They have brought the vessels of his house before thee, and thou and thy lords have drunk wine in them; and thou hast praised the gods of silver and gold, of brass, iron, wood and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know. But the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified.

"Then was the part of the hand sent and this writing was inscribed. And this is the writing that was inscribed, *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.*

"This is the interpretation of the thing: *Mene;* God hath numbered thy kingdom and brought it to an end. *Tekel;* thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting. *Peres;* thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians."

Then commanded Belshazzar, and they clothed Daniel with purple and put a chain of gold about his neck, and made proclamation concerning him, that he should be the third ruler in the kingdom.

In that night Belshazzar, the Chaldean king, was slain. And Darius the Mede received the kingdom, being about threescore and two years old.

Abridged.

THE MOVING FINGER WRITES

By Edward Fitzgerald

The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,
Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

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THE TROOP OF THE GUARD

By Hermann Hagedorn

There's a trampling of hoofs in the busy street,
  There's clanking of sabres on floor and stair,
There's sound of restless, hurrying feet,
Of voices that whisper, of lips that entreat,
  Will they live, will they die, will they strive, will they dare?
The houses are garlanded, flags flutter gay,
For a Troop of the Guard rides forth to-day.

Oh, the troopers will ride and their hearts will leap,
  When it's shoulder to shoulder and friend to friend —
But it's some to the pinnacle, some to the deep,
And some in the glow of their strength to sleep,
  And for all it's a fight to the tale's far end.
And it's each to his goal, nor turn nor sway,
When the Troop of the Guard rides forth to-day.

The dawn is upon us, the pale light speeds
  To the zenith with glamour and golden dart.
On, up! Boot and saddle! Give spurs to your steeds!
There's a city beleaguered that cries for men's deeds,
  With the pain of the world in its cavernous heart.
    Ours to the triumph! Humanity calls!
    Life's not a dream in the clover!
    On to the walls, on to the walls,
    On to the walls, and over!

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LYRIC OF ACTION

By Paul Hamilton Hayne

'Tis the part of a coward to brood
O'er the past that is withered and dead;
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the grand heavens o'erhead,
Whence the voice of an angel thrills clear on the soul,
"Gird about thee thine armor, press on to the goal!"

If the faults or the crimes of thy youth
Are a burden too heavy to bear,
What hope can rebloom on the desolate waste
Of a jealous and craven despair?
Down, down with the fetters of fear!
In the strength of thy valor and manhood arise,
With the faith that illumes and the will that defies.

"Too late!" through God's infinite world,
From his throne to life's nethermost fires,
"Too late!" is a phantom that flies at the dawn
Of the soul that repents and aspires.
If pure thou hast made thy desires,
There's no height the strong wings of immortals may gain
Which in striving to reach thou shalt strive for in vain.

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Then, up to the contest with fate,
Unbound by the past, which is dead!
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the fair heavens o'erhead;
And sublime as the seraph who rules in the sun
Beams the promise of joy when the conflict is won!

OPPORTUNITY

By Walter Malone

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in,
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day, —
At sunrise every soul is born again!

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man.

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Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous Retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past,
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD*

By Sam Walter Foss

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran; —
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by —
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.

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I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban; —
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears —
Both parts of an infinite plan; —
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by —
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish, — so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

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THE GIFT OF THE MAGI

By O. Henry

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at $8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid $30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to $20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as

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though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray back-yard. To-morrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only $1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only $1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling — something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an $8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dilling-

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ham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still where a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practiced hand.

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"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain, simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation — as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value — the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the eighty-seven cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends — a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror, long, carefully and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before

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he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do — Oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"

At seven o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please, God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two — and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't live through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again — you won't mind, will you? I just had

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to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas,' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice — what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet, even after the hardest mental labor.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you — sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year — what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there is anything in the way of a haircut or a

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shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs — the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jewelled rims — just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, Oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

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Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hand under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men — wonderfully wise men — who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are the wisest. They are the magi.

THE HAPPIEST HEART

By John Vance Cheney

Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

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The rust will find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to Heaven the rest.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

By John Milton

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or His own gifts. Who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

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LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

By John Henry Newman

Lead, kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

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SHADOW

A CHRISTMAS STORY

By Harry Stillwell Edwards

A NEGRO convict, awake, lay on his back in the log barracks. Wearied forms stretched out in slumber in long lines to the right and left of him. A chain ran from his shackles, as from theirs, to a stout beam, holding him prisoner.

He was only a boy when the shackles were riveted on his ankles, his crime an error born of ignorance and the lack of moral training. Six years had passed since, dazed and terrified, he had been led from the courthouse, and at twenty he still owed the State of Alabama fourteen years of servitude. Life for him had been fierce and full of agony. Down in the black darkness of coal-mines he had labored until accident made him useless and gave him back to daylight and the great green world above. Life then settled into the dull routine of the camp and a hostler's duties, the darkness behind him a nightmare, the days of his lost freedom a dream. The freedom to come was too far away for his imagination to compass.

From the right and left of him came the deep breathing of tired men. Sleep with the convict is rest in the full and perfect significance of the word, and he plunges into it after his coarse evening meal as into a tide. That which kept the boy awake was necessarily something novel. It was not pain. Had he not felt the lash and the crush of

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falling coal? Nor sorrow; for behind him, among the far-away Georgian hills, was a cabin about which as a child he had played, as all children play, and the sad undying memory of it shut out all other sorrows. Nor was it a mere yearning for freedom; that had long since given place to a dull, unlifting despair. All these — sorrow, pain, and despair — had been the companions of his solitude in many a night of gloom, keeping watch as he slept. The strange new companion of his solitude, from whose divine presence this night all others withdrew, was Hope.

As he lay, the darkness fell away beyond the radiance of his visitor, and three faces shone out as clearly as the white cloudlets in the blue of summer skies. Sunshine, Moonbeam, and Starlight stood by his side.

Sunshine, Moonbeam, and Starlight! When all the branches and departments of the State government refugeed into the highlands away from the fever and beyond the vexations of quarantine, the convicts came to Wetumpka; and on days when the prison commissioner came to inspect the camp, with him were the three, each less than a dozen years of age. And Sunshine was the youngest of them all.

"Take care of them, Shadow," he said to the hostler convict; and the black boy, with the memory of his "own white folks" far away filling his heart with joy, took care of them proudly and gratefully. Six years had passed since he had looked on childhood. Take care of them? Aye, if necessary, he would lay down his life for them. Instead, he rigged up swings of plow-lines,

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marked off hop-scotch diagrams for their little feet, and taught them to ride on the back of a superannuated mule. He filled their hours with excitement and pleasure, and when they wearied of exercise, lying in the shade of a great oak, he touched their hearts with the story of his misfortunes. He drew for them graphic pictures of his terrible life in the coal-mines, of the men who work where eternal darkness reigns, and the accidents in which lives go out like the light of snuffed candles. And, looking over the hills, he told, too, of that cabin where he was born; of his mammy at the wash-tub, singing hymns that linger now as the voices of dead slaves on old plantations; and of the "little miss" and her child friends who came down to the "big white house" in the summer, and thence to the gin-house to play in the heaped-up cotton. Not a line of it all was gone from his memory, not a picture was blurred.

And Sunshine, Moonbeam, and Starlight, touched by the divine pity which is eloquent in the hearts of women old and young, looked into the sad black face of their friend.

"Good-by, Shadow," they said, when the quarantine was lifted and they had come for the last time. "Good-by. We are going to get you out by Christmas. Only you must promise to be good, always. Will you?" And Shadow, with tears on his cheeks from eyes long dry, pledged himself before the good God looking down on them, his messengers, to be perfect forever and forever.

And the memory of it all filled the darkness with a flood of beauty, as though Sunshine, Moonbeam, and Starlight

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were indeed by his side. Not for a moment had he doubted them. So Hope furled her wings above him on Christmas Eve, and he lay waiting with wide-opened eyes. Sunshine, Moonbeam, and Starlight, where were they? The floor vibrated under the convict's head, a lantern flashed, and a guard stood over him. One word broke the silence — one word, his own name.

"Shadow!"

It was the day before Christmas, and nothing had been accomplished for Shadow. Freeing a convict was not the trivial matter imagined. The commissioner, besieged and wearied out of discretion, after many laughing refusals referred the little petitioners to the governor. They knew the governor. Almost daily they saw him pass on their block, and sometimes he laid a hand on a curly head in passing. But he never transacted business outside his office, he said; never. And always he smiled and passed along. They must come and see him, he said. But the governor was never in when they called, timidly; at least he was never in sight. Then their last day of grace arrived, and they charged Capitol Hill once more. Terrace and portico fell quickly before their assault. The historic spot where Jefferson Davis delivered his "inaugural" over the cradle of the great Confederacy and launched the war which was to end in freedom for all the black people, was simply space to be crossed, and they crossed it. They carried their advance into the governor's room. They came without ceremony; and with the red of their country's flag on their cheeks, its blue within their

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eager eyes, and within their parted lips its gleaming white, they stormed his great chair, planted their victorious arms about him and demanded an unconditional surrender.

The governor seemed to yield. They made a transient summer in the still, cold room and awoke a youth that long had slept within his heart — a youth full of romance and of love. Romance, love — are not these born ever under the sunshine, the moonbeams, and the starlight? The governor seemed to yield; he stroked each curly head and learned each name. He remembered when their respective parents were married. He knew more about them than did the little ones themselves. Then the crash came.

"Pardon a convict? No." The man had not surrendered. The smiling face faded into a grave, cold face. The governor they knew had vanished, and a new governor, grave, courteous, and firm, but not nearly so nice, had taken his place.

But in the sunshine the ice is melted at last; and in the moonbeams and the light of the stars love finds a way. Reason was powerless, refusal impotent. The illogical trinity sat on his knees and the arms of his chair and admitted all that he urged to be true. They agreed with him in his conception of a governor's duty; they even recognized the claims of good public policy to be against them; and when he had finished they put their arms about him and asked mercy for their friend Shadow.

"It would not be so bad," said Sunshine, "if we hadn't promised." And the governor laughed.

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How potent is innocence, how weak at times is wisdom! Driven from his positions one by one, the beleaguered governor took refuge behind the judicial ermine. Shadow had been placed in prison by the judge. The judge was really the man to be seen. It would never do for the governor arbitrarily to reverse the action of the judge. And then he sighed a great sigh of relief. Why had he not thought of that before?

"Give us a letter to the judge, then," said Sunshine, sturdily. And she handed him his pen, point reversed.

"Good!" said the governor. "Yes; he is the man you should see. Do you know the judge?"

Yes, they knew the judge. Almost daily they saw him pass on their block, and sometimes he, too, laid a hand on their heads in passing. But they had never thought of asking his help in getting Shadow out.

"If the judge says you may let him go," said Sunshine, with a tremulous little note in her voice, "will you do it?"

"Aha!" exclaimed the governor, with apparent irrelevancy. And yet it was pertinent and relevant. It meant, this little "aha" spoken to himself and the thoughts within him, that the logic of the situation had hemmed him in. He must say "Yes" or admit that he had been insincere. Then he remembered that a great murder trial was on and approaching its close, and that even a telephone message could hardly make its way into the courthouse, so dense was the crowd.

"Yes," he answered guardedly, "if the judge says I may, I shall have to do something for Shadow. But," he added, pitying their situation, "you cannot see the judge

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to-day. He is engaged in trying a man for his life, and hopes to get through before Christmas."

The three answered not. Serenely they went forth. A friendly Irishman in a police uniform was at the foot of the steps dreaming day-dreams, perhaps of the "childer" at home. His smiling face was an invitation, and they asked him the way to the courthouse.

"Coourthouse?" he said, "Coourthouse? An' why should the likes of ye babies that ye arre be huntin' for-r the coourthouse?"

"They are trying a man for his life," said Sunshine, getting her logic mixed, "and we have a message to the judge from the governor!" The Irishman glanced at the official envelope and whistled.

"An' is't imporr'nt?" he said.

"It may get a man out of prison," said Sunshine, "if we can get there in time."

"It's get there in time ye will," said the Irishman, "if I have to carry the last darlin' of ye in me arms an' on me head. Come along wid me!"

Every corridor, every foot of courtroom space, was occupied with excited men, and the way was blocked. Over the murmur of their voices rang the voice of the defendant's attorney as he pleaded for his client's life. A whisper ran through the crowd. The Irishman started it. They looked with wonder on the three dainty messengers and opened a path for them. "Message from the governor?" What could it mean? The tension was at its highest pitch. The sheriff, lifting his hand at the entrance to the bar, waited until the judge's gavel fell,

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and repeated the whisper aloud — "a message from the governor, your Honor!"

And up the aisle trudged the children, while a strange silence settled over the great throng; and in open contempt of court, they climbed up to the judge and presented their credentials, all talking while the bewildered official read the message. A smile dawned on his stern face which echoed in silence from the crowd, if such things can be, while he wiped his glasses.

"Suspend for five minutes," he said to the lawyer who had been speaking. The lawyer suspended willingly, and his unchanging gaze fixed on the children, kept the eyes of every juror riveted there. With the children by his side, the judge examined a record handed up by the clerk.

"And did the governor send you to me with the note?" he asked as he turned the pages.

"Yes, sir," said Sunshine. "And he laughed, too."

"Oh, he laughed, did he?" The judge laughed, too. "I see, I see." And then he read the record, "'twenty years for robbery'! And he was a boy when it occurred!" He shook his head. "Yes, the sentence was too severe, too severe, when his youth is considered." His pen swept across the governor's note a few times, he smiled grimly, a path opened up through the throng, and Sunshine, Moonbeam, and Starlight fading from the scene, left Justice at work in the chill and gloom. The State lost its case when the counsel for the defense resumed with the words: "Children like those, my friends, await their father's home-coming this Christmas eve."

But they knew nothing of this. Thirty minutes after

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leaving the governor's room they entered stormily, gleefully, and planted their victorious colors over the citadel and its vanquished custodian. He learned their story, in amazement, and looked with comic gravity on their flushed faces.

"The republican form of government is a failure," he said at length. "The infantry has usurped the executive and suspended the judiciary!"

"And may we tell Shadow he is free?" asked Sunshine.

"Yes; let freedom be his Christmas present." The child's eyes swam in softer light.

"Write it down for me, please!" Again she handed him the pen, this time point foremost, the little hand trembling with excitement. And taking his pen, the chief executive wrote this, the strangest, sweetest, gentlest public document that ever issued from Alabama's Capitol:

"Dear Sunshine: I have looked into the case of your friend, Shadow, from Crenshaw County, and am inclined to think that his sentence is too severe. His term is twenty years from September 23, 1893. I have about made up my mind to cut his sentence to less than one third. You can let Shadow know this, and save this letter to show, if needed. He had three mighty nice girls to beg for him, and, you see, I am giving him off more than four years for each girl.

"Your friend,
"The Governor."

Late that night Sunshine's father succeeded in getting connection by telephone with Wetumpka, and Shadow was brought into the superintendent's office,

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"Do you know who this is, Shadow?" The child's voice annihilated space as it had annihilated opposition.

"Mis' Sunshine!"

"Well, Shadow, the governor says you will be free in the morning, and I am so glad."

Back over the wires came a great voice shouting. It was the wordless expression of a soul whose chains had been broken asunder, and to whom the whole beautiful world came back as a Christmas gift! Was there ever such a gift! One other sound came to the listening child — the sound of a falling telephone receiver. Sunshine turned away with her eyes full of tears. The city clock rang out clearly through the night upon the first stroke of twelve. Clapping her hands, she cried aloud:

"It is Christmas! Shadow is free!"

HORATIUS

By Thomas Babington Macaulay

I

Lars Porsena of Clusium
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

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II

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.

III

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place;
From many a fruitful plain;

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From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine.

. . . . .

IV

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who always by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand:
Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore.

V

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given:
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
Go forth, beloved of Heaven;
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome;
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome."

VI

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten:

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Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

VII

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latin name.

VIII

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

. . . . .

IX

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.

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The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

X

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands,
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

XI

I wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

XII

They held a council standing
Before the River-Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.

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Out spake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

XIII

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear;
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

XIV

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

. . . . .

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XV

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge
What hope to save the town?"

XVI

Then out spoke brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods?"

. . . . .

XVII

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

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XVIII

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

XIX

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

. . . . .

XX

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an ax:
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

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XXI

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly toward the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

. . . . .

XXII

But hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

XXIII

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.

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Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay:
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

XXIV

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

XXV

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

XXVI

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at his deadly stroke,

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As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

XXVII

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

XXVIII

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

XXIX

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their heart sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:

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And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

XXX

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack:
But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

. . . . .

XXXI

But meanwhile ax and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

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XXXII

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

XXXIII

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream.
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

XXXIV

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

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XXXV

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face,
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

XXXVI

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

XXXVII

"O Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

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XXXVIII

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friend and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

XXXIX

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

XL

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin.

. . . . .

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XLI

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

XLII

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plow from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

. . . . .

XLIII

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

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XLIV

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers
And the kid turns on the spit;
When old and young in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

XLV

When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

Abridged.

WE VISIT THE FRENCH ARMY

By Heywood Broun

"The Germans haven't thrown a single shell in Rheims today," said our conducting officer apologetically. "Yesterday," he continued more cheerfully, "they sent more than five hundred big ones and they wounded two of my officers."

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We left the little inn at the fringe of the town and rode into the square in front of the cathedral. At the door the officer turned us over to the curator. The old man led us up the aisle to a point not far from the altar. Here he stopped, and pointing to a great shell hole in the floor, said: "On this spot in the year 496 Clovis, the King of the Franks, was baptized by the blessed St. Remi with oil which was brought from heaven in a holy flask by a dove."

Something flew over the cathedral just then, but we knew it was not a dove. It whistled like a strong wind, and presently the shop of a confectioner some ten blocks away folded up with a ripping, smashing sound. Clovis, with his fourteen centuries wrapped about him, was safe enough. He had quit the spot in time. But a younger man ducked. The old guide did not even look up.

"The first stone of the present cathedral was laid in May, 1212, by the Archbishop Alberic de Humbert," he said.

Another big shell tore the sky, and this time the smash was nearer. It seemed certainly no more than nine blocks away. The young man began to calculate. He figured that he was seven centuries down, while the Germans had nine blocks to go. That was something, but the guide failed to keep up his pace through the centuries. There were no more happy hiatuses.

"Scholars dispute," he continued, "as to who was the architect of the cathedral. Some say it was designed by Robert de Coucy; others name Bernard de Soissons, but certain authorities hold to Gauthier de Reims and

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Jean d'Orbais." Two more shells crossed the cathedral. The controversy seemed regrettable and the young man shifted constantly from foot to foot. He appeared to feel that there was less chance of being hit if he were on the wing, so to speak.

"One or two have named Jean Loups," said the guide, but he shook his head even as he mentioned him. It was evident that he had no patience with Loups or his backers. Indeed, the heresy threw him off his stride, and the next smash which came during the lull was more significant than any of the others. The crash was the peculiarly disagreeable one which occurs when a large shell strikes a small hardware store. Even the guide noticed this shell. It reminded him of the war.

"Since April," he said, "the Germans have been bombarding Rheims with naval guns. All the shells which they fire now are .320 or larger. They fire about 150 shells a day at the city, mostly in the afternoon, and they usually aim at the cathedral or some place near by."

The young man noted by his watch that it was just half-past one.

"A week ago the Germans fired a .320 shell through the roof, but it did not explode. I will show it to you, but first I must ask you to touch nothing, not even a piece of glass, for we want to put everything back again that we can after the war."

On the floor there was evidence that some patient hand had made a beginning of seeking to fit together in proper sequence all the available tiny glass fragments from the shattered rose windows. It was a pitiful jigsaw

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puzzle, which would not work. The curator stepped briskly up the nave, and at the end of a hundred paces he stopped.

"This is the most dangerous portion of the cathedral," he explained. "Most of the big shells have come in here." And he pointed to three great holes in the ceiling. Then he showed us the monstrous shell which had not exploded and the fragments of others which had. Down toward the west end of town fresh fragments were being made. Each hole in the cathedral roof sounded a different note as the shells raced overhead. But the old curator was musing again. He had forgotten the war, even though the smashed and twisted bits of iron and stone from yesterday's clean hit lay at his feet.

"The first stone of the present cathedral was laid in May, 1212, by the Archbishop Alberic de Humbert," he said. "Alberic gave all the money he could gather, and the chapter presented its treasury, and all about, the clergy appealed for funds in the name of God. Kings of France and mighty lords made contributions, and each year there was a great pilgrimage, headed by the image of the Blessed Virgin, through all the villages. And the building grew, and sculptors from all parts of France came and embellished it, and in 1430 it was finished. You see, gentlemen," he said, "it took more than two hundred years to build our cathedral."

We left the cathedral then and paused for a minute in the square before the statue of Jeanne d'Arc, who brought her king to Rheims and had him crowned. In some parts of France devout persons speak of the Jeanne

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statue in Rheims as a miracle because, although the cathedral has been scarred and shattered and every building round the square badly damaged, the statue of

RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

Jeanne is untouched. I looked closely and found the miracle was not perfect. A tiny bit of the scabbard of Jeanne had been snipped off by a flying shrapnel fragment, but the sword of Jeanne, which is raised high above her head, had not a nick in it.

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Crossing the square, we went into the office of *L'Eclaireur de l'Est*. This daily newspaper has no humorous column, no editorials, no sporting page and no dramatic reviews, and yet is probably the most difficult journal in the world to edit. The chief reportorial task of the staff of *L'Eclaireur* is to count the number of shells which fall into the city each day. That doesn't sound hard. The reporter can hear them all from his desk and many he can see, for the cathedral just across the street is still the favorite target of the Germans. Sometimes the reporter does not have to look so far. The office of *L'Eclaireur* has been hit eleven times during the bombardment and three members of the staff have been killed. One big shell fell in the composing room and so now the paper is set by hand. It is a single sheet and the circulation is limited to the three or four thousand civilians, who have stuck to Rheims throughout the bombardment. One of the few who remain is a man who keeps a picture postcard shop in a building next door to the newspaper office. His roof has been knocked down about his head and his business is hardly thriving. I asked him why he remained.

"I started to go away several months ago after one day when they put some gas shells into the town," he said. "The very next morning I put all my things into a cart and started up that street there. I had gone just about to the third street when a shell hit the house behind me. It killed my horse and wrecked the wagon, and so I picked up my things and came back. It seemed to me I wasn't meant to go away from Rheims."

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The shelling increased in violence before we left the office of *L'Eclaireur*. One shell was certainly not more than a hundred and fifty yards away, but the work went on without interruption. The printers who were setting ads never looked up. Mostly these advertisements were of houses in Rheims which were renting lower than ever before. If there was anyone in the visiting party who felt uncomfortable, he was unwilling to show it, for just outside the door of the newspaper office there sat an old lady with a lapful of fancy work. A shell came from over the hills and, in the seconds while it whistled and then smashed, the old lady threaded her needle.

A day later, when some of us were willing to confess that of all miserable sounds the whistling of a shell was the meanest, we found a curious kink in the brain of everyone. It was the universal experience that the slightest bit of cover, however inadequate, gave a sense of safety out of all proportion to its utility. Thus we all felt much more uncomfortable in the square than when we stood in the composing room of the newspaper which was shielded by the remains of a glass skylight. The same curious psychological twist can be found among soldiers at the front. Again and again men will be found taking apparent comfort in the fact that half an inch of tin roof protects them from the shells of the Germans.

We made a journey to a battery of French .75's. It was a peaceful military station, for so well were the guns concealed that they seemed exempt from German fire, in spite of the fact that they had been in place for half a year. The men sat about underground playing

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cards and reading newspapers, but the commander of the battery was unwilling that we should go with such a peaceful impression of his guns. He brought his men to action with a word or two, and sent six shells sailing at the German first line trenches for our benefit. We left, half deafened, but delighted.

No child could be more eager to show a toy than is a French officer to let a visitor see in some small fashion how the war wags. We went from the battery to a first line trench. It was slow work down miles and miles of camouflaged road to the communicating trench, and all along the line we were stopped by kindly Frenchmen, who wanted us to see how their dugouts were decorated, or the nature of their dining room, or the first-aid dressing station, or any little detail of the war with which they were directly concerned.

Trenches, save in the very active sectors, give the visitor a sense of security. Open places are the ones which try the nerves of civilians, and it was pleasant to walk with a wall of earth on either hand, even if some of us did have to stoop a bit. From the point where we entered the communication trench to the front line was probably not more than half a mile as the crow flies — if, indeed, he is foolish enough to travel over trenches — but the sunken pathway turned and twisted to such an extent that it must have been two miles before we struck even the third line. Here we were held while ever so many dugouts and kitchens and gas alarm stations and telephones were exhibited for us. They were all included in the routine of war, but, of a sudden, romance popped

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up from underground. The conducting officer paused at the entrance of a passage. "Another dugout," we thought.

"Bring them up!" said the officer to a soldier, and the poilu scrambled down the steps and came up with a bird cage containing two birds.

"These are the last resort," explained the officer. "We send messages from the trenches by telephone, if we can. If the wires are destroyed, we use flashes from a light, but, if that station is also broken and we must have help, the birds are freed."

Neither pigeon seemed in the least puffed up over the responsibility which rested upon him.

The German trenches were just 400 yards away from the first lines of the French. It was possible to see them by peering over the rim of the trench, but we quickly ducked down again. Presently we grew less cautious, and one or two tried to stare the Germans out of countenance. If they could see that strangers were peeping at them, they paid no attention.

The French officer in charge seemed embarrassed. He explained that it was an exceptionally quiet day. Only the day before the Germans had been active with trench mortars, and he couldn't understand why they were sulking now. Possibly the bombardment from the French .75's, which had been going on all day, had softened them a bit. He looked about the trench dejectedly. The soldiers of the front line were playing cards, eating soup or modeling little grotesque figures out of the soft rock which lined the walls of the trenches.

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He called sharply to a soldier, who fetched a box of rifle grenades out of a cubbyhole and sent half a dozen, one after the other, spinning at the German lines. Probably they fell short, or perhaps the Germans were simply sullen. At any rate, they paid no attention. They were not disposed into being prodded to show off for American visitors.

The officer suddenly thought up a method to retrieve the lost reputation of his trench. If we could only stay until dark, he would send us all out on a patrolling party right up to the wire in front of the German first line. We declined, and made some little haste to leave this ever-so-obliging officer. In another moment we feared he would organize an exhibition offensive for our benefit and reserve us places in the first wave.

If things were quiet on the ground, there was plenty of activity aloft. It was a clear day, and both sides had big sausage balloons up for observation. Once a German plane tried to attack a French sausage, but it was driven off, and all day long the Germans sought without success to wing the balloon with one of their long range guns. In that particular sector on that particular day, the French unquestionably had the mastery of the air. We saw four of their planes in the air to every one German, and once a fleet of five cruised over the German lines. The Boche opened on them with shrapnel. It was a clear day, without a breath of wind, and the white puffs clung to the sky at the point where they broke. Presently the French planes swooped much lower, and the Germans opened on them with machine guns. Some-

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body has said that machine gun fire sounds as if a crazy carpenter was shingling a roof, and somebody else has compared the noise to a typewriter being operated in an upper room, but it is still more like a riveting machine. It has a business-like, methodical sound to me. To my ear there is no malice in a machine gun, but then I have never heard it from an aeroplane.

The officer in charge accompanied us to the end of the communicating trench.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

We told him that we were going directly to Paris.

"Have a good time," he said, "but leave one dinner for me."

"You are going to Paris?" we asked.

He looked over toward the German wire and smiled a little. "I may," he said.

Abridged.

THE LIFE OF THE KNIGHT

By Eva March Tappan

When a knight galloped into the courtyard of a castle, his helm and armor glittering, his sword clanking at his side, his plume waving, and his horse prancing and caracoling, small wonder if the boys of the place gathered to see him, and if each said to himself, "I wish I were a knight."

The boy who was to be a knight must be of noble birth. His training generally began when he was only seven or eight years old. He was taken away from his mother and his father's castle, for it was the custom for boys to

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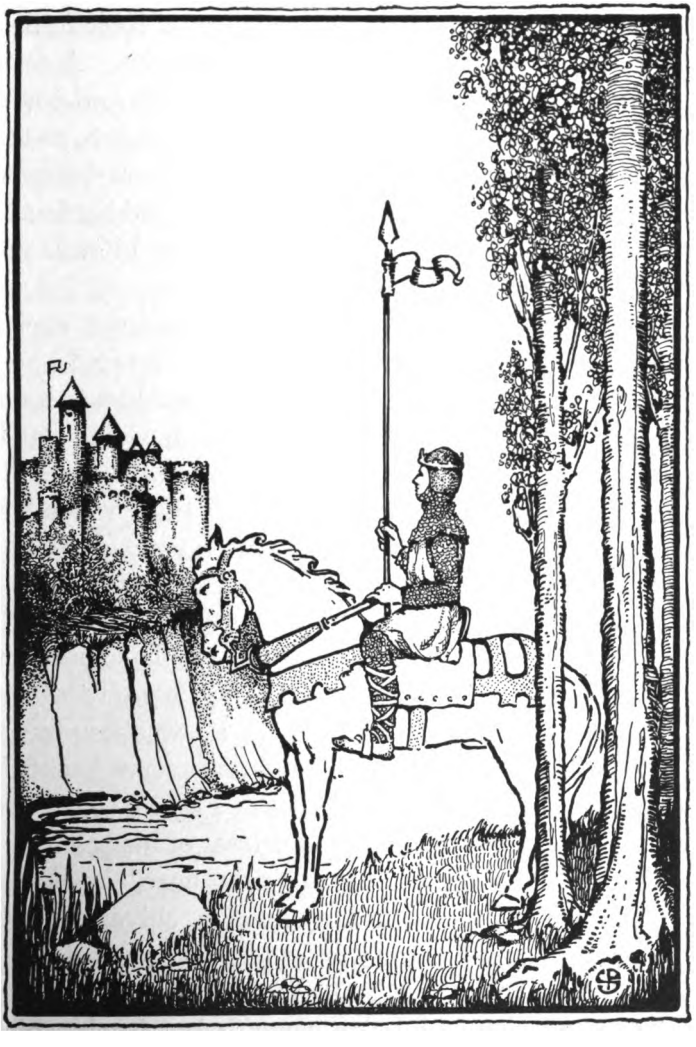

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be brought up in the castle of some friend of their father's or perhaps of some one of higher rank than he. A castle was a gloomy stone building, with strong walls and towers usually placed either high on a cliff or in a swamp, so that it could not be easily captured. Within it were dungeons and treasure rooms, and rooms for the lord and his family. It also had a well, and perhaps a garden, and it was protected by a moat and a drawbridge.

The little boy about to begin his training at such a castle was first called a page; and before he could hope to become even a squire, there was much for him to learn. Until he was fourteen or fifteen, his first business was to wait upon the ladies of the household, to run their errands, carry messages for them, and ride with them when they went out hunting or hawking. He must always be polite and obedient, for no one could imagine such a thing as a knight who was rude or would not obey the laws of knighthood. He must learn to play chess and draughts, to read, to sing, to dance, to play on the flute and harp, and to say his catechism. He was also taught that he must choose some lady, and must serve her truly. There is a story that a lady of the French court once asked a little page who was the mistress of his heart.

"I love my mother best and my sister next," he replied.

"Yes, but who is your lady-love in chivalry?" she asked, and he finally chose a little ten-year-old girl.

"That is not the way," declared his teacher. "You must not choose a child, but some lady of noble birth who can advise and help you. Some day you must do daring deeds for her sake, and you must be so humble

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and faithful to her that she cannot help being kind to you."

Most of the training of the page was given him by the ladies of the household; but he was also taught to ride and leap, to hurl a light spear, and to fight in sham battles with the other pages of the castle. He waited upon his lord and the ladies at the table, and sometimes he accompanied his lord to battle. He did no fighting there, but simply served in any way that a boy could. He was in no danger, for it would have been a disgrace to any knight to wound a page.

Of course all this time the boy was looking forward to the day when he would be promoted and would become a squire. That came to pass when he was about fourteen. Then he not only served at table and brought water for the lord and his guests to wash their hands before and after the meal, but he learned to carve, he brought his lord's special cup of wine at retiring, and waited upon him in every way. In a large castle where there were many squires, one cared for the dining hall, arranged it for singing, or made the tables ready for chess. A squire was not permitted to sit at table with a knight, not even if the knight was his own father, but he might join in the amusements. Each in turn was "squire of the body," and the one in office was he whom all the others envied, for when his lord went to battle, this squire was his regular attendant. The young page might carry the helm, but the squire bore the armor and shield, and it was his task — no easy one — to encase his lord in the heavy armor that was then worn. If the knight lost his weapon,

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the squire must be ready with another. If he took prisoners, they were handed over to the squire to guard; and if the knight was thrown from his horse, the squire must help him to mount again.

Although a squire was rarely a knight before he was twenty or twenty-one, he had little chance to be idle. He was still expected to keep up his attendance upon the ladies of the castle; but he now learned to use, not the light weapons with which he had practised as a page, but the battle-axe and sword and lance of the knight. He must become a master of horsemanship, and be perfect in leaping and swimming and climbing. He must learn to bear heat and cold and hunger without a word of complaint, and he must accustom himself to wearing the heavy armor of the time and to moving easily in it. There was one exercise in particular which he was expected to practise until he had become perfect. This was called the quintain. A figure of a man, arrayed with sword and shield as if for battle, was fastened to a post in such a way that it swung about easily. The young squire rode up to the figure full tilt and struck it with his lance. If he hit it on the breast, nothing happened, but if he aimed badly and hit the legs or the arms or was slow in getting away, then the courtyard re-echoed with shouts of laughter, for the figure whirled about and the unskilful squire was struck a heavy blow with a sandbag.

When the time had come for the young man to become a knight, there was much ceremony, and every act had its meaning. He went into a bath and afterward put

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on a white garment to indicate purity. A red one was placed over it to show that he would shed his blood for the right. One whole night he spent fully armed, praying and meditating in a church. On the following day he gave his sword to the priest, who laid it upon the altar, blessed it, and returned it. He made solemn vows to defend the church, to be true to the king, and to help every lady who was in distress. Then the knight of highest rank came forward. The young man knelt before him with clasped hands and declared solemnly that his earnest wish was to maintain religion and chivalry. After this, the knights and ladies put on, first, his spurs, then the other pieces of his armor. The chief knight fixed on the sword and struck him upon the neck a slight blow called the accolade, and said aloud, "I dub thee knight in the name of God and the saints." The other knights embraced him, and the priest prayed that he might ever be faithful and loyal. Then the people all went out of the church, and the newly made knight sprang upon his horse and rode about in his gleaming armor, flashing his sword and spurring on his steed to prance and curvet and caracol. After this he dismounted. He made as generous gifts as he could afford to the servants and minstrels of the castle in which he had received his training. The rest of the day was given to feasting and entertainments.

Of course this ceremony differed somewhat in different countries, and sometimes a man was made a knight on the battlefield, because he had just performed some deed of valor. If a knight broke his vows, his spurs were cut

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off, his sword broken over his head, his armor taken from him, and he was laid in a coffin. Then the burial service was read over him as if he were dead.

The great pleasure and amusement of the knights was the tournament, or mock battle, and they would journey long distances to see one or take part in one. The battle took place in what was called the lists, a long oblong space marked off by railings. Close to these were the galleries, or seats, for the spectators. It was all made as gorgeous as possible with a vast display of banners and tapestry and coats of mail, and especially by the brilliant robes of the ladies. When the trumpet sounded and the cry was heard, "Come forth, knights, come forth!" the two bodies of knights that were to tilt, one against the other, galloped forward at full speed from opposite ends of the lists with their lances in rest and met with a terrible shock. The ribbons of their lady-loves waved from their helmets. Pieces of wood were fastened to the points of the lances, for the object of the charge was not to kill but to unhorse opponents. There were strict rules for the behavior of knights during a tournament, and an accurate method of counting their honors. To strike an opponent out of his saddle counted three, to break a lance on his helm counted ten. The ladies were the judges of all questions, but they usually resigned their power into the hands of an umpire called the Knight of Honor. After the tournament had come to an end, some fair lady, who had been chosen Queen of Beauty and Love, presented the prizes.

Knighthood flourished from the eleventh to the fifteenth

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centuries. Armor grew heavier and heavier till it became almost impossible for a knight to mount his horse without help, and if his horse was slain, he rolled off helplessly and became an easy prey for his foes. About the middle of the fourteenth century the English won two great battles, at Crecy and at Poitiers, against the French, not by the power of the knights, but by the valor of the foot soldiers with their bows and arrows. Then came the invention of gunpowder, and after that the knight became little more than a useless encumbrance. His time was past, and his armor is now exhibited as a curiosity in museums.

THE NINETY-FIRST PSALM

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings thou shalt trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

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Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

THE FIRST PSALM

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

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The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

ONE MORNING IN A BOAT

By Jerome K. Jerome

I woke at six the next morning, and found George awake too. We both turned round and tried to go to sleep again, but we could not. Had there been any particular reason why we should *not* have gone to sleep again but have got up and dressed then and there, we should have dropped off while we were looking at our watches and have slept till ten. As there was no earthly necessity for our getting up under another two hours at the very least, and our getting up at that time was an utter absurdity, it was only in keeping with the natural cussedness of things in general that we should both feel that lying down for five minutes more would be death to us.

George said that the same kind of thing, only worse, had happened to him some eighteen months ago, when he was lodging by himself in the house of a certain Mrs. Gippings. He said his watch went wrong one evening and stopped at a quarter past eight. He did not know this at the time, because, for some reason or other, he forgot to wind it up

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when he went to bed (an unusual occurrence with him) and hung it up over his pillow without ever looking at the thing.

It was in the winter when this happened, very near the shortest day, and a week of fog into the bargain, so the fact that it was still very dark when George woke in the morning was no guide to him as to the time. He reached up, and hauled down his watch. It was a quarter past eight.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" exclaimed George; "and here have I got to be in the city by nine. Why didn't somebody call me? Oh, this is a shame!" And he flung the watch down, and sprung out of bed, and had a cold bath, and washed himself, and dressed himself, and shaved himself in cold water because there was not time to wait for the hot, and then rushed and had another look at the watch.

Whether the shaking it had received in being thrown down on the bed had started it, or how it was, George could not say, but certain it was that from a quarter past eight it had begun to go, and now pointed to twenty minutes to nine.

George snatched it up and rushed downstairs. In the sitting-room all was dark and silent; there was no fire, no breakfast. George said it was a wicked shame of Mrs. G., and he made up his mind to tell her what he thought of her when he came home in the evening. Then he dashed on his great-coat and hat, and seizing his umbrella made for the front door. The door was not even unbolted. George anathematized Mrs. G. for a lazy old

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woman, and thought it was very strange that people could not get up at a decent, respectable time, unlocked and unbolted the door and ran out.

He ran hard for a quarter of a mile, and at the end of that distance it began to be borne in upon him as a strange and curious thing that there were so few people about, and that there were no shops open. It was certainly a very dark and foggy morning, but still it seemed an unusual course to stop all business on that account. *He* had to go to business; why should other people stop in bed merely because it was dark and foggy!

At length he reached Holborn. Not a shutter was down! Not a bus was about! There were three men in sight, one of whom was a policeman; a market-cart full of cabbages, and a dilapidated-looking cab. George pulled out his watch and looked at it; it was five minutes to nine! He stood still and counted his pulse. He stooped down and felt his legs. Then, with his watch still in his hand, he went up to the policeman, and asked him if he knew what the time was.

"What's the time?" said the man, eying George up and down with evident suspicion; "Why, if you listen you will hear it strike."

George listened, and a neighboring clock immediately obliged.

"But it's only gone three!" said George, in an injured tone, when it had finished.

"Well, and how many did you want it to go?" replied the constable.

"Why, nine," said George, showing his watch.

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"Do you know where you live?" said the guardian of public order severely.

George thought, and gave the address.

"Oh! that's where it is, is it?" replied the man; "well, you take my advice and go there quietly, and take that watch of yours with you; and don't let's have any more of it."

And George went home again, musing as he walked along, and let himself in.

At first, when he got in, he determined to undress and go to bed again; but when he thought of the re-dressing and re-washing, and the having of another bath, he determined he would not, but would sit up and go to sleep in the easy-chair.

But he could not get to sleep; he never felt more wakeful in his life; so he lighted the lamp and got out the chess-board, and played himself a game of chess. But even that did not enliven him; it seemed slow somehow; so he gave chess up and tried to read. He did not seem able to take any sort of interest in reading either, so he put on his coat again and went out for a walk.

It was horribly lonesome and dismal, and all the policemen he met regarded him with undisguised suspicion, and turned their lanterns on him and followed him about, and this had such an effect upon him that at last he began to feel as if he really had done something, and he got to slinking down the by-streets and hiding in dark doorways when he heard the regulation flip-flop approaching.

Of course, this conduct made the force only more distrustful of him than ever, and they would come and rout

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him out and ask him what he was doing there; and when he answered, "Nothing," he had merely come out for a stroll (it was then four o'clock in the morning), they looked as though they did not believe him, and two plain-clothes constables came home with him to see if he really did live where he had said he did. They saw him go in with his key, and then they took up a position opposite and watched the house.

He thought he would light the fire when he got inside, and make himself some breakfast, just to pass away the time; but he did not seem able to handle anything from a scuttleful of coals to a teaspoon without dropping it or falling over it, and making such a noise that he was in mortal fear that it would wake Mrs. G. up, and that she would think it was burglars and open the window and call "Police!" and then these two detectives would rush in and handcuff him, and march him off to the police court.

He was in a morbidly nervous state by this time, and he pictured the trial, and his trying to explain the circumstances to the jury, and nobody believing him, and his being sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude, and his mother dying of a broken heart. So he gave up trying to get breakfast, and wrapped himself up in his overcoat and sat in the easy-chair till Mrs. G. came down at half-past seven.

He said he had never got up too early since that morning; it had been such a warning to him.

We had been sitting huddled up in our rugs while George had been telling me this true story, and on his finishing it

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I set to work to wake up Harris with a scull. The third prod did it; and he turned over on the other side, and said he would be down in a minute, and that he would have his lace-up boots. We soon let him know where he was, however, by the aid of the hitcher, and he sat up suddenly, sending Montmorency, who had been sleeping the sleep of the just right on the middle of his chest, sprawling across the boat.

Then we pulled up the canvas, and all four of us poked our heads out over the off-side, and looked down at the water and shivered. The idea, overnight, had been that we should get up early in the morning, fling off our rugs and shawls, and throwing back the canvas, spring into the river with a joyous shout, and revel in a long, delicious swim. Somehow, now the morning had come, the notion seemed less tempting. The water looked damp and chilly; the wind felt cold.

"Well, who's going to be first in?" said Harris at last. There was no rush for precedence. George settled the matter so far as he was concerned by retiring into the boat and pulling on his socks. Montmorency gave vent to an involuntary howl, as if merely thinking of the thing had given him the horrors; and Harris said it would be so difficult to get into the boat again, and went back and sorted out his trousers.

I did not altogether like to give in, though I did not relish the plunge. There might be snags about, or weeds, I thought. I meant to compromise matters by going down to the edge and just throwing the water over myself; so I took a towel and crept out on the bank and wormed my

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way along on to the branch of a tree that dipped down into the water.

It was bitterly cold. The wind cut like a knife. I thought I would not throw the water over myself after all. I would go back into the boat and dress; and I turned to do so; and, as I turned, the silly branch gave way, and I and the towel went in together with a tremendous splash, and I was out midstream with a gallon of Thames water inside me before I knew what had happened.

"By Jove! Old J.'s gone in," I heard Harris say, as I came blowing to the surface. "I didn't think he'd have the pluck to do it. Did you?"

"Is it all right?" sung out George.

"Lovely," I spluttered back. "You are duffers not to come in. I wouldn't have missed this for worlds. Why won't you try it? It only wants a little determination."

But I could not persuade them.

Rather an amusing thing happened while dressing this morning. I was very cold when I got back into the boat, and in my hurry to get my shirt on, I accidentally jerked it into the water. It made me awfully wild, especially as George burst out laughing. I could not see anything to laugh at, and I told George so, and he only laughed the more. I never saw a man laugh so much. I quite lost my temper with him at last, and I pointed out to him what a driveling maniac and an imbecile idiot he was; but he only roared the louder. And then, just as I was landing the shirt, I noticed that it was not my shirt at all, but George's, which I had mistaken for mine; whereupon

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the humor of the thing struck me for the first time, and *I* began to laugh. And the more I looked from George's wet shirt to George, roaring with laughter, the more I was amused, and I laughed so much that I had to let the shirt fall back into the water again.

"Aren't you — you going to get it out?" said George, between his shrieks.

I could not answer him at all for awhile, I was laughing so, but, at last, between my peals I managed to jerk out:

"It isn't my shirt — it's *yours!*"

I never saw a man's face change from lively to severe so suddenly in all my life before.

"What!" he yelled, springing up. "You silly cuckoo! Why can't you be more careful what you're doing? Why the deuce don't you go and dress on the bank? You're not fit to be in a boat, you're not. Gimme the hitcher."

I tried to make him see the fun of the thing, but he could not. George is very dense at seeing a joke sometimes.

BILL AND JOE

By Oliver Wendell Holmes

Come, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by, —
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew, —
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

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Your name may flaunt a titled trail,
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail;
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe, and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With H O N. and L L. D.
In big brave letters, fair to see, —
Your fist, old fellow! off they go! —
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've won the judge's ermined robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again:
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,
"See those old buffers, bent and gray, —
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means." —
And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe! —

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes, —

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Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill,
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go, —
How vain it seems, this empty show! —
Till all at once his pulses thrill; —
'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears,
In some sweet lull of harp and song
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below
Where this was Bill and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here,
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. *Hic jacet* Bill.

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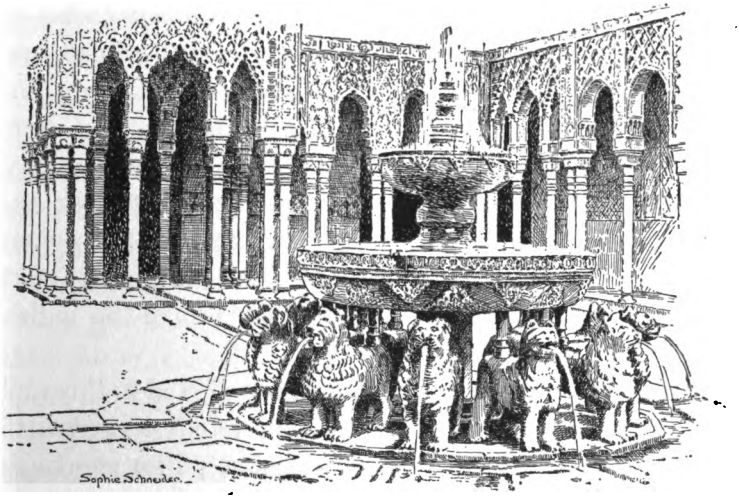
LEGEND OF THE MOOR'S LEGACY

By Washington Irving

Just within the fortress of the Alhambra, in front of the royal palace, is a broad open esplanade, called the Place or Square of the Cisterns, so called from being undermined by reservoirs of water, hidden from sight, and which have existed from the time of the Moors. At



one corner of this esplanade is a Moorish well, cut through the living rock to a great depth, the water of which is cold as ice and clear as crystal. The wells made by the Moors are always in repute, for it is well known what pains they took to penetrate to the purest and sweetest springs and fountains. The one of which we now speak

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is famous throughout Granada, insomuch that water-carriers, some bearing great water-jars on their shoulders, others driving asses before them laden with earthen vessels, are ascending and descending the steep woody avenues of the Alhambra, from early dawn until a late hour of the night.

Fountains and wells, ever since the scriptural days, have been noted gossiping-places in hot climates; and at the well in question there is a kind of perpetual club kept up during the livelong day, by the invalids, old women, and other curious do-nothing folk of the fortress, who sit here on the stone benches, under an awning spread over the well to shelter the toll-gatherer from the sun, and dawdle over the gossip of the fortress, and question every water-carrier that arrives about the news of the city, and make long comments on everything they hear and see. Not an hour of the day but loitering housewives and idle maid-servants may be seen, lingering, with pitcher on head or in hand, to hear the last of the endless tattle of these worthies.

Among the water-carriers who once resorted to this well, there was a sturdy, strong-backed, bandy-legged little fellow, named Pedro Gil, but called Peregil for shortness. Being a water-carrier, he was a Gallego, or native of Gallicia, of course. Nature seems to have formed races of men, as she has of animals, for different kinds of drudgery. In France the shoeblacks are all Savoyards, the porters of hotels all Swiss, and in the days of hoops and hair-powder in England, no man could give the regular swing to a sedan-chair but a bog-trotting Irishman. So

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in Spain, the carriers of water and bearers of burdens are all sturdy little natives of Gallicia. No man says, "Get me a porter," but, "Call a Gallego."

To return from this digression, Peregil the Gallego had begun business with merely a great earthen jar which he carried upon his shoulder; by degrees he rose in the world, and was enabled to purchase an assistant of a correspondent class of animals, being a stout shaggy-haired donkey. On each side of this his long-eared aid-de-camp, in a kind of pannier, were slung his water-jars, covered with fig-leaves to protect them from the sun. There was not a more industrious water-carrier in all Granada, nor one more merry withal. The streets rang with his cheerful voice as he trudged after his donkey, singing forth the usual summer note that resounds through the Spanish towns: — "Who wants water — water colder than snow? Who wants water from the well of the Alhambra, cold as ice and clear as crystal?" When he served a customer with a sparkling glass, it was always with a pleasant word that caused a smile; and if, perchance, it was a comely dame or dimpling damsel, it was always with a sly leer and a compliment to her beauty that was irresistible. Thus Peregil the Gallego was noted throughout all Granada for being one of the civilest, pleasantest, and happiest of mortals. Yet it is not he who sings loudest and jokes most that has the lightest heart. Under all this air of merriment, honest Peregil had his cares and troubles. He had a large family of ragged children to support, who were hungry and clamorous as a nest of young swallows, and beset him with their outcries for

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food whenever he came home of an evening. He had a helpmate, too, who was anything but a help to him. She had been a village beauty before marriage, noted for her skill at dancing the bolero and rattling the castanets; and she still retained her early propensities, spending the hard earnings of honest Peregil in frippery, and laying the very donkey under requisition for junketing parties into the country on Sundays and saints' days, and those innumerable holidays, which are rather more numerous in Spain than the days of the week. With all this she was a little of a slattern, something more of a lie-abed, and, above all, a gossip of the first water; neglecting house, household, and everything else, to loiter slipshod in the houses of her gossip neighbors.

He, however, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, accommodates the yoke of matrimony to the submissive neck. Peregil bore all the heavy dispensations of wife and children with as meek a spirit as his donkey bore the water-jars; and, however he might shake his ears in private, never ventured to question the household virtues of his slattern spouse.

He loved his children, too, even as an owl loves its owlets, seeing in them his own image multiplied and perpetuated; for they were a sturdy, long-backed, bandy-legged little brood. The great pleasure of honest Peregil was, whenever he could afford himself a scanty holiday, and had a handful of maravedis to spare, to take the whole litter forth with him, some in his arms, some tugging at his skirts, and some trudging at his heels, and to treat them to a gambol among the orchards of the Vega, while

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his wife was dancing with her holiday friends in the Angosturas of the Darro.

It was a late hour one summer night, and most of the water-carriers had desisted from their toils. The day had been uncommonly sultry; the night was one of those delicious moonlights which tempt the inhabitants of southern climes to indemnify themselves for the heat and inaction of the day, by lingering in the open air, and enjoying its tempered sweetness until after midnight. Customers for water were therefore still abroad. Peregil, like a considerate, painstaking father, thought of his hungry children. "One more journey to the well," said he to himself, "to earn a Sunday's puchero for the little ones." So saying, he trudged manfully up the steep avenue of the Alhambra, singing as he went, and now and then bestowing a hearty thwack with a cudgel on the flanks of his donkey, either by way of cadence to the song, or refreshment to the animal; for dry blows serve in lieu of provender in Spain for all beasts of burden.

When arrived at the well, he found it deserted by every one except a solitary stranger in Moorish garb, seated on a stone bench in the moonlight. Peregil paused at first and regarded him with surprise, not unmixed with awe, but the Moor feebly beckoned him to approach. "I am faint and ill," said he; "aid me to return to the city, and I will pay thee double what thou couldst gain by thy jars of water."

The honest heart of the little water-carrier was touched with compassion at the appeal of the stranger. "God forbid," said he, "that I should ask fee or reward for

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doing a common act of humanity." He accordingly helped the Moor on his donkey, and set off slowly for Granada, the poor Moslem being so weak that it was necessary to hold him on the animal to keep him from falling to the earth.

When they entered the city, the water-carrier demanded whither he should conduct him. "Alas!" said the Moor, faintly, "I have neither home nor habitation; I am a stranger in the land. Suffer me to lay my head this night beneath thy roof, and thou shalt be amply repaid."

Honest Peregil thus saw himself unexpectedly saddled with an infidel guest, but he was too humane to refuse a night's shelter to a fellow-being in so forlorn a plight; so he conducted the Moor to his dwelling. The children, who had sallied forth open-mouthed as usual on hearing the tramp of the donkey, ran back with affright when they beheld the turbaned stranger, and hid themselves behind their mother. The latter stepped forth intrepidly, like a ruffling hen before her brood when a vagrant dog approaches.

"What infidel companion," cried she, "is this you have brought home at this late hour, to draw upon us the eyes of the inquisition?"

"Be quiet, wife," replied the Gallego; "here is a poor sick stranger, without friend or home; wouldst thou turn him forth to perish in the streets?"

The wife would still have remonstrated, for although she lived in a hovel, she was a furious stickler for the credit of her house; the little water-carrier, however, for once was stiffnecked, and refused to bend beneath

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the yoke. He assisted the poor Moslem to alight, and spread a mat and a sheep-skin for him on the ground, in the coolest part of the house; being the only kind of bed that his poverty afforded.

In a little while the Moor was seized with violent convulsions, which defied all the ministering skill of the simple water-carrier. The eye of the poor patient acknowledged his kindness. During an interval of his fits he called him to his side, and addressing him in a low voice, "My end," said he, "I fear is at hand. If I die, I bequeath you this box as a reward for your charity": so saying, he opened his cloak, and showed a small box of sandal-wood strapped round his body. "God grant, my friend," replied the worthy little Gallego, "that you may live many years to enjoy your treasure, whatever it may be." The Moor shook his head; he laid his hand upon the box, and would have said something more concerning it, but his convulsions returned with increasing violence, and in a little while he expired.

The water-carrier's wife was now as one distracted. "This comes," said she, "of your foolish good-nature, always running into scrapes to oblige others. What will become of us when this corpse is found in our house? We shall be sent to prison as murderers; and if we escape with our lives, shall be ruined by notaries and alguazils."

Poor Peregil was in equal tribulation, and almost repented himself of having done a good deed. At length a thought struck him. "It is not yet day," said he; "I can convey the dead body out of the city, and bury it in the sands on the banks of the Xenil. No one saw the

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Moor enter our dwelling, and no one will know anything of his death."

So said, so done. The wife aided him; they rolled the body of the unfortunate Moslem in the mat on which he had expired, laid it across the ass, and Peregil set out with it for the banks of the river.

As ill luck would have it, there lived opposite to the water-carrier a barber named Pedrillo Pedrugo, one of the most prying, tattling, and mischief-making of his gossip tribe. He was a weasel-faced, spider-legged varlet, supple and insinuating; the famous barber of Seville could not surpass him for his universal knowledge of the affairs of others, and he had no more power of retention than a sieve. It was said that he slept but with one eye at a time, and kept one ear uncovered, so that even in his sleep he might see and hear all that was going on. Certain it is, he was a sort of scandalous chronicle for the quid-nuncs of Granada, and had more customers than all the rest of his fraternity.

This meddlesome barber heard Peregil arrive at an unusual hour at night, and the exclamations of his wife and children. His head was instantly popped out of a little window which served him as a look-out, and he saw his neighbor assist a man in Moorish garb into his dwelling. This was so strange an occurrence that Pedrillo Pedrugo slept not a wink that night. Every five minutes he was at his loophole, watching the lights that gleamed through the chinks of his neighbor's door, and before daylight he beheld Peregil sally forth with his donkey unusually laden.

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The inquisitive barber was in a fidget; he slipped on his clothes, and, stealing forth silently, followed the water-carrier at a distance, until he saw him dig a hole in the sandy bank of the Xenil, and bury something that had the appearance of a dead body.

The barber hied him home, and fidgeted about his shop, setting everything upside down, until sunrise. He then took a basin under his arm, and sallied forth to the house of his daily customer, the alcalde.

The alcalde was just risen. Pedrillo Pedrugo seated him in a chair, threw a napkin round his neck, put a basin of hot water under his chin, and began to mollify his beard with his fingers.

"Strange doings!" said Pedrugo, who played barber and newsmonger at the same time, — "strange doings! Robbery, and murder, and burial all in one night!"

"Hey! — how! — what is that you say?" cried the alcalde.

"I say," replied the barber, rubbing a piece of soap over the nose and mouth of the dignitary, for a Spanish barber disdains to employ a brush, — "I say that Peregil the Gallego has robbed and murdered a Moorish Mussulman, and buried him, this blessed night. Accursed be the night for the same!"

"But how do you know all this?" demanded the alcalde.

"Be patient, Señor, and you shall hear all about it," replied Pedrillo, taking him by the nose and sliding a razor over his cheek. He then recounted all that he had seen, going through both operations at the same time, shaving

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his beard, washing his chin, and wiping him dry with a dirty napkin, while he was robbing, murdering, and burying the Moslem.

Now it so happened that this alcalde was one of the most overbearing, and at the same time most griping and corrupt curmudgeons in all Granada. It could not be denied, however, that he set a high value upon justice, for he sold it at its weight in gold. He presumed the case in point to be one of murder and robbery; doubtless there must be a rich spoil; how was it to be secured into the legitimate hands of the law? for as to merely entrapping the delinquent — that would be feeding the gallows; but entrapping the booty — that would be enriching the judge, and such, according to his creed, was the great end of justice. So thinking, he summoned to his presence his trustiest alguazil — a gaunt, hungry-looking varlet, clad, according to the custom of his order, in the ancient Spanish garb, a broad black beaver turned up at its sides; a quaint ruff; a small black cloak dangling from his shoulders; rusty black under-clothes that set off his spare wiry frame, while in his hand he bore a slender white wand, the dreaded insignia of his office. Such was the legal bloodhound of the ancient Spanish breed, that he put upon the traces of the unlucky water-carrier, and such was his speed and certainty, that he was upon the haunches of poor Peregil before he had returned to his dwelling, and brought both him and his donkey before the dispenser of justice.

The alcalde bent upon him one of the most terrific frowns. "Hark ye, culprit!" roared he, in a voice that

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made the knees of the little Gallego smite together, — "hark ye, culprit! there is no need of denying thy guilt, everything is known to me. A gallows is the proper reward for the crime thou hast committed, but I am merciful, and readily listen to reason. The man that has been murdered in thy house was a Moor, an infidel, the enemy of our faith. It was doubtless in a fit of religious zeal that thou hast slain him. I will be indulgent, therefore; render up the property of which thou hast robbed him, and we will hush the matter up."

The poor water-carrier called upon all the saints to witness his innocence; alas! not one of them appeared; and if they had, the alcalde would have disbelieved the whole calendar. The water-carrier related the whole story of the dying Moor with the straightforward simplicity of truth, but it was all in vain. "Wilt thou persist in saying," demanded the judge, "that this Moslem had neither gold nor jewels, which were the object of thy cupidity?"

"As I hope to be saved, your worship," replied the water-carrier, "he had nothing but a small box of sandal-wood, which he bequeathed to me in reward for my services."

"A box of sandal-wood! a box of sandal-wood!" exclaimed the alcalde, his eyes sparkling at the idea of precious jewels. "And where is this box? where have you concealed it?"

"An' it please your grace," replied the water-carrier, "it is in one of the panniers of my mule, and heartily at the service of your worship."

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He had hardly spoken the words, when the keen alguazil darted off, and reappeared in an instant with the mysterious box of sandal-wood. The alcalde opened it with an eager and trembling hand; all pressed forward to gaze upon the treasure it was expected to contain; when, to their disappointment, nothing appeared within, but a parchment scroll, covered with Arabic characters, and an end of a waxen taper.

When there is nothing to be gained by the conviction of a prisoner, justice, even in Spain, is apt to be impartial. The alcalde, having recovered from his disappointment, and found that there was really no booty in the case, now listened dispassionately to the explanation of the water-carrier, which was corroborated by the testimony of his wife. Being convinced, therefore, of his innocence, he discharged him from arrest; nay more, he permitted him to carry off the Moor's legacy, the box of sandal-wood and its contents, as the well-merited reward of his humanity; but he retained his donkey in payment of costs and charges.

Behold the unfortunate little Gallego reduced once more to the necessity of being his own water-carrier, and trudging up to the well of the Alhambra with a great earthen jar upon his shoulder.

As he toiled up the hill in the heat of a summer noon, his usual good-humor forsook him. "Dog of an alcalde," would he cry, "to rob a poor man of the means of his subsistence, of the best friend he had in the world!" And then at the remembrance of the beloved companion of his labors, all the kindness of his nature would break

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forth. "Ah, donkey of my heart!" would he exclaim, resting his burden on a stone, and wiping the sweat from his brow, — "Ah, donkey of my heart! I warrant me thou thinkest of thy old master! I warrant me thou missest the water jars — poor beast."

To add to his afflictions, his wife received him, on his return home, with whimperings and repinings; she had clearly the vantage-ground of him, having warned him not to commit the egregious act of hospitality which had brought on him all these misfortunes; and, like a knowing woman, she took every occasion to throw her superior sagacity in his teeth. If her children lacked food, or needed a new garment, she could answer with a sneer, "Go to your father — he is heir to king Chico of the Alhambra: ask him to help you out of the Moor's strong box."

Was ever poor mortal so soundly punished for having done a good action? The unlucky Peregil was grieved in flesh and spirit, but still he bore meekly with the railings of his spouse. At length, one evening, when, after a hot day's toil, she taunted him in the usual manner, he lost all patience. He did not venture to retort upon her, but his eye rested upon the box of sandal-wood, which lay on a shelf with lid half open, as if laughing in mockery at his vexation. Seizing it up, he dashed it with indignation to the floor. "Unlucky was the day that I ever set eyes on thee," he cried, "or sheltered thy master beneath my roof!"

As the box struck the floor, the lid flew wide open, and the parchment scroll rolled forth.

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Peregil sat regarding the scroll for some time in moody silence. At length rallying his ideas, "Who knows," thought he, "but this writing may be of some importance, as the Moor seems to have guarded it with such care?" Picking it up therefore, he put it in his bosom, and the next morning, as he was crying water through the streets, he stopped at the shop of a Moor, a native of Tangiers, who sold trinkets and perfumery in the Zacatin, and asked him to explain the contents.

The Moor read the scroll attentively, then stroked his beard and smiled. "This manuscript," said he, "is a form of incantation for the recovery of hidden treasure that is under the power of enchantment. It is said to have such virtue that the strongest bolts and bars, nay, the adamantine rock itself, will yield before it!"

"Bah!" cried the little Gallego, "what is all that to me? I am no enchanter, and know nothing of buried treasure." So saying, he shouldered his water-jar, left the scroll in the hands of the Moor, and trudged forward on his daily rounds.

That evening, however, as he rested about twilight at the well of the Alhambra, he found a number of gossips assembled at the place, and their conversation, as is not unusual at that shadowy hour, turned upon old tales and traditions of a supernatural nature. Being all poor as rats, they dwelt with peculiar fondness upon the popular theme of enchanted riches left by the Moors in various parts of the Alhambra. Above all, they concurred in the belief that there were great treasures buried deep in the earth under the tower of the seven floors.

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These stories made an unusual impression on the mind of the honest Peregil, and they sank deeper and deeper into his thoughts as he returned alone down the darkling avenues. "If, after all, there should be treasure hid beneath that tower; and if the scroll I left with the Moor should enable me to get at it!" In the sudden ecstasy of the thought he had wellnigh let fall his water-jar.

That night he tumbled and tossed, and could scarcely get a wink of sleep for the thoughts that were bewildering his brain. Bright and early he repaired to the shop of the Moor, and told him all that was passing in his mind. "You can read Arabic," said he; "suppose we go together to the tower, and try the effect of the charm; if it fails, we are no worse off than before; but if it succeeds, we will share equally all the treasure we may discover."

"Hold," replied the Moslem; "this writing is not sufficient of itself; it must be read at midnight, by the light of a taper singularly compounded and prepared, the ingredients of which are not within my reach. Without such a taper the scroll is of no avail."

"Say no more!" cried the little Gallego; "I have such a taper at hand, and will bring it here in a moment." So saying, he hastened home, and soon returned with the end of yellow wax taper that he had found in the box of sandalwood.

The Moor felt it and smelt of it. "Here are rare and costly perfumes," said he, "combined with this yellow wax. This is the kind of taper specified in the scroll. While this burns, the strongest walls and most secret

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caverns will remain open. Woe to him, however, who lingers within until it be extinguished. He will remain enchanted with the treasure."

It was now agreed between them to try the charm that very night. At a late hour, therefore, when nothing was stirring but bats and owls, they ascended the woody hill of the Alhambra, and approached that awful tower, shrouded by trees and rendered formidable by so many traditionary tales. By the light of a lantern they groped their way through bushes, and over fallen stones, to the door of a vault beneath the tower. With fear and trembling they descended a flight of steps cut into the rock. It led to an empty chamber, damp and drear, from which another flight of steps led to a deeper vault. In this way they descended four several flights, leading into as many vaults, one below the other, but the floor of the fourth was solid; and though, according to tradition, there remained three vaults still below, it was said to be impossible to penetrate further, the residue being shut up by strong enchantment. The air of this vault was damp and chilly, and had an earthy smell, and the light scarce cast forth any rays. They paused here for a time, in breathless suspense, until they faintly heard the clock of the watch-tower strike midnight; upon this they lit

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the waxen taper, which diffused an odor of myrrh and frankincense and storax.

The Moor began to read in a hurried voice. He had scarce finished when there was a noise as of subterraneous thunder. The earth shook, and the floor, yawning open, disclosed a flight of steps. Trembling with awe, they descended, and by the light of the lantern found themselves in another vault covered with Arabic inscriptions. In the center stood a great chest, secured with seven bands of steel, at each end of which sat an enchanted Moor in armor, but motionless as a statue, being controlled by the power of the incantation. Before the chest were several jars filled with gold and silver and precious stones. In the largest of these they thrust their arms up to the elbow, and at every dip hauled forth handfuls of broad yellow pieces of Moorish gold, or bracelets and ornaments of the same precious metal, while occasionally a necklace of Oriental pearl would stick to their fingers. Still they trembled and breathed short while cramming their pockets with the spoils; and cast many a fearful glance at the two enchanted Moors, who sat grim and motionless, glaring upon them with unwinking eyes. At length, struck with a sudden panic at some fancied noise, they both rushed up the staircase, tumbled over one another into the upper apartment, overturned and extinguished the waxen taper, and the pavement closed with a thundering sound.

Filled with dismay, they did not pause until they had groped their way out of the tower, and beheld the stars shining through the trees. Then seating themselves upon

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the grass, they divided the spoil, determined to content themselves for the present with this mere skimming of the jars, but to return on some future night and drain them to the bottom. To make sure of each other's good faith, also, they divided the talismans between them, one retaining the scroll and the other the taper; this done, they set off with light hearts and well-lined pockets for Granada.

As they wended their way down the hill, the shrewd Moor whispered a word of counsel in the ear of the simple little water-carrier.

"Friend Peregil," said he, "all this affair must be kept a profound secret until we have secured the treasure, and conveyed it out of harm's way. If a whisper of it gets to the ear of the alcalde, we are undone!"

"Certainly," replied the Gallego, "nothing can be more true."

"Friend Peregil," said the Moor, "you are a discreet man, and I make no doubt can keep a secret; but you have a wife."

"She shall not know a word of it," replied the little water-carrier, sturdily.

"Enough," said the Moor, "I depend upon thy discretion and thy promise."

Never was promise more positive and sincere; but, alas! what man can keep a secret from his wife? Certainly not such a one as Peregil the water-carrier, who was one of the most loving and tractable of husbands. On his return home, he found his wife moping in a corner. "Mighty well," cried she as he entered, "you've come at

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last, after rambling about until this hour of the night. I wonder you have not brought home another Moor as a house-mate." Then bursting into tears, she began to wring her hands and smite her breast. "Unhappy woman that I am!" exclaimed she, "what will become of me? My house stripped and plundered by lawyers and alguazils; my husband a do-no-good, that no longer brings home bread to his family, but goes rambling about day and night, with infidel Moors! Oh, my children! my children! what will become of us? We shall all have to beg in the streets!"

Honest Peregil was so moved by the distress of his spouse that he could not help whimpering also. His heart was as full as his pocket, and not to be restrained. Thrusting his hand into the latter he hauled forth three or four broad gold pieces, and slipped them into her bosom. The poor woman stared with astonishment, and could not understand the meaning of this golden shower. Before she could recover her surprise, the little Gallego drew forth a chain of gold and dangled it before her, capering with exultation, his mouth distended from ear to ear.

"Holy Virgin protect us!" exclaimed the wife. "What has thou been doing, Peregil? surely thou hast not been committing murder and robbery!"

The idea entered the brain of the poor woman, then it became a certainty with her. She saw a prison and a gallows in the distance, and a little bandy-legged Gallego hanging pendant from it; and, overcome by the horrors conjured up by imagination, fell into violent hysterics.

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What could the poor man do? He had no other means of pacifying his wife, and dispelling the phantoms of her fancy, than by relating the whole story of his good fortune. This, however, he did not do until he had exacted from her the most solemn promise to keep it a profound secret from every living being.

To describe her joy would be impossible. She flung her arms round the neck of her husband, and almost strangled him with her caresses. "Now, wife," exclaimed the little man with honest exultation, "what say you now to the Moor's legacy? Henceforth never abuse me for helping a fellow-creature in distress."

The honest Gallego retired to his sheepskin mat, and slept as soundly as if on a bed of down. Not so his wife; she emptied the whole contents of his pockets upon the mat, and sat counting gold pieces of Arabic coin, trying on necklaces and earrings, and fancying the figure she should one day make when permitted to enjoy her riches.

On the following morning the honest Gallego took a broad golden coin, and repaired with it to a jeweller's shop in the Zacatin to offer it for sale, pretending to have found it among the ruins of the Alhambra. The jeweller saw that it had an Arabic inscription, and was of the purest gold; he offered, however, but a third of its value, with which the water-carrier was perfectly content. Peregil now bought new clothes for his little flock, and all kinds of toys, together with ample provisions for a hearty meal, and returning to his dwelling, set all his children dancing around him, while he capered in the midst, the happiest of fathers.

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The wife of the water-carrier kept her promise of secrecy with surprising strictness. For a whole day and a half she went about with a look of mystery and a heart swelling almost to bursting, yet she held her peace, though surrounded by her gossips. It is true, she could not help giving herself a few airs, apologized for her ragged dress, and talked of ordering a new basquina all trimmed with gold lace and bugles, and a new lace mantilla. She threw out hints of her husband's intention of leaving off his trade of water-carrying, as it did not altogether agree with his health. In fact she thought they should all retire to the country for the summer, that the children might have the benefit of the mountain air, for there was no living in the city in this sultry season.

The neighbors stared at each other, and thought the poor woman had lost her wits; and her airs and graces and elegant pretensions were the theme of universal scoffing and merriment among her friends, the moment her back was turned.

If she restrained herself abroad, however, she indemnified herself at home, and putting a string of rich Oriental pearls round her neck, Moorish bracelets on her arms, and an aigrette of diamonds on her head, sailed backwards and forwards in her slattern rags about the room, now and then stopping to admire herself in a broken mirror. Nay, in the impulse of her simple vanity, she could not resist, on one occasion, showing herself at the window to enjoy the effect of her finery on the passers-by.

As the fates would have it, Pedrillo Pedrugo, the meddlesome barber, was at this moment sitting idly in his shop

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on the opposite side of the street, when his ever-watchful eye caught the sparkle of a diamond. In an instant he was at his loophole reconnoitring the slattern spouse of the water-carrier, decorated with the splendor of an eastern bride. No sooner had he taken an accurate inventory of her ornaments, than he posted off with all speed to the alcalde. In a little while the hungry alguazil was again on the scent, and before the day was over the unfortunate Peregil was once more dragged into the presence of the judge.

"How is this, villain!" cried the alcalde, in a furious voice. "You told me that the infidel who died in your house left nothing behind but an empty coffer, and now I hear of your wife flaunting in her rags decked out with pearls and diamonds. Wretch that thou art! prepare to render up the spoils of thy miserable victim, and to swing on the gallows that is already tired of waiting for thee."

The terrified water-carrier fell on his knees, and made a full relation of the marvelous manner in which he had gained his wealth. The alcalde, the alguazil, and the inquisitive barber listened with greedy ears to this Arabian tale of enchanted treasure. The alguazil was despatched to bring the Moor who had assisted in the incantation. The Moslem entered half frightened out of his wits at finding himself in the hands of the harpies of the law. When he beheld the water-carrier standing with sheepish looks and downcast countenance, he comprehended the whole matter. "Miserable animal," said he, as he passed near him, "did I not warn thee against babbling to thy wife?"

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The story of the Moor coincided exactly with that of his colleague; but the alcalde affected to be slow of belief, and threw out menaces of imprisonment and rigorous investigation.

"Softly, good Señor Alcalde," said the Mussulman, who by this time had recovered his usual shrewdness and self-possession. "Let us not mar fortune's favors in the scramble for them. Nobody knows anything of this matter but ourselves; let us keep the secret. There is wealth enough in the cave to enrich us all. Promise fair division, and all shall be produced; refuse, and the cave shall remain forever closed."

The alcalde consulted apart with the alguazil. The latter was an old fox in his profession. "Promise anything," said he, "until you get possession of the treasure. You may then seize the whole, and if he and his accomplice dare to murmur, threaten them with the fagot and the stake as infidels and sorcerers."

The alcalde relished the advice. Smoothing his brow and turning to the Moor, "This is a strange story," said he, "and may be true, but I must have ocular proof of it. This very night you must repeat the incantation in my presence. If there be really such treasure, we will share it amicably between us, and say nothing further of the matter; if ye have deceived me, expect no mercy at my hands. In the meantime you must remain in custody."

The Moor and the water-carrier cheerfully agreed to these conditions, satisfied that the event would prove the truth of their words.

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Towards midnight the alcalde sallied forth secretly, attended by the alguazil and the meddlesome barber, all strongly armed. They conducted the Moor and the water-carrier as prisoners, and were provided with the stout donkey of the latter to bear off the expected treasure. They arrived at the tower without being observed, and tying the donkey to a fig tree, descended into the fourth vault of the tower.

The scroll was produced, the yellow waxen taper lighted, and the Moor read the form of incantation. The earth trembled as before, and the pavement opened with a thundering sound, disclosing the narrow flight of steps. The alcalde, the alguazil, and the barber were struck aghast, and could not summon courage to descend. The Moor and the water-carrier entered the lower vault and found the two Moors seated as before, silent and motionless. They removed two of the great jars, filled with golden coin and precious stones. The water-carrier bore them up one by one upon his shoulder, but though a strong-backed little man, and accustomed to carry burdens, he staggered beneath their weight, and found, when slung on each side of his donkey, they were as much as the animal could bear.

"Let us be content for the present," said the Moor; "here is as much treasure as we can carry off without being perceived, and enough to make us all wealthy to our heart's desire."

"Is there more treasure remaining behind?" demanded the alcalde.

"The greatest prize of all," said the Moor, "a huge

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coffer bound with bands of steel, and filled with pearls and precious stones."

"Let us have up the coffer by all means," cried the grasping alcalde.

"I will descend for no more," said the Moor, doggedly; "enough is enough for a reasonable man — more is superfluous."

"And I," said the water-carrier, "will bring up no further burden to break the back of my poor donkey."

Finding commands, threats, and entreaties equally vain, the alcalde turned to his two adherents. "Aid me," said he, "to bring up the coffer, and its contents shall be divided between us." So saying, he descended the steps, followed with trembling reluctance by the alguazil and the barber.

No sooner did the Moor behold them fairly earthed than he extinguished the yellow taper; the pavement closed with its usual crash, and the three worthies remained buried in its womb.

He then hastened up the different flights of steps, nor stopped until in the open air. The little water-carrier followed him as fast as his short legs would permit.

"What hast thou done?" cried Peregil, as soon as he could recover breath. "The alcalde and the other two are shut up in the vault."

"It is the will of Allah!" said the Moor, devoutly.

"And will you not release them?" demanded the Gallego.

"Allah forbid!" replied the Moor, smoothing his beard. "It is written in the book of fate that they shall remain

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enchanted until some further adventurer arrive to break the charm. The will of God be done!" so saying, he hurled the end of the waxen taper far among the gloomy thickets of the glen.

There was now no remedy; so the Moor and the water-carrier proceeded with the richly laden donkey toward the city, nor could honest Peregil refrain from hugging and kissing his long-eared fellow-laborer, thus restored to him from the clutches of the law; and, in fact, it is doubtful which gave the simple-hearted little man most joy at the moment, the gaining of the treasure, or the recovery of the donkey.

The two partners in good luck divided their spoil amicably and fairly, except that the Moor, who had a little taste for trinketry, made out to get into his heap the most of the pearls and precious stones and other baubles, but then he always gave the water-carrier in lieu magnificent jewels of massy gold, of five times the size, with which the latter was heartily content. They took care not to linger within reach of accidents, but made off to enjoy their wealth undisturbed in other countries. The Moor returned to Africa, to his native city of Tangiers, and the Gallego, with his wife, his children, and his donkey, made the best of his way to Portugal. Here, under the admonition and tuition of his wife, he became a personage of some consequence, for she made the worthy little man array his long body and short legs in doublet and hose, with a feather in his hat and a sword by his side, and laying aside his familiar appellation of Peregil, assume the more sonorous title of Don Pedro Gil; his progeny grew up a

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thriving and merry-hearted, though short and bandy-legged generation, while Señora Gil, befringed, belaced, and betasselled from her head to her heels, with glittering rings on every finger, became a model of slattern fashion and finery.

As to the alcalde and his adjuncts, they remained shut up under the great tower of the seven floors, and there they remain spellbound at the present day. Whenever there shall be a lack in Spain of pimping barbers, sharking alguazils, and corrupt alcaldes, they may be sought after; but if they have to wait until such time for their deliverance, there is danger of their enchantment enduring until doomsday.

FEATHERTOP

A MORALIZED LEGEND

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

"Dickon," cried Mother Rigby, "a coal for my pipe!"

The pipe was in the old dame's mouth when she said these words. She had thrust it there after filling it with tobacco, but without stooping to light it at the hearth — where, indeed, there was no appearance of a fire having been kindled that morning. Forthwith, however, as soon as the order was given, there was an intense red glow out of the bowl of the pipe and a whiff of smoke from Mother Rigby's lips. Whence the coal came and how brought hither by an invisible hand, I have never been able to discover.

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"Good!" quoth Mother Rigby, with a nod of her head. "Thank ye, Dickon! And now for making this scarecrow. Be within call, Dickon, in case I need you again."

The good woman had risen thus early (for as yet it was scarcely sunrise) in order to set about making a scarecrow, which she intended to put in the middle of her corn-patch. It was now the latter week of May, and the crows and blackbirds had already discovered the little green, rolled-up leaf of the Indian corn just peeping out of the soil. She was determined, therefore, to contrive as lifelike a scarecrow as ever was seen, and to finish it immediately, from top to toe, so that it should begin its sentinel's duty that very morning. Now, Mother Rigby (as everybody must have heard) was one of the most cunning and potent witches in New England, and might with very little trouble have made a scarecrow ugly enough to frighten the minister himself. But on this occasion, as she had awakened in an uncommonly pleasant humor, and was further dulcified by her pipe of tobacco, she resolved to produce something fine, beautiful and splendid rather than hideous and horrible.

"I don't want to set up a hobgoblin in my own corn-patch, and almost at my own doorstep," said Mother Rigby to herself, puffing out a whiff of smoke. "I could do it if I pleased, but I'm tired of doing marvelous things, and so I'll keep within the bounds of every-day business, just for variety's sake. Besides, there is no use in scaring the little children for a mile roundabout, though 'tis true I'm a witch." It was settled, therefore, in her own mind, that the scarecrow should represent a

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fine gentleman of the period, so far as the materials at hand would allow.

Perhaps it may be as well to enumerate the chief of the articles that went to the composition of this figure. The most important item of all, probably, although it made so little show, was a certain broomstick on which Mother Rigby had taken many an airy gallop at midnight, and which now served the scarecrow by way of a spinal column — or, as the unlearned phrase it, a backbone. One of its arms was a disabled flail which used to be wielded by Goodman Rigby before his spouse worried him out of this troublesome world; the other, if I mistake not, was composed of the pudding-stick and a broken rung of a chair, tied loosely together at the elbow. As for its legs, the right was a hoe-handle; and the left an undistinguished and miscellaneous stick from the wood-pile. Its lungs, stomach, and other affairs of that kind, were nothing better than a meal-bag stuffed with straw. Thus we have made out the skeleton and entire corporosity of the scarecrow, with the exception of its head, and this was admirably supplied by a somewhat withered and shriveled pumpkin, in which Mother Rigby cut two holes for the eyes and a slit for the mouth, leaving a bluish-colored knob in the middle to pass for a nose. It was really quite a respectable face.

"I've seen worse ones on human shoulders, at any rate," said Mother Rigby. "And many a fine gentleman has a pumpkin head, as well as my scarecrow."

But the clothes in this case were to be the making of the man; so the good old woman took down from a peg

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an ancient plum-colored coat of London make and with relics of embroidery on its seams, cuffs, pocket-flaps and buttonholes, but lamentably worn and faded, patched at the elbows, tattered at the skirts, and threadbare all over. On the left breast was a round hole whence either a star of nobility had been rent away or else the hot heart of some former wearer had scorched it through and through. The neighbors said that this rich garment belonged to the Black Man's wardrobe, and that he kept it at Mother Rigby's cottage for the convenience of slipping it on whenever he wished to make a grand appearance at the governor's table. To match the coat there was a velvet waistcoat of very ample size, and formerly embroidered with foliage that had been as brightly golden as the maple-leaves in October, but which had now quite vanished out of the substance of the velvet. Next came a pair of scarlet breeches once worn by the French governor of Louisbourg, and the knees of which had touched the lower step of the throne of Louis le Grand. The Frenchman had given these small-clothes to an Indian pow-wow, who parted with them to the old witch for a gill of strong waters at one of their dances in the forest. Furthermore, Mother Rigby produced a pair of silk stockings and put them on the figure's legs, where they showed as unsubstantial as a dream, with the wooden reality of the two sticks making itself miserably apparent through the holes. Lastly, she put her dead husband's wig on the bare scalp of the pumpkin, and surmounted the whole with a dusty three-cornered hat, in which was stuck the longest tail-feather of a rooster.

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Then the old dame stood the figure up in a corner of her cottage and chuckled to behold its yellow semblance of a visage, with its nobby little nose thrust into the air. It had a strangely self-satisfied aspect, and seemed to say, "Come, look at me!"

"And you are well worth looking at, that's a fact!" quoth Mother Rigby, in admiration at her own handiwork. "I've made many a puppet since I've been a witch, but methinks this the finest of them all. 'Tis almost too good for a scarecrow. And, by the by, I'll just fill a fresh pipe of tobacco, and then take him out to the corn-patch."

While filling her pipe the old woman continued to gaze with almost motherly affection at the figure in the corner. To say the truth, whether it were chance or skill or downright witchcraft, there was something wonderfully human in this ridiculous shape bedizened with its tattered finery, and, as for the countenance, it appeared to shrivel its yellow surface into a grin — a funny kind of expression betwixt scorn and merriment, as if it understood itself to be a jest at mankind. The more Mother Rigby looked, the better she was pleased.

"Dickon," cried she, sharply, "another coal for my pipe!"

Hardly had she spoken than, just as before, there was a red-glowing coal on the top of the tobacco. She drew in a long whiff, and puffed it forth again into the bar of morning sunshine which struggled through the one dusty pane of her cottage window. Mother Rigby always liked to flavor her pipe with a coal of fire from the

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particular chimney-corner whence this had been brought. But where that chimney-corner might be or who brought the coal from it — further than that the invisible messenger seemed to respond to the name of Dickon — I cannot tell.

"That puppet yonder," thought Mother Rigby, still with her eyes fixed on the scarecrow, "is too good a piece of work to stand all summer in a corn-patch frightening away the crows and blackbirds. He's capable of better things. Why, I've danced with a worse one when partners happened to be scarce at our witch-meetings in the forests! What if I should let him take his chance among the other men of straw and empty fellows who go bustling about the world?"

The old witch took three or four more whiffs of her pipe and smiled.

"He'll meet plenty of his brethren at every street-corner," continued she. "Well, I didn't mean to dabble in witchcraft to-day further than the lighting of my pipe, but a witch I am, and a witch I'm likely to be, and there's no use trying to shirk it. I'll make a man of my scarecrow, were it only for the joke's sake."

While muttering these words Mother Rigby took the pipe from her own mouth, and thrust it into the crevice which represented the same feature in the pumpkin-visage of the scarecrow.

"Puff, darling, puff!" she said. "Puff away, my fine fellow! Your life depends on it!"

This was a strange exhortation, undoubtedly, to be addressed to a mere thing of sticks, straw and old clothes,

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with nothing better than a shriveled pumpkin for a head, as we know to have been the scarecrow's case. Nevertheless, as we must carefully hold in remembrance, Mother Rigby was a witch of singular power and dexterity; and, keeping this fact duly before our minds, we shall see nothing beyond credibility in the remarkable incidents of our story. Indeed, the great difficulty will be at once got over if we can only bring ourselves to believe that as soon as the old dame bade him puff there came a whiff of smoke from the scarecrow's mouth. It was the very feeblest of whiffs, to be sure, but it was followed by another and another, each more decided than the preceding one.

"Puff away, my pet! Puff away, my pretty one!" Mother Rigby kept repeating, with her pleasantest smile. "It is the breath of life to ye, and that you may take my word for."

Beyond all question, the pipe was bewitched. There must have been a spell either in the tobacco or in the fiercely glowing coal that so mysteriously burned on top of it, or in the pungently aromatic smoke which exhaled from the kindled weed. The figure, after a few doubtful attempts, at length blew forth a volley of smoke extending all the way from the obscure corner into the bar of sunshine. There it eddied and melted away among the motes of dust. It seemed a convulsive effort, for the two or three next whiffs were fainter, although the coal still glowed and threw a gleam over the scarecrow's visage. The old witch clapped her skinny hands together, and smiled encouragingly upon her handiwork. She

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saw that the charm had worked well. The shriveled yellow face, which heretofore had been no face at all, had already a thin fantastic haze, as it were, of human likeness shifting to and fro across it, sometimes vanishing entirely, but growing more perceptible than ever with the next whiff from the pipe. The whole figure, in like manner, assumed a show of life such as we impart to ill-defined shapes among the clouds, and half deceive ourselves with the pastime of our own fancy.

If we must needs pry closely into the matter, it may be doubted whether there was any real change, after all, in the sordid, worn-out, worthless and ill-jointed substance of the scarecrow, but merely a spectral illusion and a cunning effect of light and shade, so colored and contrived as to delude the eyes of most men. The miracles of witchcraft seem always to have had a very shallow subtlety, and at least, if the above explanations do not hit the truth of the process, I can suggest no better.

"Well puffed, my pretty lad!" still cried old Mother Rigby. "Come! another good, stout whiff, and let it be with might and main. Puff for thy life, I tell thee! Puff out of the very bottom of thy heart, if any heart thou hast, or any bottom to it. Well done, again! Thou didst suck in that mouthful as if for the pure love of it."

And then the witch beckoned to the scarecrow, throwing so much magnetic potency into her gesture that it seemed as if it must inevitably be obeyed, like the mystic call of the loadstone when it summons the iron.

"Why lurkest thou in the corner, lazy one?" said she. "Step forth! Thou hast the world before thee!"

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Upon my word, if the legend were not one which I heard on my grandmother's knee, and which had established its place among things credible before my childish judgment could analyze its probability, I question whether I should have the face to tell it now.

In obedience to Mother Rigby's word, and extending its arm as if to reach her outstretched hand, the figure made a step forward — a kind of hitch and jerk, however, rather than a step — then tottered, and almost lost its balance. What could the witch expect? It was nothing, after all, but a scarecrow stuck upon two sticks. But the strong-willed old beldam scowled and beckoned, and flung the energy of her purpose so forcibly at this poor combination of rotten wood and musty straw and ragged garments that it was compelled to show itself a man, in spite of the reality of things; so it stepped into the bar of sunshine. There it stood, poor devil of a contrivance that it was, with only the thinnest vesture of human similitude about it, through which was evident the stiff, rickety, incongruous, faded, tattered, good-for-nothing patchwork of its substance, ready to sink in a heap upon the floor, as conscious of its own unworthiness to be erect. Shall I confess the truth? At its present point of vivification the scarecrow reminds me of some of the lukewarm and abortive characters composed of heterogeneous materials used for the thousandth time, and never worth using, with which romance writers (and myself, no doubt, among the rest) have so overpeopled the world of fiction.

But the fierce old hag began to get angry and show a

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glimpse of her diabolic nature (like a snake's head peeping with a hiss out of her bosom) at this pusillanimous behavior of the thing which she had taken the trouble to put together.

"Puff away, wretch!" cried she, wrathfully. "Puff, puff, puff, thou thing of straw and emptiness! thou rag or two! thou meal-bag! thou pumpkin-head! thou nothing! Where shall I find a name vile enough to call thee by? Puff, I say, and suck in thy fantastic life along with the smoke, else I snatch the pipe from thy mouth and hurl thee where that red coal came from."

Thus threatened, the unhappy scarecrow had nothing for it but to puff away for dear life. As need was, therefore, it applied itself lustily to the pipe, and sent forth such abundant volleys of tobacco-smoke that the small cottage-kitchen became all-vaporous. The one sunbeam struggled mistily through, and could but imperfectly define the image of the cracked and dusty window-pane on the opposite wall.

Mother Rigby, meanwhile, with one brown arm akimbo and the other stretched toward the figure, loomed grimly amid the obscurity with such port and expression as when she was wont to heave a ponderous nightmare on her victims and stand at the bedside to enjoy their agony.

In fear and trembling did this poor scarecrow puff. But its efforts, it must be acknowledged, served an excellent purpose, for with each successive whiff the figure lost more and more of its dizzy and perplexing tenuity and seemed to take denser substance. Its very garments, moreover, partook of the magical change, and shone

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with the gloss of novelty, and glistened with the skilfully embroidered gold that had long ago been rent away, and, half revealed among the smoke, a yellow visage bent its lustreless eyes on Mother Rigby.

At last the old witch clenched her fist and shook it at the figure. Not that she was positively angry, but merely acting on the principle — perhaps untrue or not the only truth, though as high a one as Mother Rigby could be expected to attain — that feeble and torpid natures, being incapable of better inspiration, must be stirred up by fear. But here was the crisis. Should she fail in what she now sought to effect, it was her ruthless purpose to scatter the miserable simulacre into its original elements.

"Thou hast a man's aspect," said she, sternly: "have also the echo and mockery of a voice. I bid thee speak!"

The scarecrow gasped, struggled, and at length emitted a murmur which was so incorporated with its smoky breath that you could scarcely tell whether it were indeed a voice or only a whiff of tobacco. Some narrators of this legend held the opinion that Mother Rigby's conjurations and the fierceness of her will had compelled a familiar spirit into the figure, and that the voice was his.

"Mother," mumbled the poor stifled voice, "be not so awful with me! I would fain speak, but, being without wits, what can I say?"

"Thou canst speak, darling, canst thou?" cried Mother Rigby, relaxing her grim countenance into a smile. "And what shalt thou say, quotha? Say, indeed! Art thou

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of the brotherhood of the empty skull and demandest of me what thou shalt say? Thou shalt say a thousand things, and saying them a thousand times over, thou shalt still have said nothing. Be not afraid, I tell thee! When thou comest into the world — whither I purpose sending thee forthwith — thou shalt not lack the wherewithal to talk. Talk! Why, thou shalt babble like a mill-stream, if thou wilt. Thou hast brains enough for that, I trow."

"At your service, mother," responded the figure.

"And that was well said, my pretty one!" answered Mother Rigby. "Then thou spakest like thyself, and meant nothing. Thou shalt have a hundred such set phrases, and five hundred to the boot of them. And now, darling, I have taken so much pains with thee, and thou art so beautiful, that, by my troth, I love thee better than any witch's puppet in the world; and I've made them of all sorts — clay, wax, straw, sticks, night fog, morning mist, sea-foam and chimney-smoke. But thou art the very best; so give heed to what I say."

"Yes, kind mother," said the figure, "with all my heart!"

"With all thy heart!" cried the old witch, setting her hands to her sides, and laughing loudly. "Thou hast such a pretty way of speaking! With all thy heart! And thou didst put thy hand to the left side of thy waistcoat, as if thou really hadst one!"

So, now, in high good-humor with this fantastic contrivance of hers, Mother Rigby told the scarecrow that it must go and play its part in the great world, where not

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one man in a hundred, she affirmed, was gifted with more real substance than itself. And, that he might hold up his head with the best of them, she endowed him on the spot with an unreckonable amount of wealth. It consisted partly of a gold-mine in Eldorado, and of ten thousand shares in a broken bubble, and of half a million acres of vineyard at the North Pole, and of a castle in the air and a chateau in Spain, together with all the rents and income therefrom accruing. She further made over to him the cargo of a certain ship laden with salt of Cadiz which she herself by her necromantic arts had caused to founder ten years before in the deepest part of mid-ocean. If the salt were not dissolved and could be brought to market, it would fetch a pretty penny among the fishermen. That he might not lack ready money, she gave him a copper farthing of Birmingham manufacture, being all the coin she had about her, and likewise a great deal of brass, which she applied to his forehead, thus making it yellower than ever.

"With that brass alone," quoth Mother Rigby, "thou canst pay thy way all over the earth. Kiss me, pretty darling! I have done my best for thee."

Furthermore, that the adventurer might lack no possible advantage toward a fair start in life, this excellent old dame gave him a token by which he was to introduce himself to a certain magistrate, member of the council, merchant, and elder of the church (the four capacities constituting but one man) who stood at the head of society in the neighboring metropolis. The token was neither more nor less than a single word, which Mother

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Rigby whispered to the scarecrow, and which the scarecrow was to whisper to the merchant.

"Gouty as the old fellow is, he'll run thy errands for thee when once thou hast given him that word in his ear," said the old witch. "Mother Rigby knows the worshipful justice Gookin, and the worshipful justice knows Mother Rigby!"

Here the witch thrust her wrinkled face close to the puppet's, chuckling irrepressibly, and fidgeting all through her system with delight at the idea which she meant to communicate.

"The worshipful Master Gookin," whispered she, "hath a comely maiden to his daughter. And hark ye, my pet. Thou hast a fair outside, and a pretty wit enough of thine own. Yea, a pretty wit enough! Thou wilt think better of it when thou hast seen more of other people's wits. Now, with thy outside and thy inside, thou art the very man to win a young girl's heart. Never doubt it; I tell thee it shall be so. Put but a bold face on the matter, sigh, smile, flourish thy hat, thrust forth thy leg like a dancing-master, put thy right hand to the left side of thy waistcoat, and pretty Polly Gookin is thine own."

All this while the new creature had been sucking in and exhaling the vapory fragrance of his pipe, and seemed now to continue this occupation as much for the enjoyment it afforded as because it was an essential condition of his existence. It was wonderful to see how exceedingly like a human being it behaved. Its eyes (for it appeared to possess a pair) were bent on Mother Rigby,

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and at suitable junctures it nodded or shook its head. Neither did it lack words proper for the occasion — "Really!" — "Indeed!" — "Pray tell me!" — "Is it possible!" — "Upon my word!" — "By no means!" — "Oh!" — "Ah!" — "Hem!" and other such weighty utterances as imply attention, inquiry, acquiescence, or dissent on the part of the auditor. Even had you stood by and seen the scarecrow made, you could scarcely have resisted the conviction that it perfectly understood the cunning councils which the old witch poured into its counterfeit of an ear. The more earnestly it applied its lips to the pipe, the more distinctly was its human likeness stamped among visible realities, the more sagacious grew its expression, the more lifelike its gestures and movements, and the more intelligibly audible its voice. Its garments, too, glistened so much the brighter with an illusory magnificence. The very pipe in which burned the spell of all this wonder-work ceased to appear as a smoke-blackened earthen stump, and became a meerschaum with painted bowl and amber mouthpiece.

It might be apprehended, however, that, as the life of the illusion seemed identical with the vapor of the pipe, it would terminate simultaneously with the reduction of the tobacco to ashes. But the beldam foresaw the difficulty.

"Hold thou the pipe, my precious one," said she, "while I fill it for thee again."

It was sorrowful to behold how the fine gentleman began to fade back into a scarecrow while Mother Rigby

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shook the ashes out of the pipe and proceeded to replenish it from her tobacco-box.

"Dickon," cried she, in her high, sharp tone, "another coal for this pipe."

No sooner said than the intensely red speck of fire was glowing within the pipe-bowl, and the scarecrow, without waiting for the witch's bidding, applied the tube to his lips and drew in a few short, convulsive whiffs, which soon, however, became regular and equable.

"Now, mine own heart's darling," quoth Mother Rigby, "whatever may happen to thee, thou must stick to thy pipe. Thy life is in it; and that, at least, thou knowest well, if thou knowest nought besides. Stick to thy pipe, I say! Smoke, puff, blow thy cloud, and tell the people, if any question be made, that it is for thy health, and that so the physician orders thee to do. And, sweet one, when thou shalt find thy pipe getting low, go apart into some corner, and — first filling thyself with smoke — cry sharply, 'Dickon, a fresh pipe of tobacco!' and 'Dickon, another coal for my pipe!' and have it into thy pretty mouth as speedily as may be, else, instead of a gallant gentleman in a gold-laced coat, thou wilt be but a jumble of sticks, and tattered clothes, and a bag of straw and a withered pumpkin. Now depart, my treasure, and good luck go with thee!"

"Never fear, mother," said the figure, in a stout voice, and sending forth a courageous whiff of smoke. "I will thrive if an honest man and a gentleman may."

"Oh, thou wilt be the death of me!" cried the old witch, convulsed with laughter. "That was well said!

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If an honest man and a gentleman may! Thou playest thy part to perfection. Get along with thee for a smart fellow, and I will wager on thy head, as a man of pith and substance, with a brain and what they call a heart, and all else that a man should have against any other thing on two legs. I hold myself a better witch than yesterday, for thy sake. Did I not make thee? And I defy any witch in New England to make such another! Here! take my staff along with thee."

The staff, though it was but a plain oaken stick, immediately took the aspect of a gold-headed cane.

"That gold head has as much sense in it as thine own," said Mother Rigby, "and it will guide thee straight to worshipful Master Gookin's door. Get thee gone, my pretty pet, my darling, my precious one, my treasure; and if any ask thy name, it is 'Feathertop,' for thou hast a feather in thy hat, and I have thrust a handful of feathers into the hollow of thy head. And thy wig, too, is of the fashion they call 'feathertop'; so be 'Feathertop' thy name."

And, issuing from the cottage, Feathertop strode manfully towards town. Mother Rigby stood at the threshold, well pleased to see how the sunbeams glistened on him, as if all his magnificence were real, and how diligently and lovingly he smoked his pipe, and how handsomely he walked, in spite of a little stiffness of his legs. She watched him until out of sight, and threw a witch-benediction after her darling when a turn of the road snatched him from her view.

Betimes in the forenoon, when the principal street of

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the neighboring town was just at its acme of life and bustle, a stranger of very distinguished figure was seen on the sidewalk. His port as well as his garments betokened nothing short of nobility. He wore a richly embroidered plum-colored coat, a waistcoat of costly velvet magnificently adorned with golden foliage, a pair of splendid scarlet breeches and the finest and glossiest of white silk stockings. His head was covered with a peruke so daintily powdered and adjusted that it would have been sacrilege to disorder it with a hat, which, therefore (and it was a gold-laced hat set off with a snowy feather), he carried beneath his arm. On the breast of his coat glistened a star. He managed his gold-headed cane with an airy grace peculiar to the fine gentlemen of the period, and, to give the highest possible finish to his equipment, he had lace ruffles at his wrist of a most ethereal delicacy, sufficiently avouching how idle and aristocratic must be the hands which they half-concealed.

It was a remarkable point in the accoutrement of this brilliant personage that he held in his left hand a fantastic kind of pipe with an exquisitely painted bowl and an amber mouthpiece. This he applied to his lips as often as every five or six paces, and inhaled a deep whiff of smoke, which after being retained a moment in his lungs might be seen to eddy gracefully from his mouth and nostrils.

As may well be supposed, the street was all astir to find out the stranger's name.

"It is some great nobleman, beyond question," said

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one of the townspeople. "Do you see the star at his breast?"

"Nay, it is too bright to be seen," said another. "Yes, he must needs be a nobleman, as you say. But by what conveyance, think you, can his Lordship have voyaged or traveled hither? There has been no vessel from the old country for a month past; and if he have arrived overland from the southward, pray where are his attendants and equipage?"

"He needs no equipage to set off his rank," remarked a third. "If he came among us in rags, nobility would shine through a hole in his elbow. I never saw such dignity of aspect. He has the old Norman blood in his veins, I warrant him."

"I rather take him to be a Dutchman or one of your High Germans," said another citizen. "The men of those countries have always the pipe at their mouths."

"And so has a Turk," answered his companion. "But, in my judgment, this stranger hath been bred at the French court, and hath there learned politeness and grace of manner, which none understand so well as the nobility of France. That gait, now! A vulgar spectator might deem it stiff — he might call it a hitch and jerk — but, to my eye, it hath an unspeakable majesty, and must have been acquired by constant observation of the deportment of the Grand Monarque. The stranger's character and office are evident enough. He is a French ambassador come to treat with our rulers about the cession of Canada."

"More probably a Spaniard," said another, "and hence

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his yellow complexion. Or, most likely, he is from the Havana or from some port on the Spanish main, and comes to make investigation about the piracies which our governor is thought to connive at. Those settlers in Peru and Mexico have skins as yellow as the gold which they dig out of their mines."

"Yellow or not," cried a lady, "he is a beautiful man! So tall, so slender! Such a fine, noble face, with so well shaped a nose and all that delicacy of expression about the mouth! And, bless me! how bright his star is! It positively shoots out flames."

"So do your eyes, fair lady," said the stranger, with a bow and a flourish of his pipe, for he was just passing at the instant. "Upon my honor, they have quite dazzled me!"

"Was ever so original and exquisite a compliment?" murmured the lady, in an ecstasy of delight.

Amid the general admiration excited by the stranger's appearance there were only two dissenting voices. One was that of an impertinent cur which, after sniffing at the heels of the glistening figure, put its tail between its legs and skulked into its master's back-yard, vociferating an execrable howl. The other dissentient was a young child who squalled at the fullest stretch of his lungs and babbled some unintelligible nonsense about a pumpkin.

Feathertop, meanwhile, pursued his way along the street. Except for the few complimentary words to the lady, and now and then a slight inclination of the head in requital of the profound reverences of the bystanders, he seemed wholly absorbed in his pipe. There needed

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no other proof of his rank and consequence than the perfect equanimity with which he comported himself, while the curiosity and admiration of the town swelled almost into clamor around him. With a crowd gathering behind his footsteps, he finally reached the mansion-house of the worshipful Justice Gookin, entered the gate, ascended the steps of the front door and knocked. In the interim before his summons was answered the stranger was observed to shake the ashes out of his pipe.

"What did he say in that sharp voice?" inquired one of the spectators.

"Nay, I know not," answered his friend. "But the sun dazzles my eyes strangely. How dim and faded His Lordship looks all of a sudden! Bless my wits, what is the matter with me?"

"The wonder is," said the other, "that his pipe, which was out an instant ago, should be all alight again, and with the reddest coal I ever saw. There is something mysterious about this stranger. What a whiff of smoke was that! 'Dim and faded,' did you call him? Why, as he turns about the star on his breast is all ablaze."

"It is, indeed," said his companion, "and it will go near to dazzle pretty Polly Gookin, whom I see peeping at it out of the chamber window."

The door being now opened, Feathertop turned to the crowd, made a stately bend of his body, like a great man acknowledging the reverence of the meaner sort, and vanished into the house. There was a mysterious kind of a smile — if it might not better be called a grin or grimace — upon his visage, but, of all the throng that

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beheld him, not an individual appears to have possessed insight enough to detect the illusive character of the stranger, except a little child and a cur-dog.

Our legend here loses somewhat of its continuity, and, passing over the preliminary explanation between Feathertop and the merchant, goes in quest of the pretty Polly Gookin. She was a damsel of a soft, round figure with light hair and blue eyes, and a fair rosy face which seemed neither very shrewd nor very simple. This young lady had caught a glimpse of the glistening stranger while standing at the threshold, and had forthwith put on a laced cap, a string of beads, her finest kerchief and her stiffest damask petticoat, in preparation for the interview. Hurrying from her chamber to the parlor, she had ever since been viewing herself in the large looking-glass and practising pretty airs — now a smile, now a ceremonious dignity of aspect, and now a softer smile than the former, kissing her hand likewise, tossing her head and managing her fan, while within the mirror an unsubstantial little maid repeated every gesture and did all the foolish things that Polly did, but without making her ashamed of them. In short, it was the fault of pretty Polly's ability, rather than her will, if she failed to be as complete an artifice as the illustrious Feathertop himself; and when she thus tampered with her own simplicity, the witch's phantom might well hope to win her.

No sooner did Polly hear her father's gouty footsteps approaching the parlor door, accompanied with the stiff clatter of Feathertop's high-heeled shoes, than she

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seated herself bolt upright and innocently began warbling a song.

"Polly! Daughter Polly!" cried the old merchant. "Come hither, child."

Master Gookin's aspect, as he opened the door, was doubtful and troubled.

"This gentleman," continued he, presenting the stranger, "is the chevalier Feathertop — nay, I beg his pardon, My Lord Feathertop — who hath brought me a token of remembrance from an ancient friend of mine. Pay your duty to His Lordship, child, and honor him as his quality deserves."

After these few words of introduction the worshipful magistrate immediately quitted the room. But even in that brief moment, had the fair Polly glanced aside at her father instead of devoting herself wholly to the brilliant guest, she might have taken warning of some mischief nigh at hand. The old man was nervous, fidgety and very pale. Purposing a smile of courtesy, he had deformed his face with a sort of galvanic grin which, when Feathertop's back was turned, he exchanged for a scowl, at the same time shaking his fist and stamping his gouty foot — an incivility which brought its retribution along with it. The truth appears to have been that Mother Rigby's word of introduction, whatever it might be, had operated far more on the rich merchant's fears than on his good-will. Moreover, being a man of wonderfully acute observation, he had noticed that the painted figures on the bowl of Feathertop's pipe were in motion. Looking more closely, he became convinced

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that these figures were a party of little demons, each duly provided with horns and a tail, and dancing hand in hand with gestures of diabolical merriment round the circumference of the pipe-bowl. As if to confirm his suspicions, while Master Gookin ushered his guest along a dusky passage from his private room to the parlor, the star on Feathertop's breast had scintillated actual flames, and threw a flickering gleam upon the wall, the ceiling and the door.

With such sinister prognostics manifesting themselves on all hands, it is not to be marveled at that the merchant should have felt that he was committing his daughter to a very questionable acquaintance. He cursed in his secret soul the insinuating elegance of Feathertop's manners as this brilliant personage bowed, smiled, put his hand on his heart, inhaled a long whiff from his pipe and enriched the atmosphere with the smoky vapor of a fragrant and visible sigh. Gladly would poor Master Gookin have thrust his dangerous guest into the street, but there was a restraint and terror within him. This respectable old gentleman, we fear, at an earlier period of life had given some pledge or other to the Evil Principle, and perhaps was now to redeem it by the sacrifice of his daughter.

It so happened that the parlor door was partly of glass shaded by a silken curtain the folds of which hung a little awry. So strong was the merchant's interest in witnessing what was to ensue between the fair Polly and the gallant Feathertop that after quitting the room he could by no means refrain from peeping through the

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crevice of the curtain. But there was nothing very miraculous to be seen — nothing except the trifles previously noticed, to confirm the idea of a supernatural peril environing the pretty Polly. The stranger, it is true, was evidently a thorough and practised man of the world, systematic and self-possessed, and therefore the sort of person to whom a parent ought not to confide a simple young girl without due watchfulness for the result. The worthy magistrate, who had been conversant with all degrees and qualities of mankind, could not but perceive every motion and gesture of the distinguished Feathertop came in its proper place. Nothing had been left rude or native in him; a well-digested conventionalism had incorporated itself thoroughly with his substance and transformed him into a work of art. Perhaps it was this peculiarity that invested him with a species of ghastliness and awe. It is the effect of anything completely and consummately artificial in human shape that the person impresses us as an unreality, and as having hardly pith enough to cast a shadow upon the floor. As regarded Feathertop, all this resulted in a wild, extravagant and fantastical impression, as if his life and being were akin to the smoke that curled upward from his pipe.

But pretty Polly Gookin felt not thus. The pair were now promenading the room — Feathertop with his dainty stride, and no less dainty grimace, the girl with a native maidenly grace just touched, not spoiled, by a slightly affected manner which seemed caught from the perfect artifice of her companion. The longer the interview continued, the more charmed was pretty Polly, until

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within the first quarter of an hour (as the old magistrate noted by his watch) she was evidently beginning to be in love. Nor need it have been witchcraft that subdued her in such a hurry: the poor child's heart, it may be, was so very fervent that it melted her with its own warmth, as reflected from the hollow semblance of a lover. No matter what Feathertop said, his words found depth and reverberation in her ear; no matter what he did, his action was very heroic to her eye. And by this time, it is to be supposed, there was a blush on Polly's cheek, a tender smile about her mouth, and a liquid softness in her glance, while the star kept coruscating on Feathertop's breast, and the little demons careered with more frantic merriment than ever about the circumference of his pipe-bowl. Oh, pretty Polly Gookin! Why should these imps rejoice so madly that a silly maiden's heart was about to be given to a shadow? Is it so unusual a misfortune — so rare a triumph?

By and by Feathertop paused, and, throwing himself into an imposing attitude, seemed to summon the fair girl to survey his figure and resist him longer if she could. His star, his embroidery, his buckles, glowed at that instant with unutterable splendor; the picturesque hues of his attire took a richer depth of coloring; there was a gleam and polish over his whole presence betokening the perfect witchery of well-ordered manners. The maiden raised her eyes and suffered them to linger upon her companion with a bashful and admiring gaze. Then, as if desirous of judging what value her own simple comeliness might have side by side with so much brilliancy,

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she cast a glance toward the full-length looking-glass in front of which they happened to be standing. It was one of the truest plates in the world, and incapable of flattery. No sooner did the images therein reflected meet Polly's eye than she shrieked, shrank from the stranger's side, gazed at him a moment in the wildest dismay, and sank insensible upon the floor. Feathertop, likewise, had looked toward the mirror, and there beheld, not the glittering mockery of his outside show, but a picture of the sordid patchwork of his real composition stripped of all witchcraft.

The wretched simulacrum! We almost pity him. He threw up his arms with an expression of despair that went farther than any of his previous manifestations toward vindicating his claims to be reckoned human. For perchance the only time since this so often empty and deceptive life of mortals began its course, an illusion had seen and fully recognized itself.

Mother Rigby was seated by her kitchen hearth in the twilight of this eventful day, and had just shaken the ashes out of a new pipe, when she heard a hurried tramp along the road. Yet it did not seem so much the tramp of human footsteps as the clatter of sticks or the rattling of dry bones.

"Ha!" thought the old witch, "what step is that? Whose skeleton is out of its grave now, I wonder?"

A figure burst headlong into the cottage door. It was Feathertop. His pipe was still alight, the star still flamed upon his breast, the embroidery still glowed upon his garments, nor had he lost in any degree or manner

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that could be estimated the aspect that assimilated him with our mortal brotherhood. But yet, in some indescribable way (as is the case with all that has deluded us when once found out), the poor reality was felt beneath the cunning artifice.

"What has gone wrong?" demanded the witch. "Did yonder sniffling hypocrite thrust my darling from his door? The villain! I'll set twenty fiends to torture him till he offer thee his daughter on his bended knees!"

"No, mother," said Feathertop, despondingly; "it was not that."

"Did the girl scorn my precious one?" asked Mother Rigby, her fierce eyes glowing like two coals of Tophet. "I'll cover her face with pimples! Her nose shall be as red as the coal in thy pipe! Her front teeth shall drop out! In a week hence she shall not be worth thy having."

"Let her alone, mother," answered poor Feathertop. "The girl was half won, and methinks a kiss from her sweet lips might have made me altogether human. But," he added after a brief pause and then a howl of self-contempt, "I've seen myself, mother! I've seen myself for the wretched, ragged, empty thing I am. I'll exist no longer."

Snatching the pipe from his mouth, he flung it with all his might against the chimney, and at the same instant sank upon the floor, a medley of straw and tattered garments, with some sticks protruding from the heap and a shriveled pumpkin in the midst. The eyeholes were now lustreless, but the rudely carved gap that just before

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had been a mouth still seemed to twist itself into a despairing grin, and was so far human.

"Poor fellow!" quoth Mother Rigby, with a rueful glance at the relics of her ill-fated contrivance. "My poor, dear, pretty Feathertop! There are thousands upon thousands of coxcombs and charlatans in the world made up of just such a jumble of worn-out, forgotten and good-for-nothing trash as he was, yet they live in fair repute, and never see themselves for what they are. And why should my poor puppet be the only one to know himself and perish for it?"

While thus muttering the witch had filled a fresh pipe of tobacco, and held the stem between her fingers, as doubtful whether to thrust it into her own mouth or Feathertop's.

"Poor Feathertop!" she continued. "I could easily give him another chance, and send him forth again to-morrow. But no! His feelings are too tender — his sensibilities too deep. He seems to have too much heart to bustle for his own advantage in such an empty and heartless world. Well, well! I'll make a scarecrow of him, after all. 'Tis an innocent and useful vocation, and will suit my darling well; and if each of his human brethren had as fit a one, 'twould be the better for mankind. And, as for his pipe of tobacco, I need it more than he."

So saying, Mother Rigby put the stem between her lips.

"Dickon," cried she, in her high, sharp tone, "another coal for my pipe!"

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A PIECE OF RED CALICO*

By Frank R. Stockton

I was going into town the other morning, when my wife handed me a little piece of red calico, and asked me if I would have time, during the day, to buy her two yards and a half of calico like that. I assured her that it would be no trouble at all; and putting the piece of calico in my pocket, I took the train for the city.

At lunch-time I stopped in at a large dry-goods store to attend to my wife's commission. I saw a well-dressed man walking the floor between the counters, where long lines of girls were waiting on much longer lines of customers, and asked him where I could see some red calico.

"This way, sir," and he led me up the store. "Miss Stone," said he to a young lady, "show this gentleman some red calico."

"What shade do you want?" asked Miss Stone.

I showed her the little piece of calico that my wife had given me. She looked at it and handed it back to me. Then she took down a great roll of red calico and spread it out on the counter.

"Why, that isn't the shade!" said I.

"No, not exactly," said she; "but it is prettier than your sample."

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"That may be," said I; "but, you see, I want to match this piece. There is something already made of this kind of calico, which needs to be made larger, or mended, or something. I want some calico of the same shade."

The girl made no answer, but took down another roll.

"That's the shade," said she.

"Yes," I replied, "but it's striped."

"Stripes are more worn than anything else in calicoes," said she.

"Yes; but this isn't to be worn. It's for furniture, I think. At any rate, I want perfectly plain stuff, to match something already in use."

"Well, I don't think you can find it perfectly plain, unless you get Turkey red."

"What is Turkey red?" I asked.

"Turkey red is perfectly plain in calicoes," she answered.

"Well, let me see some."

"We haven't any Turkey red calico left," she said, "but we have some very nice plain calicoes in other colors."

"I don't want any other color. I want stuff to match this."

"It's hard to match cheap calico like that," she said, and so I left her.

I next went into a store a few doors farther up Broadway. When I entered I approached the "floor-walker," and handing him my sample, said:

"Have you any calico like this?"

"Yes, sir," said he. "Third counter to the right."

I went to the third counter to the right, and showed

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my sample to the salesman in attendance there. He looked at it on both sides. Then he said:

"We haven't any of this."

"That gentleman said you had," said I.

"We had it, but we're out of it now. You'll get that goods at an upholsterer's."

I went across the street to an upholsterer's.

"Have you any stuff like this?" I asked.

"No," said the salesman. "We haven't. Is it for furniture?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Then Turkey red is what you want."

"Is Turkey red just like this?" I asked.

"No," said he; "but it's much better."

"That makes no difference to me," I replied. "I want something just like this."

"But they don't use that for furniture," he said.

"I should think people could use anything they wanted for furniture," I remarked, somewhat sharply.

"They can, but they don't," he said quite calmly. "They don't use red like that, they use Turkey red."

I said no more, but left. The next place I visited was a very large dry-goods store. Of the first salesman I saw I inquired if they kept red calico like my sample.

"You'll find that on the second story," said he.

I went upstairs. There I asked a man:

"Where will I find red calico?"

"In the far room to the left. Right over there." And he pointed to a distant corner.

I walked through the crowds of purchasers and sales-

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people, and around the counters and tables filled with goods, to the far room to the left. When I got there I asked for red calico.

"The second counter down this side," said the man.

I went there and produced my sample. "Calicoes downstairs," said the man.

"They told me they were up here," I said.

"Not these plain goods. You'll find 'em downstairs at the back of the store, over on that side."

I went downstairs to the back of the store.

"Where will I find red calico like this?" I asked.

"Next counter but one," said the man addressed, walking with me in the direction pointed out.

"Dunn, show red calicoes."

Mr. Dunn took my sample and looked at it.

"We haven't this shade in that quality of goods," he said.

"Well, have you it in any quality of goods?" I asked.

"Yes; we've got it finer." And he took down a piece of calico, and unrolled a yard or two of it on the counter.

"That's not this shade," I said.

"No," said he. "The goods is finer and the color is better."

"I want it to match this," I said.

"I thought you weren't particular about the match," said the salesman. "You said you didn't care for the quality of the goods, and you know you can't match goods without you take into consideration quality and color both. If you want that quality of goods in red, you ought to get Turkey red."

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I did not think it necessary to answer this remark, but said:

"Then you've got nothing to match this?"

"No, sir. But perhaps they may have it in the upholstery department, in the sixth story."

So I got in the elevator and went up to the top of the house.

"Have you any red stuff like this?" I said to a young man.

"Red stuff? Upholstery department, — other end of this floor."

I went to the other end of the floor.

"I want some red calico," I said to a man.

"Furniture goods?" he asked.

"Yes," said I.

"Fourth counter to the left."

I went to the fourth counter to the left, and showed my sample to a salesman. He looked at it and said:

"You'll get this down on the first floor — calico department."

I turned on my heel, descended in the elevator, and went out on Broadway. I was thoroughly sick of red calico. But I determined to make one more trial. My wife had bought her red calico not long before, and there must be some to be had somewhere. I ought to have asked her where she bought it, but I thought a simple little thing like that could be bought anywhere.

I went into another large dry-goods store. As I entered the door a sudden tremor seized me. I could not bear to take out that piece of red calico. If I had any other

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kind of a rag about me — a penwiper or anything of the sort — I think I would have asked them if they could match that.

But I stepped up to a young woman and presented my sample, with the usual question.

"Back room, counter on the left," she said.

I went there.

"Have you any red calico like this?" I asked of the lady behind the counter.

"No, sir," she said, "but we have it in Turkey red."

Turkey red again! I surrendered.

"All right," I said, "give me Turkey red."

"How much, sir?" she asked.

"I don't know — say five yards."

The lady looked at me rather strangely, but measured off five yards of Turkey red calico. Then she rapped on the counter and called out "cash!" A little girl, with yellow hair in two long plaits, came slowly up. The lady wrote the number of yards, the name of the goods, her own number, the price, the amount of the bank-note I handed her, and some other matters, probably the color of my eyes, and the direction and velocity of the wind, on a slip of paper. She then copied all this in a little book which she kept by her. Then she handed the slip of paper, the money, and the Turkey red to the yellow-haired girl. This young girl copied the slip in a little book she carried, and then she went away with the calico, the paper slip, and the money.

After a very long time, — during which the little girl probably took the goods, the money, and the slip to

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some central desk, where the note was received, its amount and number entered in a book, change given to the girl, a copy of the slip made and entered, girl's entry examined and approved, goods wrapped up, girl registered, plaits counted and entered on a slip of paper and copied by the girl in her book, girl taken to a hydrant and washed, number of towel entered on a paper slip and copied by the girl in her book, value of my note and amount of change branded somewhere on the child, and said process noted on a slip of paper and copied in her book, — the girl came to me, bringing my change and the package of Turkey red calico.

I had time for but very little work at the office that afternoon, and when I reached home, I handed the package of calico to my wife. She unrolled it and exclaimed:

"Why, this doesn't match the piece I gave you!"

"Match it!" I cried. "Oh, no! it doesn't match it. You didn't want that matched. You were mistaken. What you wanted was Turkey red — third counter to the left. I mean, Turkey red is what they use."

My wife looked at me in amazement, and then I detailed to her my troubles.

"Well," said she, "this Turkey red is a great deal prettier than what I had, and you've got so much of it that I needn't use the other at all. I wish I had thought of Turkey red before."

"I wish from my heart you had," said I.

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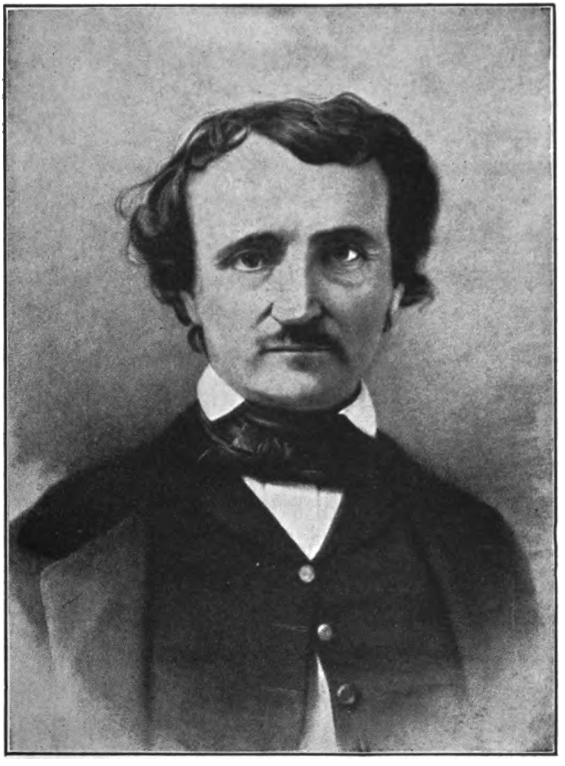

EDGAR ALLAN POE

(Born in 1809; died in 1849.)

MANY unkind and untrue things have been said about Edgar Allan Poe, and, at its best, his life shows a good deal of sadness and bitterness and much that is not praiseworthy. It was not a particularly heroic life — not the kind of life that one likes to associate with great work.

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But in it one can see clearly many things that are also shown in his writing.

Poe was born of stage folk. His mother was an English actress of some talent and charm, and his father (the son of General Poe of Baltimore) had deserted the law to become a rather mediocre actor.

Edgar, the youngest of three children, was born in Boston in 1809. When he was two years old his mother died of consumption, leaving the three little children to the mercies of the world. The father had apparently died the year before, of the same disease.

The family was separated and Edgar was adopted by a wealthy tobacco merchant, Mr. John Allan of Baltimore. In the Allan home Edgar had a great many advantages that money could buy, but not a large amount of real understanding. In 1815, he went with his foster parents to England, where he was put into a boys' school. In 1820 we find him back again in Virginia, attending the academy at Richmond, where he proved a brilliant scholar but not a painstaking one.

Besides being quick at his studies, he was also clever at sports. One of his biographers says of him, "He was a clever boxer, a strong swimmer, a swift runner and a good jumper, a broad jump of twenty-one feet, six inches, with a running start of twenty yards, being his best record. When he was fifteen he swam in the James River a distance of six miles, against a strong tide and under a hot June sun — and afterwards walked back to the city without apparently feeling the worse for it. In spite of these athletic feats, however, Poe does not seem to have been

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very popular at school. Perhaps this was due to his natural shyness and reserve, for it has been said that no one really knew him.

In February, 1826, Poe entered the University of Virginia, where he proved to be a brilliant student, but also a rather wild young man. During his first year he piled up such debts that Mr. Allan rebelled at paying them and removed his foster son to his counting house, where he seems to have felt that the boy could be better kept in order. The counting house was not very agreeable to Poe, however, and in 1827 he went to Boston to enlist in the navy under the name of Edgar A. Perry. In the same year, when he was only eighteen, his first book was published — "Tamerlane and Other Poems." Curiously enough the routine of clerical work in the navy did not seem to bother Poe as much as the counting house had, and he made such a good record for himself that Mr. Allan's heart softened and in 1830 he secured for his foster son an appointment to West Point.

Poe was at this time past twenty-one and so quiet and reserved that he seemed much older. Among the cadets the joke was that "he had procured a cadet's appointment for his son, and the boy having died, the father had substituted himself in his place."

Here again, although he could easily have gotten along, as far as his studies were concerned, he balked at the discipline and routine. The idea of a literary career grew stronger and stronger in his mind and at length he purposely neglected his duties in order that he might be dismissed from the academy. He had his way, but it

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made the final break with Mr. Allan, whose patience had reached its limit.

From this time on, Poe literally "lived by his wits." And he had no easy time. For he was not working in our age, when many a mediocre story writer can earn a fat livelihood. The little magazines to which Poe was glad to contribute had no large funds from which to pay big prices. Nor as an editor, at which profession he worked off and on throughout his life, did he receive large salaries. His was always a hand-to-mouth existence, due in part to the conditions of the writing profession, and in part to his own habits and faults. High-strung and nervous, the routine of a regular position wore on him. He was often unreasonable and savage in his criticisms and he made many enemies for himself and whatever magazine he happened to be editing, by his bitter attacks on his fellow authors and their work. He was also at times given to dissipation, and this of course interfered seriously with his work. And yet he was a clever editor, and successful at building up the circulation of the magazines he edited.

Soon after leaving West Point, Poe went to Baltimore to try his luck. Perhaps the two most important things that happened to him there were the winning of a one-hundred-dollar prize for "MS. Found in a Bottle" and the beginning of his association with the Clemms. Mrs. Clemms was his father's sister, and in her affectionate care, which lasted till Poe's death, he often said that he found his real mother. Her young daughter, Virginia, afterwards became Poe's "child wife," of whom he has

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written so beautifully. Soon after his coming to Baltimore he became a member of the Clemm household and his life is associated with theirs from that time on.

Baltimore not proving a very good field for literary ambitions, in the summer of 1835 Poe went to Richmond, where he secured an editorial position at a salary of ten dollars a week (shortly increased to fifteen). The cost of living was not so high in those days, however, and Poe apparently felt that he was well started in life, for in May, 1836, occurred his marriage to Virginia Clemm, who was at this time still quite a young girl.

From now on to the end, Poe's life is one of changing positions, changing cities (Philadelphia and New York), hard work, little money, sickness and periods of dissipation. To his own ill-health, and his wife's sickness and death, and to hard work and poverty, may in a measure be laid some of the things we blame him for. He idolized his wife, and her early death was a bitter blow to him. His own life did not long outlast hers. In 1849 he was found unconscious on the street in Baltimore, and he died soon after in a Baltimore hospital, aged forty years.

Poe's place in American literature is of first rank. He excelled in the type of narrative known as the "tale," which is a simple form of the short story. Some of his tales are humorous but the greater number are tales of reasoning or of mystery or horror. In "The Gold Bug" and "The Purloined Letter" we have examples of his cleverness in unraveling a mystery. The modern detective story is often modeled on such tales as this.

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In other tales like "The Fall of the House of Usher" he creates with wonderful skill the effect of supernatural horror.

His essays and criticisms often deal with subjects that have little interest now, but they show a keen and brilliant mind.

Melody is the supreme characteristic of his verse. The smallest thread of an idea was enough for him to build a poem on, but no one could express it more musically. Almost every one is familiar with such poems as "The Bells" and "The Raven."

Poe's workmanship is almost perfect, but there is a morbid tone to his writing that prevents it from being widely popular. We marvel at his skill but the general run of people cannot feel toward him or his work the quick, affectionate enthusiasm that they feel for Lowell, Mark Twain and Cooper, and other red-blooded American men-of-letters.

Edwin Markham has called Poe "the most tragic figure in our literary history, and the figure that casts from our shores the longest shadow across the world." The figure of speech is an especially good one.

Andrew Lang, one of the most discerning of English critics, calls Poe "the greatest poet, perhaps the greatest literary genius" of America, and says that had he lived a generation later, honor, wealth, applause, success in Europe and at home, would all have been his — no man was less fortunate in the moment of his birth.

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City there is a memorial to Poe that also sums up his life and

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work most justly. It reads: "He was great in his genius, unhappy in his life, wretched in his death, but in his fame he is immortal."

THE PURLOINED LETTER

By Edgar Allan Poe

At Paris, just after dark one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the two-fold luxury of meditation and a meerschaum, in company with my friend, C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library, or book-closet, No. 33 Rue Dunôt, Faubourg St. Germain. For one hour at least we had maintained a profound silence, while each, to any casual observer, might have seemed intently and exclusively occupied with the curling eddies of smoke that oppressed the atmosphere of the chamber. For myself, however, I was mentally discussing certain topics which had formed matter for conversation between us at an earlier period of the evening; I mean the affair of the Rue Morgue, and the mystery attending the murder of Marie Rogêt. I looked upon it, therefore, as something of a coincidence, when the door of our apartment was thrown open and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G——, the Prefect of the Parisian police.

We gave him a hearty welcome, for there was nearly half as much of the entertaining as of the contemptible about the man, and we had not seen him for several years. We had been sitting in the dark, and Dupin

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now arose for the purpose of lighting a lamp, but sat down again, without doing so, upon G.'s saying that he had called to consult us, or rather to ask the opinion of my friend, about some official business which had occasioned a great deal of trouble.

"If it is any point requiring reflection," observed Dupin, as he forebore to enkindle the wick, "we shall examine it to better purpose in the dark."

"That is another of your odd notions," said the Prefect, who had the fashion of calling everything "odd" that was beyond his comprehension, and thus lived amid an absolute legion of "oddities."

"Very true," said Dupin, as he supplied his visitor with a pipe, and rolled toward him a comfortable chair.

"And what is the difficulty now?" I asked. "Nothing more in the assassination way, I hope?"

"Oh, no; nothing of that nature. The fact is, the business is *very* simple indeed, and I make no doubt that we can manage it sufficiently well ourselves; but then I thought Dupin would like to hear the details of it, because it is so excessively *odd*."

"Simple and odd," said Dupin.

"Why, yes; and not exactly that either. The fact is, we have all been a good deal puzzled because the affair *is* so simple, and yet baffles us altogether."

"Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the thing which puts you at fault," said my friend.

"What nonsense you *do* talk!" replied the Prefect, laughing heartily.

"Perhaps the mystery is a little *too* plain," said Dupin.

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"Oh, good heavens! who ever heard of such an idea?"

"A little *too* self-evident."

"Ha! ha! ha! — ha! ha! ha! — ho! ho! ho!" roared our visitor, profoundly amused. "Oh, Dupin, you will be the death of me yet!"

"And what, after all, *is* the matter on hand?" I asked.

"Why, I will tell you," replied the Prefect, as he gave a long, steady, and contemplative puff, and settled himself in his chair. "I will tell you in a few words; but, before I begin, let me caution you that this is an affair demanding the greatest secrecy, and that I should most probably lose the position I now hold, were it known that I confided it to any one."

"Proceed," said I.

"Or not," said Dupin.

"Well, then; I have received personal information, from a very high quarter, that a certain document of the last importance has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this beyond a doubt; he was seen to take it. It is known, also, that it still remains in his possession."

"How is this known?" asked Dupin.

"It is clearly inferred," replied the Prefect, "from the nature of the document, and from the non-appearance of certain results which would at once arise from its passing *out* of the robber's possession — that is to say, from his employing it as he must design in the end to employ it."

"Be a little more explicit," I said.

"Well, I may venture so far as to say that the paper

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gives its holder a certain power in a certain quarter where such power is immensely valuable." The Prefect was fond of the cant of diplomacy.

"Still I do not quite understand," said Dupin.

"No? Well; the disclosure of the document to a third person, who shall be nameless, would bring in question the honor of a personage of most exalted station; and this fact gives the holder of the document an ascendancy over the illustrious personage whose honor and peace are so jeopardized."

"But this ascendancy," I interposed, "would depend upon the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber. Who would dare —"

"The thief," said G——, "is the Minister D——, who dares all things, those unbecoming as well as those becoming a man. The method of the theft was not less ingenious than bold. The document in question — a letter, to be frank — had been received by the personage robbed while alone in the royal *boudoir*. During its perusal she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the other exalted personage from whom especially it was her wish to conceal it. After a hurried and vain endeavor to thrust it in a drawer, she was forced to place it, open as it was, upon a table. The address, however, was uppermost, and, the contents thus exposed, the letter escaped notice. At this juncture enters the Minister D——. His lynx eye immediately perceives the paper, recognizes the handwriting of the address, observes the confusion of the personage addressed, and fathoms her secret. After some business

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transactions, hurried through in his ordinary manner, he produces a letter somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then places it in close juxtaposition to the other. Again he converses, for some fifteen minutes, upon the public affairs. At length, in taking leave, he takes also from the table the letter to which he had no claim. Its rightful owner saw, but, of course, dared not call attention to the act, in the presence of the third personage who stood at her elbow. The Minister decamped, leaving his own letter — one of no importance — upon the table."

"Here, then," said Dupin to me, "you have precisely what you demand to make the ascendancy complete — the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber."

"Yes," replied the Prefect; "and the power thus attained has, for some months past, been wielded, for political purposes, to a very dangerous extent. The personage robbed is more thoroughly convinced every day of the necessity of reclaiming her letter. But this, of course, cannot be done openly. In fine, driven to despair, she has committed the matter to me."

"Than whom," said Dupin, amid a perfect whirlwind of smoke, "no more sagacious agent could, I suppose, be desired, or even imagined."

"You flatter me," replied the Prefect; "but it is possible that some such opinion may have been entertained."

"It is clear," said I, "as you observe, that the letter is still in the possession of the Minister, since it is this

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possession, and not any employment of the letter, which bestows the power. With the employment the power departs."

"True," said G——; "and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the Minister's hotel; and here my chief embarrassment lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things, I have been warned of the danger which would result from giving him reason to suspect our design."

"But," said I, "you are quite *au fait* in these investigations. The Parisian police have done this thing often before."

"Oh, yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the Minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous. They sleep at a distance from their master's apartment, and, being chiefly Neapolitans, are readily made drunk. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months a night has not passed, during the greater part of which I have not been engaged, personally, in ransacking the D—— hotel. My honor is interested, and, to mention a great secret, the reward is enormous. So I did not abandon the search until I had become fully satisfied that the thief is a more astute man than myself. I fancy that I have investigated every nook and corner of the premises in which it is possible that the paper can be concealed."

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"But is it not possible," I suggested, "that although the letter may be in possession of the Minister, as it unquestionably is, he may have concealed it elsewhere than upon his own premises?"

"This is barely possible," said Dupin. "The present peculiar condition of affairs at court, and especially of those intrigues in which D—— is known to be involved, would render the instant availability of the document — its susceptibility of being produced at a moment's notice — a point of nearly equal importance with its possession."

"Its susceptibility of being produced?" said I.

"That is to say, of being *destroyed*," said Dupin.

"True," I observed; "the paper is clearly then upon the premises. As for its being upon the person of the Minister, we may consider that as out of the question."

"Entirely," said the Prefect. "He has been twice waylaid, as if by footpads, and his person rigidly searched under my own inspection."

"You might have spared yourself this trouble," said Dupin. "D——, I presume, is not altogether a fool, and, if not, must have anticipated these waylayings, as a matter of course."

"Not *altogether* a fool," said G——, "but then he is a poet, which I take to be only one remove from a fool."

"True," said Dupin, after a long and thoughtful whiff from his meerschaum, "although I have been guilty of certain doggerel myself."

"Suppose you detail," said I, "the particulars of your search."

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"Why, the fact is, we took our time, and we searched *everywhere*. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building, room by room, devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined, first, the furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer; and I presume you know that, to a properly trained police-agent, such a thing as a '*secret*' drawer is impossible. Any man is a dolt who permits a 'secret' drawer to escape him in a search of this kind. The thing is *so* plain. There is a certain amount of bulk — of space — to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have accurate rules. The fiftieth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets we took the chairs. The cushions we probed with the fine long needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops."

"Why so?"

"Sometimes the top of a table, or other similarly arranged piece of furniture, is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the leg is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity, and the top replaced. The bottoms and tops of bedposts are employed in the same way."

"But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?" I asked.

"By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides, in our case, we were obliged to proceed without noise."

"But you could not have removed — you could not have taken to pieces *all* articles of furniture in which it

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would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. A letter may be compressed into a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large knitting-needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to pieces all the chairs?"

"Certainly not; but we did better — we examined the rungs of every chair in the hotel, and, indeed, the jointings of every description of furniture, by the aid of a most powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of recent disturbance we should not have failed to detect it instantly. A single grain of gimlet-dust, for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disorder in the gluing — any unusual gaping in the joints — would have sufficed to insure detection."

"I presume you looked to the mirrors, between the boards and the plates, and you probed the beds and the bedclothes, as well as the curtains and carpets."

"That, of course; and when we had absolutely completed every particle of the furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into compartments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinized each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses immediately adjoining, with the microscope, as before."

"The two houses adjoining!" I exclaimed; "you must have had a great deal of trouble."

"We had; but the reward offered is prodigious."

"You include the *grounds* about the houses?"

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"All the grounds are paved with brick. They gave us comparatively little trouble. We examined the moss between the bricks, and found it undisturbed."

"You looked among D——'s papers, of course, and into the books of the library?"

"Certainly; we opened every package and parcel; we not only opened every book, but we turned over every leaf in each volume, not contenting ourselves with a mere shake, according to the fashion of some of our police officers. We also measured the thickness of every book-*cover*, with the most accurate admeasurement, and applied to each the most jealous scrutiny of the microscope. Had any of the bindings been recently meddled with, it would have been utterly impossible that the fact should have escaped observation. Some five or six volumes, just from the hands of the binder, were carefully probed, longitudinally, with the needles."

"You explored the floors beneath the carpets?"

"Beyond doubt. We removed every carpet, and examined the boards with the microscope."

"And the paper on the walls?"

"Yes."

"You looked into the cellars?"

"We did."

"Then," I said, "you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is *not* upon the premises, as you suppose."

"I fear you are right there," said the Prefect. "And now, Dupin, what would you advise me to do?"

"To make a thorough research of the premises."

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"That is absolutely needless," replied G——. "I am not more sure that I breathe than I am that the letter is not at the hotel."

"I have no better advice to give you," said Dupin. "You have, of course, an accurate description of the letter?"

"Oh, yes!" — And here the Prefect, producing a memorandum-book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account of the internal, and especially of the external appearance of the missing document. Soon after finishing the perusal of this description, he took his departure, more entirely depressed in spirits than I had ever known the good gentleman before.

In about a month afterward he paid us another visit, and found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a pipe and a chair and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said:

"Well, but G——, what of the purloined letter? I presume you have at last made up your mind that there is no such thing as overreaching the Minister?"

"Confound him, say I — yes; I made the re-examination, however, as Dupin suggested — but it was all labor lost, as I knew it would be."

"How much was the reward offered, did you say?" asked Dupin.

"Why, a very great deal — a *very* liberal reward — I don't like to say how much, precisely; but one thing I *will* say, that I wouldn't mind giving my individual check for fifty thousand francs to any one who could obtain me that letter. The fact is, it is becoming of more

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and more importance every day; and the reward has been lately doubled. If it were trebled, however, I could do no more than I have done."

"Why, yes," said Dupin, drawlingly between the whiffs of his meerschaum, "I really — think, G——, you have not exerted yourself — to the utmost in this matter. You might — do a little more, I think, eh?"

"How? — in what way?"

"Why (puff, puff) you might (puff, puff) employ counsel in the matter, eh? (Puff, puff, puff.) Do you remember the story they tell of Abernethy?"

"No; hang Abernethy!"

"To be sure! hang him and welcome. But, once upon a time, a certain rich miser conceived the design of sponging upon this Abernethy for a medical opinion. Getting up, for this purpose, an ordinary conversation in a private company, he insinuated his case to the physician, as that of an imaginary individual.

"'We will suppose,' said the miser, 'that his symptoms are such and such; now, doctor, what would *you* have directed him to take?'

"'Take!' said Abernethy, 'why, take *advice*, to be sure.'"

"But," said the Prefect, a little discomposed, "*I* am *perfectly* willing to take advice, and to pay for it. I would *really* give fifty thousand francs to any one who would aid me in the matter."

"In that case," replied Dupin, opening a drawer, and producing a check-book, "you may as well fill me up

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a check for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter."

I was astounded. The Prefect appeared absolutely thunder-stricken. For some minutes he remained speechless and motionless, looking incredulously at my friend with open mouth, and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets; then, apparently recovering himself in some measure, he seized a pen, and after several pauses and vacant stares, finally filled up and signed a check for fifty thousand francs, and handed it across the table to Dupin. The latter examined it carefully and deposited it in his pocket-book; then, unlocking an *escritoire*, took thence a letter and gave it to the Prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with a trembling hand, cast a rapid glance at its contents, and then scrambling and struggling to the door, rushed at length unceremoniously from the room and from the house, without having uttered a syllable since Dupin had requested him to fill up the check.

When he had gone, my friend entered into some explanations.

"The Parisian police," he said, "are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning, and thoroughly versed in the knowledge which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Thus, when G—— detailed to us his mode of searching the premises at the Hotel D——, I felt entire confidence in his having made a satisfactory investigation — so far as his labors extended."

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"So far as his labors extended?" said I.

"Yes," said Dupin. "The measures adopted were not only the best of their kind, but carried out to absolute perfection. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would, beyond a question, have found it."

I merely laughed — but he seemed quite serious in all that he said.

"The measures, then," he continued, "were good in their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their being inapplicable to the case and to the man. A certain set of highly ingenious resources are, with the Prefect, a sort of Procrustean bed, to which he forcibly adapts his designs. But he perpetually errs by being too deep or too shallow for the matter in hand; and many a school-boy is a better reasoner than he. I knew one about eight years of age, whose success at guessing in the game of 'even and odd' attracted universal admiration. This game is simple, and is played with marbles. One player holds in his hand a number of these toys, and demands of another whether that number is even or odd. If the guess is right, the guesser wins one; if wrong, he loses one. The boy to whom I allude won all the marbles of the school. Of course he had some principle of guessing, and this lay in mere observation and admeasurement of the astuteness of his opponents. For example, an arrant simpleton is his opponent, and, holding up his closed hand, asks, 'Are they even or odd?' Our school-boy replies, 'Odd,' and loses; but upon the second trial he wins, for he

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then says to himself: 'The simpleton had them even upon the first trial, and his amount of cunning is just sufficient to make him have them odd upon the second; I will therefore guess odd'; — he guesses odd, and wins. Now, with a simpleton a degree above the first, he would have reasoned thus: 'This fellow finds that in the first instance I guessed odd, and, in the second, he will propose to himself, upon the first impulse, a simple variation from even to odd, as did the first simpleton; but then a second thought will suggest that this is too simple a variation, and finally he will decide upon putting it even as before. I will therefore guess even'; — he guesses even, and wins. Now this mode of reasoning in the school-boy, whom his fellows termed 'lucky,' — what, in its last analysis, is it?"

"It is merely," I said, "an identification of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent."

"It is," said Dupin; "and upon inquiring of the boy by what means he effected the *thorough* identification in which his success consisted, I received answer as follows: 'When I wish to find out how wise, or how stupid, or how good, or how wicked is any one, or what are his thoughts at the moment, I fashion the expression of my face, as accurately as possible, in accordance with the expression of his, and then wait to see what thoughts or sentiments arise in my mind or heart, as if to match or correspond with the expression.' This response of the school-boy lies at the bottom of all the spurious profundity which has been attributed to Rochefoucauld, to La Bruyère, to Machiavelli, and to Campanella."

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"And the identification," I said, "of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent, depends, if I understand you aright, upon the accuracy with which the opponent's intellect is admeasured."

"For its practical value it depends upon this," replied Dupin; "and the Prefect and his cohort fail so frequently, first, by default of this identification, and, secondly, by ill-admeasurement, or rather through non-admeasurement, of the intellect with which they are engaged. They consider only their *own* ideas of ingenuity, and, in searching for anything hidden, advert only to the modes in which *they* would have hidden it. They are right in this much — that their own ingenuity is a faithful representative of that of *the mass;* but when the cunning of the individual felon is diverse in character from their own, the felon foils them, of course. This always happens when it is above their own, and very usually when it is below. They have no variation of principle in their investigations; at best, when urged by some unusual emergency — by some extraordinary reward — they extend or exaggerate their old modes of *practice,* without touching their principles. What, for example, in this case of D——, has been done to vary the principle of action? What is all this boring, and probing, and sounding, and scrutinizing with the microscope, and dividing the surface of the building into registered square inches — what is it all but an exaggeration *of the application* of the one principle or set of principles of search, which are based upon the one set of notions regarding human ingenuity, to which the

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Prefect, in the long routine of his duty, has been accustomed? Do you not see he has taken it for granted that *all* men proceed to conceal a letter, not exactly in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg, but, at least, in *some* out-of-the-way hole or corner suggested by the same tenor of thought which would urge a man to secrete a letter in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg? And do you not see also that such *recherchés* nooks for concealment are adapted only for ordinary occasions, and would be adopted only by ordinary intellects; for, in all cases of concealment, a disposal of the article concealed — a disposal of it in this *recherché* manner, — is, in the very first instance, presumable and presumed; and thus its discovery depends, not at all upon the acumen, but altogether upon the mere care, patience, and determination of the seekers; and where the case is of importance — or, when the reward is of magnitude, — the qualities in question have *never* been known to fail. You will now understand what I meant in suggesting that, had the purloined letter been hidden anywhere within the limits of the Prefect's examination — in other words, had the principle of its concealment been comprehended within the principles of the Prefect — its discovery would have been a matter altogether beyond question. This functionary, however, has been thoroughly mystified, and the remote source of his defeat lies in the supposition that the Minister is a fool, because he has acquired renown as a poet. All fools are poets; this the Prefect *feels*, thence inferring that all poets are fools."

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"But is this really the poet?" I asked. "There are two brothers, I know, and both have attained reputation in letters. The Minister, I believe, is a mathematician, and no poet."

"You are mistaken; I know him well; he is both. As poet *and* mathematician, he would reason well; as mere mathematician, he could not have reasoned at all, and thus would have been at the mercy of the Prefect.

"I mean to say," continued Dupin, "that if the Minister had been no more than a mathematician, the Prefect would have been under no necessity of giving me this check. I knew him, however, as both mathematician and poet, and my measures were adapted to his capacity, with reference to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. I knew him as a courtier, too, and as a bold *intriguant*. Such a man, I considered, could not fail to be aware of the ordinary policial modes of action. He could not have failed to anticipate — and events have proved that he did not fail to anticipate — the waylayings to which he was subjected. He must have foreseen, I reflected, the secret investigations of his premises. His frequent absences from home at night, which were hailed by the Prefect as certain aids to his success, I regarded only as *ruses* to afford opportunity for thorough search to the police, and thus the sooner to impress them with the conviction to which G——, in fact, did finally arrive — the conviction that the letter was not upon the premises. I felt, also, that the whole train of thought, which I was at some pains in detailing to you just now, concerning

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the invariable principle of policial action in searches for articles concealed — I felt that this whole train of thought would necessarily pass through the mind of the Minister. It would imperatively lead him to despise all the ordinary *nooks* of concealment. *He* could not, I reflected, be so weak as not to see that the most intricate and remote recess of his hotel would be as open as his commonest closets to the eyes, to the probes, to the gimlets, and to the microscopes of the Prefect. I saw, in fine, that he would be driven, as a matter of course, to *simplicity*, if not deliberately induced to it as a matter of choice. You will remember, perhaps, how desperately the Prefect laughed when I suggested, upon our first interview, that it was just possible this mystery troubled him so much on account of its being so *very* self-evident?"

"Yes," said I, "I remember his merriment well. I really thought he would have fallen into convulsions."

"Have you ever noticed which of the street signs, over the shop doors, are the most attractive of attention?"

"I have never given the matter a thought," I said.

"There is a game of puzzles," he resumed, "which is played upon a map. One party playing requires another to find a given word — the name of town, river, state, or empire — any word, in short, upon the motley and perplexed surface of the chart. A novice in the game generally seeks to embarrass his opponents by giving them the most minutely lettered names; but the adept selects such words as stretch, in large characters, from one end of the chart to the other. These, like the over-

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largely lettered signs and placards of the street, escape observation by dint of being excessively obvious; and here the physical oversight is precisely analogous with the moral inapprehension by which the intellect suffers to pass unnoticed those considerations which are too obtrusively and too palpably self-evident. But this is a point, it appears, somewhat above or beneath the understanding of the Prefect. He never once thought it probable, or possible, that the Minister had deposited the letter immediately beneath the nose of the whole world by way of best preventing any portion of that world from perceiving it.

"But the more I reflected upon the daring, dashing, and discriminating ingenuity of D——; upon the fact that the document must always have been *at hand*, if he intended to use it to good purpose; and upon the decisive evidence, obtained by the Prefect, that it was not hidden within the limits of that dignitary's ordinary search — the more satisfied I became that, to conceal this letter, the Minister had resorted to the comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.

"Full of these ideas, I prepared myself with a pair of green spectacles, and called one fine morning, quite by accident, at the Ministerial hotel. I found D—— at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling, as usual, and pretending to be in the last extremity of *ennui*. He is, perhaps, the most really energetic human being now alive — but that is only when nobody sees him.

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"To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I cautiously and thoroughly surveyed the whole apartment, while seemingly intent upon only the conversation of my host.

"I paid especial attention to a large writing-table near which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly some miscellaneous letters and other papers, with one or two musical instruments and a few books. Here, however, after a long and very deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite particular suspicion.

"At length my eyes, in going the circuit of the room, fell upon a trumpery filigree card-rack of pasteboard, that hung dangling by a dirty blue ribbon, from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantelpiece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting cards and a solitary letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two across the middle — as if a design, in the first instance, to tear it entirely up as worthless, had been altered or stayed in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D—— cipher *very* conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive female hand, to D——, the Minister, himself. It was thrust carelessly and even, as it seemed, contemptuously, into one of the uppermost divisions of the rack.

"No sooner had I glanced at this letter than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure, it was, to all appearance, radically different from the one of which the Prefect had read us so minute a

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description. Here the seal was large and black, with the D—— cipher; there it was small and red, with the ducal arms of the S—— family. Here the address, to the Minister, was diminutive and feminine; there the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was markedly bold and decided; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But, then, the *radicalness* of these differences, which was excessive; the dirt; the soiled and torn condition of the paper, so inconsistent with the *true* methodical habits of D——, and so suggestive of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document; — these things, together with the hyper-obtrusive situation of this document, full in the view of every visitor, and thus exactly in accordance with the conclusions to which I previously arrived; these things, I say, were strongly corroborative of suspicion, in one who came with the intention to suspect.

"I protracted my visit as long as possible, and, while I maintained a most animated discussion with the Minister, upon a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination, I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement in the rack, and also fell, at length, upon a discovery which set at rest whatever trivial doubt I might have entertained. In scrutinizing the edges of the paper, I observed them to be more *chafed* than seemed necessary. They presented the *broken* appearance which is manifested when a stiff paper, having

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been once folded and pressed with a folder, is refolded in a reversed direction, in the same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned as a glove, inside out, re-directed and re-sealed. I bade the Minister good-morning, and took my departure at once, leaving a gold snuff-box upon the table.

"The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed, quite eagerly, the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report, as if of a pistol, was heard immediately beneath the windows of the hotel, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams, and the shouting of a terrified mob. D—— rushed to a casement, threw it open, and looked out. In the meantime I stepped to the card-rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a *fac-simile* (so far as regards externals), which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings — imitating the D—— cipher, very readily, by means of a seal formed of bread.

"The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behavior of a man with a musket. He had fired it among a crowd of women and children. It proved, however, to have been without ball, and the fellow was suffered to go his way as a lunatic or a drunkard. When he had gone, D—— came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterward I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own pay."

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"But what purpose had you," I asked, "in replacing the letter by a *fac-simile?* Would it not have been better, at the first visit, to have seized it openly, and departed?"

"D——," replied Dupin, "is a desperate man, and a man of nerve. His hotel, too, is not without attendants devoted to his interests. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest, I might never have left the Ministerial presence alive. The good people of Paris might have heard of me no more. But I had an object apart from these considerations. You know my political prepossessions. In this matter, I act as a partisan of the lady concerned. For eighteen months the Minister has had her in his power. She now has him in hers — since, being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, he will proceed with his exactions as if it was. Thus will he inevitably commit himself, at once, to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will not be more precipitate than awkward. It is all very well to talk about the *facilis descensus Averni;* but in all kinds of climbing, as Catalani said of singing, it is far more easy to get up than to come down. In the present instance I have no sympathy — at least no pity — for him who descends. He is that *monstrum horrendum,* an unprincipled man of genius. I confess, however, that I should like very well to know the precise character of his thoughts, when, being defied by her whom the Prefect terms 'a certain personage,' he is reduced to opening the letter in the card-rack."

Abridged.

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THE BELLS

By Edgar Allan Poe

I

Hear the sledges with the bells —
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells —
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight! —

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From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III

Hear the loud alarum bells —
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,

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And a resolute endeavor
Now — now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells —
Of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells —
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright

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At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people — ah, the people —
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone —
They are neither man nor woman —
They are neither brute nor human —
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells —
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells —

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To the sobbing of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells —
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

ANNABEL LEE

By Edgar Allan Poe

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

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And this was the reason that long ago
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea.
The angels, not half so happy in heaven
Went envying her and me;
Yes! that was the reason — as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea —
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we —
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life, and my bride,
In her sepulcher there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

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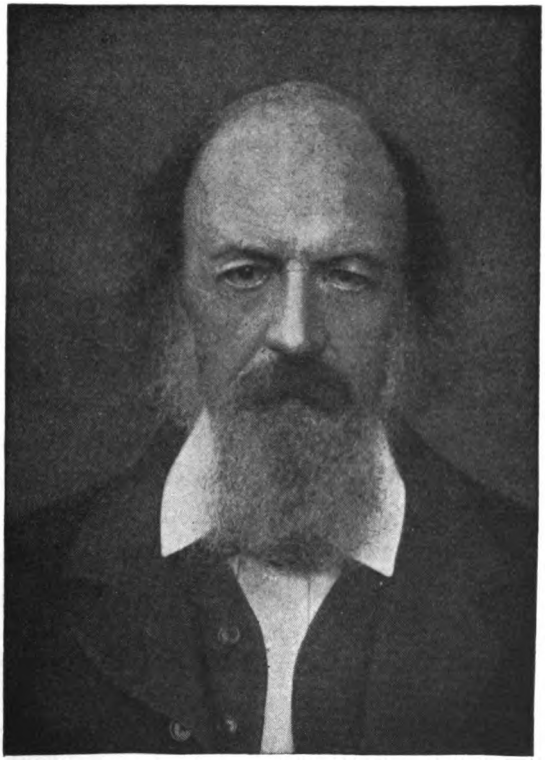

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

(Born in 1809; died in 1892.)

ALFRED TENNYSON was born in the rectory of Somersby, in Lincolnshire, England, that poet's country of "quiet villages, large fields, gray hillsides, and noble, tall, towered churches." The little rectory with the woodbine clambering in at the nursery windows and the stained glass in

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the dining-room windows making "butterfly souls" on the walls, was a true poet's home.

"The lawn was overshadowed on one side by wych-elms, and on the other by larch and sycamore trees. . . . Beyond the path, bounding the green sward to the south, ran in the old days a deep border of lilies and roses, backed by hollyhocks and sunflowers." And beyond that the garden sloped down to a tumbling brook. There was nothing ugly in the picture that the young poet looked out upon.

His family too was a true poet's family — cultured, sensitive, and imaginative. The father, Dr. Tennyson, a man of intellect and learning, undertook a large part of his sons' preparation for the university. There were eleven other children besides Alfred Tennyson, all but one of whom lived to grow up. All the Tennysons were scholars, and two at least besides Alfred were poets of more than ordinary ability.

Alfred Tennyson showed in his childhood a remarkably precocious mind. At eight years of age he was composing blank verse. At twelve he wrote an epic of six thousand lines in imitation of Sir Walter Scott, and when he was fourteen he wrote a play in verse. He inherited from his father a tendency to moods of deep gloom and sadness, and was fond of wandering about in the dark or beside the ocean. Sensitive and imaginative, the sound of certain words moved him deeply. He said once that even before he could read he had a habit, on a stormy day, of stretching out his arms and crying, "I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind." The day

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on which he heard of Byron's death, the "whole world seemed to be darkened" for the young poet, and he cut into a rock near his home the words, "Byron is dead."

The sea always had a great fascination for Tennyson. When he was about sixteen years old, and his brother Charles a year or so older, they published a volume of poems called *Poems by Two Brothers*. On the afternoon that the book was published, the two boys hired a carriage with some of the money they had received for it, drove fourteen miles to a favorite place beside the ocean, and "shared their triumph with the winds and the waves."

The stars also affected the young boy strongly. At one time his brother Frederick was invited to a dinner party and felt shy about going. "Fred," said Alfred, "think of Herschel's great star-patches, and you will soon get over that." He knew that the thought of star worlds too vast and too numerous to realize could make one forget anything so small and unimportant as oneself.

It is said that the young poet was a pest to the neighboring gamekeepers because his love for animals led him continually to spring the traps that the gamekeepers set. One of them is reported to have threatened that if he ever caught the culprit he'd duck him in the pond.

Apparently animals did not always appreciate and respond to the boy's demonstrations of affection. An old countryman who knew the poet in his childhood has recounted how, when Alfred came to see them, his wife would say, "Now, here's Mr. Alfred a-cooming; we must get the jam ready;" and she would open the door and

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let the cat out, "for he was a regular boy for the cats, was Mr. Alfred." Evidently he was a "regular boy for jam" too.

In 1828 Alfred Tennyson and his brother Charles were enrolled at Trinity College, Cambridge, where their brother Frederick had already distinguished himself as a scholar. Tennyson's first impressions of Cambridge were not very complimentary; the country was "disgustingly level," the merrymaking "monotonous," the studies "dry and uninteresting."

He soon made friends, however, with a group of young men who were in no way monotonous or uninteresting — a "rare body" of young men "such as this University has seldom contained." Of the group Alfred Tennyson and his friend Arthur Hallam were then considered the leading minds. In June, 1829, Tennyson won the prize medal for his poem "Timbuctoo." At this time Hallam predicted truly: "I consider Tennyson as promising fair to be the greatest poet of our generation, perhaps of our century."

Of the genius of Hallam himself, we can only know what his friends thought of him. It is clear that he impressed them all as having promise of great things. His sudden death, in 1833, was a terrible blow to Alfred Tennyson, and to the whole Tennyson family, for Hallam was betrothed to the poet's sister, Emily.

Previous to Hallam's death, Tennyson had left Cambridge and returned home because of the ill health of his father, who died soon afterwards. Two volumes of his poems had not called forth much public enthusiasm.

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Tennyson was extremely sensitive to unfavorable criticism, and the loss of the encouragement and helpful criticism of the friend whose judgment he trusted meant a great deal to him. For the next ten years he withdrew from the world, mingling very little with people outside his own family, and devoting himself to writing.

Tennyson once said that poets were born *and* made. This was true of him. He did not shirk hard work to bring to its highest usefulness the power with which he had been blessed. When, in 1842, he published another volume, the improvement in his workmanship was apparent. His popularity increased steadily after this. The granting of a government pension gave him relief from money worries, and in 1850 he was made poet laureate, succeeding Wordsworth. This was his "great year" — in which occurred his marriage and the publication of the poem which many people think his finest, "In Memoriam," written in memory of Arthur Hallam. Among the best known lines are those beginning, "Ring out, wild bells."

As he grew older he was held in increasing honor, and in 1884 he was made Lord Tennyson and took his seat in the House of Lords. In his later years he built a beautiful home, Aldworth, in Sussex, and spent the rest of his life far from the noise and confusion of cities that he hated.

Tennyson was a "singing poet," a master of rhythm and word music. Color flashes along his line, and with words he makes pictures as vivid and lifelike as any that a painter puts on canvas. Take his description of the returning to the lake of Arthur's sword Excalibur,

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"The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the Northern Sea."

As you read, you hear the rush of the mighty sword driving through the air and you see it flashing, under the cold moon, to disappear in the darkness of the water.

Whatever his mood, whatever the idea that he wished to convey, Tennyson knew how to choose words that should exactly mirror his thoughts.

Listen to the clank of armor-clad feet on the rocks in these lines from "The Passing of Arthur."

"The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels."

He could call to mind the solemn, deep-throated music of the ocean in such lines as:

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea."

And in another mood he could imitate exactly the saucy babble of a little tumbling brook:

"I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down the valley.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles."

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Above all, Tennyson was a poet of the good and true and beautiful. His work bears the stamp of the noblest, purest mind. Great-hearted as Arthur's knights, his creed was Gareth's:

> "Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King —
> Else, wherefore born?"

Like most poets, Tennyson was a kind of prophet. Whimsically, in his poem, "Locksley Hall" he forecasts airships that shall fill the heavens with commerce; and "nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue." And looking far ahead to the good time that he felt sure would come, he sings of the end of all wars and the establishment of universal peace and brotherhood:

> "Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
> In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

In an age when many men were filled with doubts, Tennyson kept a steadfast faith in God and man:

> "Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new:
> That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do."

On them he relied to bring about the new order for which he longed — a world in which grief and strife and disease and greed should be done away with, and in which a nobler mode of life should prevail.

He did not live to see the aërial battles of which he

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prophesied, nor the coming of peace among nations and the establishment of universal law. But in so far as a man and a poet could, he did his part to "ring out the old" order and "ring in the new."

TENNYSON*

(In Lucem Transitus, October, 1892)

By Henry van Dyke

From the misty shores of midnight, touched with splendors of the moon,
To the singing tides of heaven, and the light more clear than noon,
Passed a soul that grew to music till it was with God in tune.

Brother of the greatest poets, true to nature, true to art;
Lover of Immortal Love, uplifter of the human heart, —
Who shall cheer us with high music, who shall sing, if thou depart?

Silence here — for love is silent, gazing on the lessening sail;
Silence here — for grief is voiceless when the mighty minstrels fail;
Silence here — but, far beyond us, many voices crying, Hail!

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RING OUT, WILD BELLS

By Alfred Tennyson

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

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Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

GARETH AND LYNETTE

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

In the "Idylls of the King," Tennyson clusters many beautiful legends around the mythical King Arthur and his Round Table of Knights, who were pledged to right wrongs and to do justice and mercy without hope of reward. Among the ideal characters the poet has drawn is that of Gareth, a favorite son whom the Queen of Orkney, Arthur's half-sister, desired to shield from the perils of knighthood. She pleaded with him to follow the chase and seek out some comfortable bride. He replied:

"Man am I grown, a man's work must I do.
Follow the deer? follow the Christ, the King,
Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King —
Else, wherefore born?"

I

So when the Queen, who long had sought in vain
To break him from the intent to which he grew,
Found her son's will unwaveringly one,
She answer'd craftily: "Will ye walk thro' fire?
Who walks thro' fire will hardly heed the smoke.

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Ay, go then, an ye must: only one proof,
Before thou ask the King to make thee knight,
Of thine obedience and thy love to me,
Thy mother, — I demand."

And Gareth cried:
"A hard one, or a hundred, so I go.
Nay — quick! the proof to prove me to the quick!"

But slowly spake the mother looking at him:
"Prince, thou shalt go disguised to Arthur's hall,
And hire thyself to serve for meats and drinks
Among the scullions and the kitchen-knaves,
And those that hand the dish across the bar.
Nor shalt thou tell thy name to any one.
And thou shalt serve a twelvemonth and a day."

For so the Queen believed that when her son
Beheld his only way to glory lead
Low down thro' villain kitchen-vassalage,
Her own true Gareth was too princely-proud
To pass thereby; so should he rest with her,
Closed in her castle from the sound of arms.

Silent awhile was Gareth, then replied:
"The thrall in person may be free in soul,
And I shall see the jousts. Thy son am I,
And, since thou art my mother, must obey.
I therefore yield me freely to thy will;
For hence will I, disguised, and hire myself
To serve with scullions and with kitchen-knaves;
Nor tell my name to any — no, not the King."

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II

So Gareth all for glory underwent
The sooty yoke of kitchen-vassalage,
Ate with young lads his portion by the door,
And couch'd at night with grimy kitchen-knaves.
And Lancelot ever spake him pleasantly,
But Kay the seneschal, who loved him not,
Would hustle and harry him, and labor him
Beyond his comrade of the hearth, and set
To turn the broach, draw water, or hew wood,
Or grosser tasks; and Gareth bow'd himself
With all obedience to the King, and wrought
All kind of service with a noble ease
That graced the lowliest act in doing it.

III

So for a month he wrought among the thralls;
But in the weeks that follow'd, the good Queen,
Repentant of the word she made him swear,
And saddening in her childless castle, sent,
Between the in-crescent and de-crescent moon,
Arms for her son, and loosed him from his vow.

This, Gareth hearing from a squire of Lot
With whom he used to play at tourney once,
When both were children, and in lonely haunts
Would scratch a ragged oval on the sand,
And each at either dash from either end —
Shame never made girl redder than Gareth joy.

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He laugh'd; he sprang. "Out of the smoke, at once
I leap from Satan's foot to Peter's knee —
These news be mine, none other's — nay, the King's —
Descend into the city:" whereon he sought
The King alone, and found, and told him all.

"I have stagger'd thy strong Gawain in a tilt
For pastime; yea, he said it: joust can I.
Make me thy knight — in secret! let my name
Be hidden, and give me the first quest, I spring
Like flame from ashes."

Here the King's calm eye
Fell on, and check'd, and made him flush, and bow
Lowly, to kiss his hand, who answer'd him:
"Son, the good mother let me know thee here,
And sent her wish that I would yield thee thine.
Make thee my knight? my knights are sworn to vows
Of utter hardihood, utter gentleness,
And, loving, utter faithfulness in love,
And uttermost obedience to the King."

Then Gareth, lightly springing from his knees:
"My King, for hardihood I can promise thee.
For uttermost obedience make demand
Of whom ye gave me to, the Seneschal,
No mellow master of the meats and drinks!
And as for love, God wot, I love not yet,
But love I shall, God willing."

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And the King:
"Make thee my knight in secret? yea, but he,
Our noblest brother, and our truest man,
And one with me in all, he needs must know."

"Let Lancelot know, my King, let Lancelot know,
Thy noblest and thy truest!"

And the King:
"But wherefore would ye men should wonder at you?
Nay, rather for the sake of me, their King,
And the deed's sake my knighthood do the deed,
Than to be noised of."

Merrily Gareth ask'd:
"Have I not earn'd my cake in baking of it?
Let be my name until I make my name!
My deeds will speak: it is but for a day."
So with a kindly hand on Gareth's arm
Smiled the great King, and half-unwillingly
Loving his lusty youthhood yielded to him.
Then, after summoning Lancelot privily:
"I have given him the first quest: he is not proven.
Look therefore, when he calls for this in hall,
Thou get to horse and follow him far away.
Cover the lions on thy shield, and see,
Far as thou mayest, he be nor ta'en nor slain."

IV

Then that same day there past into the hall
A damsel of high lineage, and a brow

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May-blossom, and a cheek of apple-blossom,
Hawk-eyes; and lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower:
She into hall past with her page and cried:

"O King, for thou hast driven the foe without
See to the foe within! bridge, ford, beset
By bandits, every one that owns a tower
The lord for half a league. Why sit ye there?
Rest would I not, Sir King, an I were king,
Till even the lonest hold were all as free
From cursed bloodshed as thine altar-cloth
From that best blood it is a sin to spill."

"Comfort thyself," said Arthur, "I nor mine
Rest: so my knighthood keep the vows they swore,
The wastest moorland of our realm shall be
Safe, damsel, as the centre of this hall.
What is thy name? thy need?"

"My name?" she said —
"Lynette, my name; noble; my need, a knight
To combat for my sister, Lyonors,
A lady of high lineage, of great lands,
And comely, yea, and comelier than myself.
She lives in Castle Perilous: a river
Runs in three loops about her living-place;
And o'er it are three passings, and three knights
Defend the passings, brethren, and a fourth,
And of that four the mightiest, holds her stay'd
In her own castle, and so besieges her

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To break her will, and make her wed with him;
And but delays his purport till thou send
To do the battle with him thy chief man,
Sir Lancelot, whom he trusts to overthrow;
Then wed, with glory: but she will not wed
Save whom she loveth, or a holy life.
Now therefore have I come for Lancelot."

Then Arthur mindful of Sir Gareth ask'd:
"Damsel, ye know this Order lives to crush
All wrongers of the realm. But say, these four,
Who be they? What the fashion of the men?"

"They be of foolish fashion, O Sir King,
The fashion of that old knight-errantry
Who ride abroad, and do but what they will;
Courteous or bestial from the moment, such
As have nor law nor king; and three of these
Proud in their fantasy call themselves the Day,
Morning-Star, and Noon-Sun, and Evening-Star,
Being strong fools; and never a whit more wise
The fourth, who alway rideth arm'd in black,
A huge man-beast of boundless savagery.
He names himself the Night and oftener Death,
And wears a helmet mounted with a skull,
And bears a skeleton figured on his arms,
To show that who may slay or scape the three,
Slain by himself, shall enter endless night.
And all these four be fools, but mighty men,
And therefore am I come for Lancelot."

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Hereat Sir Gareth call'd from where he rose,
A head with kindling eyes above the throng,
"A boon, Sir King — this quest!" then — for he mark'd
Kay near him groaning like a wounded bull —
"Yea, King, thou knowest thy kitchen-knave am I,
And mighty thro' thy meats and drinks am I,
And I can topple over a hundred such.
Thy promise, King," and Arthur glancing at him,
Brought down a momentary brow. "Rough, sudden,
And pardonable, worthy to be knight —
Go therefore," and all hearers were amazed.

But on the damsel's forehead shame, pride, wrath
Slew the may-white: she lifted either arm,
"Fie on thee, King! I ask'd for thy chief knight,
And thou hast given me but a kitchen-knave."
Then ere a man in hall could stay her, turn'd,
Fled down the lane of access to the King,
Took horse, descended the slope street, and past
The weird white gate, and paused without, beside
The field of tourney, murmuring "kitchen-knave!"

V

To whom Sir Gareth drew —
And there were none but few goodlier than he —
Shining in arms, "Damsel, the quest is mine.
Lead, and I follow." She thereat, as one
That smells a foul-flesh'd agaric in the holt,
And deems it carrion of some woodland thing,
Or shrew, or weasel, nipt her slender nose

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With petulant thumb and finger, shrilling, "Hence!
Avoid, thou smellest all of kitchen-grease."

. . . . . .

"Damsel," Sir Gareth answer'd gently, "say
Whate'er ye will, but whatsoe'er ye say,
I leave not till I finish this fair quest,
Or die therefore."

"Ay, wilt thou finish it?
Sweet lord, how like a noble knight he talks!
The listening rogue hath caught the manner of it.
But, knave, anon thou shalt be met with, knave,
And then by such a one that thou for all
The kitchen brewis that was ever supt
Shalt not once dare to look him in the face."

"I shall assay," said Gareth with a smile
That madden'd her, and away she flash'd again
Down the long avenues of a boundless wood,
And Gareth following was again beknaved:

"Sir Kitchen-knave, I have miss'd the only way
Where Arthur's men are set along the wood;
The wood is nigh as full of thieves as leaves:
If both be slain, I am rid of thee; but yet,
Sir Scullion, canst thou use that spit of thine?
Fight, an thou canst: I have miss'd the only way."

So till the dusk that follow'd evensong
Rode on the two, reviler and reviled.

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VI

Then Gareth, spurred to boldest action by Lynette's taunts, rescued from death an aged baron whom they found struggling hopelessly against six assailants. Refusing the grateful baron's offers of reward and treating lightly Lynette's continued scorning, Gareth said:

"Full pardon, but I follow up the quest,
Despite of Day and Night and Death and Hell."

So when, next morn, the lord whose life he saved
Had, some brief space, convey'd them on their way
And left them with God-speed, Sir Gareth spake,
"Lead, and I follow." Haughtily she replied:

"I fly no more: I allow thee for an hour.
Lion and stoat have isled together, knave,
In time of flood. Nay, furthermore, methinks
Some ruth is mine for thee. Back wilt thou, fool?
For hard by here is one will overthrow
And slay thee; then will I to court again,
And shame the King for only yielding me
My champion from the ashes of his hearth."

To whom Sir Gareth answer'd courteously:
"Say thou thy say, and I will do my deed.
Allow me for mine hour, and thou wilt find
My fortunes all as fair as hers who lay
Among the ashes and wedded the King's son."

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Then to the shore of one of those long loops
Wherethro' the serpent river coil'd, they came.
Rough-thicketed were the banks and steep; the stream
Full, narrow; this a bridge of single arc
Took at a leap; and on the further side
Arose a silk pavilion, gay with gold
In streaks and rays, and all Lent-lily in hue,
Save that the dome was purple, and above,
Crimson, a slender banneret fluttering.
And therebefore the lawless warrior paced
Unarm'd, and calling, "Damsel, is this he,
The champion thou hast brought from Arthur's hall?
For whom we let thee pass." "Nay, nay," she said,
"Sir Morning-Star. The King in utter scorn
Of thee and thy much folly hath sent thee here
His kitchen-knave: and look thou to thyself:
See that he fall not on thee suddenly,
And slay thee unarm'd; he is not knight but knave."

Then at his call, "O daughters of the Dawn,
And servants of the Morning-Star, approach,
Arm me," from out the silken curtain-folds
Bare-footed and bare-headed three fair girls
In gilt and rosy raiment came: their feet
In dewy grasses glisten'd; and the hair
All over glanced with dewdrop or with gem
Like sparkles in the stone Avanturine.
These arm'd him in blue arms, and gave a shield
Blue also, and thereon the morning star.
And Gareth silent gazed upon the knight,

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Who stood a moment, ere his horse was brought,
Glorying; and in the stream beneath him shone,
Immingled with Heaven's azure waveringly,
The gay pavilion and the naked feet,
His arms, the rosy raiment, and the star.

Then she that watch'd him: "Wherefore stare ye so?
Thou shakest in thy fear: there yet is time:
Flee down the valley before he get to horse.
Who will cry shame? Thou art not knight but knave."

Said Gareth: "Damsel, whether knave or knight,
Far liefer had I fight a score of times
Than hear thee so missay me and revile.
Fair words were best for him who fights for thee;
But truly foul are better, for they send
That strength of anger thro' mine arms, I know
That I shall overthrow him."

And he that bore
The star, when mounted, cried from o'er the bridge:
"A kitchen-knave, and sent in scorn of me!
Such fight not I, but answer scorn with scorn.
For this were shame to do him further wrong
Than set him on his feet, and take his horse
And arms, and so return him to the King.
Come, therefore, leave thy lady lightly, knave.
Avoid: for it beseemeth not a knave
To ride with such a lady."

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"Dog, thou liest!
I spring from loftier lineage than thine own."
He spake; and all at fiery speed the two
Shock'd on the central bridge, and either spear
Bent but not brake, and either knight at once,
Hurl'd as a stone from out of a catapult
Beyond his horse's crupper and the bridge,
Fell, as if dead; but quickly rose and drew,
And Gareth lash'd so fiercely with his brand
He drave his enemy backward down the bridge,
The damsel crying, "Well-stricken, kitchen-knave!"
Till Gareth's shield was cloven; but one stroke
Laid him that clove it grovelling on the ground.

Then cried the fallen, "Take not my life: I yield."
And Gareth, "So this damsel ask it of me,
Good — I accord it easily as a grace."
She reddening, "Insolent scullion! I of thee?
I bound to thee for any favor ask'd!"
"Then shall he die." And Gareth there unlaced
His helmet as to slay him, but she shriek'd,
"Be not so hardy, scullion, as to slay
One nobler than thyself." "Damsel, thy charge
Is an abounding pleasure to me. Knight,
Thy life is thine at her command. Arise
And quickly pass to Arthur's hall, and say
His kitchen-knave hath sent thee. See thou crave
His pardon for thy breaking of his laws.
Myself when I return will plead for thee.
Thy shield is mine — farewell; and, damsel, thou,
Lead, and I follow."

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VII

So when they touch'd the second river-loop,
Huge on a huge red horse, and all in mail
Burnish'd to blinding, shone the Noonday Sun
Beyond a raging shallow. As if the flower
That blows a globe of after arrowlets
Ten-thousand-fold had grown, flash'd the fierce shield,
All sun; and Gareth's eyes had flying blots
Before them when he turn'd from watching him.
He from beyond the roaring shallow roar'd,
"What doest thou, brother, in my marches here?"
And she athwart the shallow shrill'd again,
"Here is a kitchen-knave from Arthur's hall
Hath overthrown thy brother, and hath his arms."
"Ugh!" cried the Sun, and vizoring up a red
And cipher face of rounded foolishness,
Push'd horse across the foamings of the ford,
Whom Gareth met mid-stream: no room was there
For lance or tourney-skill: four strokes they struck
With sword, and these were mighty; the new knight
Had fear he might be shamed; but as the Sun
Heaved up a ponderous arm to strike the fifth,
The hoof of his horse slipt in the stream, the stream
Descended, and the Sun was wash'd away.

Then Gareth laid his lance athwart the ford;
So drew him home; but he that fought no more,
As being all bone-batter'd on the rock,
Yielded; and Gareth sent him to the King.
"Myself when I return will plead for thee.

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Lead, and I follow." Quietly she led.
"Hath not the good wind, damsel, changed again?"
"Nay, not a point; nor art thou victor here.
There lies a ridge of slate across the ford;
His horse thereon stumbled — ay, for I saw it."

VIII

. . . Beyond a bridge of treble bow,
All in a rose-red from the west, and all
Naked it seem'd, and glowing in the broad
Deep-dimpled current underneath, the knight
That named himself the Star of Evening stood.

And Gareth, "Wherefore waits the madman there
Naked in open dayshine?" "Nay," she cried,
"Not naked, only wrapt in harden'd skins
That fit him like his own; and so ye cleave
His armor off him, these will turn the blade."

Then the third brother shouted o'er the bridge,
"O brother-star, why shine ye here so low?
Thy ward is higher up: but have ye slain
The damsel's champion?" and the damsel cried:

"No star of thine, but shot from Arthur's heaven
With all disaster unto thine and thee!
For both thy younger brethren have gone down
Before this youth; and so wilt thou, Sir Star;
Art thou not old?"

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"Old, damsel, old and hard,
Old, with the might and breath of twenty boys."
Said Gareth, "Old, and over-bold in brag!
But that same strength which threw the Morning Star
Can throw the Evening."

Then that other blew
A hard and deadly note upon the horn.
"Approach and arm me!" With slow steps from out
An old storm-beaten, russet, many-stain'd
Pavilion, forth a grizzled damsel came,
And arm'd him in old arms, and brought a helm
With but a drying evergreen for crest,
And gave a shield whereon the star of even
Half-tarnish'd and half-bright, his emblem, shone.
But when it glitter'd o'er the saddle-bow,
They madly hurl'd together on the bridge;
And Gareth overthrew him, lighted, drew,
There met him drawn, and overthrew him again,
But up like fire he started: and as oft
As Gareth brought him grovelling on his knees,
So many a time he vaulted up again;
Till Gareth panted hard, and his great heart,
Foredooming all his trouble was in vain,
Labor'd within him, for he seem'd as one
That all in later, sadder age begins
To war against ill uses of a life,
But these from all his life arise, and cry,
"Thou hast made us lords, and canst not put us down!"
He half despairs; so Gareth seem'd to strike

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Vainly, the damsel clamoring all the while,
"Well done, knave-knight, well stricken, O good knight-knave —
O knave, as noble as any of all the knights —
Shame me not, shame me not. I have prophesied —
Strike, thou art worthy of the Table Round —
His arms are old, he trusts the harden'd skin —
Strike — strike — the wind will never change again."
And Gareth hearing ever stronglier smote,
And hew'd great pieces of his armour off him,
But lash'd in vain against the harden'd skin,
And could not wholly bring him under, more
Than loud Southwesterns, rolling ridge on ridge,
The buoy that rides at sea, and dips and springs
For ever; till at length Sir Gareth's brand
Clash'd his, and brake it utterly to the hilt.
"I have thee now"; but forth that other sprang,
And, all unknightlike, writhed his wiry arms
Around him, till he felt, despite his mail,
Strangled, but straining even his uttermost
Cast, and so hurl'd him headlong o'er the bridge
Down to the river, sink or swim, and cried,
"Lead, and I follow."

But the damsel said:
"I lead no longer; ride thou at my side;
Thou art the kingliest of all kitchen-knaves."

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IX

Then Lynette, filled with dawning love for Gareth, led the way between hills, and past rocky crags, whereon an aged hermit once had sculptured "the war of Time against the soul of man." And softly behind the two rode Lancelot, sent by Arthur to safe-guard Gareth in his quest.

Three times that day, Gareth had prevailed against his foes, but now to test him further, Sir Lancelot, the very flower of Arthur's chivalry, set upon him, and with one touch of his skilfully wielded spear brought him to earth.

But Lancelot, convinced of Gareth's worthiness, despite his overthrow, acclaimed him Prince, and Knight of the Table Round, and offered his own shield and armor to the maiden-knight, — to doubly fortify him for his greatest struggle of all — that against Night or Death.

Then, after some hours of repose, Gareth fully accoutred in the great knight's well-tried armor, and riding his fresh war horse, went forth to give supreme proof of his daring, strength, and skill. With him went Lancelot and Lynette, love songs on her lips, and in her heart, a great, yet still half scornful joy, at having found a champion worthy of her cause.

Then for a space, and under cloud that grew
To thunder-gloom palling all stars, they rode
In converse till she made her palfrey halt,
Lifted an arm, and softly whisper'd, "There."
And all the three were silent seeing, pitch'd
Beside the Castle Perilous on flat field,
A huge pavilion like a mountain peak
Sunder the glooming crimson on the marge,
Black, with black banner, and a long black horn
Beside it hanging; which Sir Gareth graspt,

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And so, before the two could hinder him,
Sent all his heart and breath thro' all the horn.
Echo'd the walls; a light twinkled; anon
Came lights and lights, and once again he blew;
Whereon were hollow tramplings up and down
And muffled voices heard, and shadows past;
Till high above him, circled with her maids,
The Lady Lyonors at a window stood,
Beautiful among lights, and waving to him
White hands and courtesy; but when the prince
Three times had blown — after long hush — at last —
The huge pavilion slowly yielded up,
Thro' those black foldings, that which housed therein.
High on a night-black horse, in night-black arms,
With white breast-bone, and barren ribs of Death,
And crown'd with fleshless laughter — some ten steps —
In the half-light — thro' the dim dawn — advanced
The monster, and then paused, and spake no word.

But Gareth spake and all indignantly:
"Fool, for thou hast, men say, the strength of ten,
Canst thou not trust the limbs thy God hath given,
But must, to make the terror of thee more,
Trick thyself out in ghastly imageries
Of that which Life hath done with, and the clod,
Less dull than thou, will hide with mantling flowers
As if for pity?" But he spake no word;
Which set the horror higher: a maiden swoon'd;
The Lady Lyonors wrung her hands and wept,
As doom'd to be the bride of Night and Death;

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Sir Gareth's head prickled beneath his helm;
And even Sir Lancelot thro' his warm blood felt
Ice strike, and all that mark'd him were aghast.

At once Sir Lancelot's charger fiercely neigh'd,
And Death's dark war-horse bounded forward with him.
Then those that did not blink the terror saw
That Death was cast to ground, and slowly rose.
But with one stroke Sir Gareth split the skull.
Half fell to right and half to left and lay.
Then with a stronger buffet he clove the helm
As throughly as the skull; and out from this
Issued the bright face of a blooming boy
Fresh as a flower new-born, and crying, "Knight,
Slay me not: my three brethren bade me do it,
To make a horror all about the house,
And stay the world from Lady Lyonors;
They never dream'd the passes would be past."
Answer'd Sir Gareth graciously to one
Not many a moon his younger, "My fair child,
What madness made thee challenge the chief knight
Of Arthur's hall?" "Fair Sir, they bade me do it.
They hate the King and Lancelot, the King's friend;
They hoped to slay him somewhere on the stream,
They never dream'd the passes could be past."

Then sprang the happier day from underground;
And Lady Lyonors and her house, with dance
And revel and song, made merry over Death,

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As being after all their foolish fears
And horrors only proven a blooming boy.
So large mirth lived, and Gareth won the quest.

And he that told the tale in older times
Says that Sir Gareth wedded Lyonors,
But he that told it later says Lynette.

Abridged.

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower — but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

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TUSITALA, THE TELLER OF TALES

By Allan Abbott

Robert Louis Stevenson, the best loved writer of the last years of the nineteenth century, was born in Edinburgh, in 1850. His father's family had been light-house and harbor engineers for three generations. His father, who became president of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, was a man of vigorous personality, of shrewd judgment, and of great generosity; without his constant help Stevenson's career would have been impossible.

Lewis (as he was generally called in the family) was an only child, dependent for companionship on his mother,

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his faithful nurse Alison Cunningham ("Cummie"), and a host of cousins. He was sickly, as a child. He tells of "many a night of childish terror, lying awake and hearing the wind like a horseman, or rather a succession of horsemen, riding furiously past." On such nights the devoted "Cummie" would tell him stories of the persecution of the Scotch Covenanters, or recite hymns in "a grand dramatic way."

Owing to ill-health, Stevenson's schooling was very irregular. One of his teachers describes him as "the most delightful boy I ever knew; full of fun, full of tender feeling; ready for his lessons, ready for a story, ready for fun." He was fond of outdoor exercise — swimming, riding, boating, skating; but not of ball. In *Memories and Portraits* he describes many of his boyish delights: manuscript magazines, toy theaters, and chief of all, the mysterious sport of "lantern bearing" — walking the streets at night with a crowd of boys, each with an evil-smelling tin bull's-eye lantern concealed under his coat. So he grew up to the age of seventeen, with little regular schooling, living in a world of romance built from books and his own imagination.

He entered Edinburgh University with the intent of taking up the family profession of engineering. Some of his vacations he spent in construction work, which he greatly enjoyed: "It takes a man into the open air; it carries him to wild islands; it gives him a taste of the genial dangers of the sea." The indoor work, however, the scientific calculations of plan-making, repelled him. At length he won his father's consent to abandon engineer-

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ing for his favorite pursuit, writing — on the condition that he first study law, so as to have something to fall back on in case his literary career failed.

Meanwhile Stevenson had been giving himself long and systematic training for his chosen work. "I kept always two books, one to read, the other to write in. As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene, or commemorate some halting stanzas. Thus I lived on words." An old shepherd with whom Stevenson made friends, said of him, "He's an awfu' laddie for speirin' questions about a thing, an' whenever you turn your back, awa' he gangs an' writes it a' doon." At home, he gave himself still more rigorous training. "Whenever I read a book or passage that particularly pleased me, in which a thing was said or an effect rendered with propriety, in which there was either some conspicuous force or some happy distinction in the style, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality. . . . That, like it or not, is the way to learn to write."

His legal studies went on, in spite of the interruption of a severe case of diphtheria followed by threatened consumption; and in 1875 he was admitted to the bar. His practice, however, was merely perfunctory, amounting in all to only four cases.

At the age of twenty-five, then, Stevenson, with a monthly allowance of £7 from his father, was free to take up his chosen profession of writing. A considerable part

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of the next four years he spent in France. The trip described in *An Inland Voyage* was taken in September, 1876; the *Travels with a Donkey*, two years later. His personality and appearance at this age are interestingly described by his friend Edmund Gosse:

"A childlike mirth leaped and danced in him; he seemed to skip upon the hills of life. He was simply bubbling with quips and jests; his inherent earnestness or passion about abstract things was incessantly relieved by jocosity; and when he had built one of his intellectual castles in the sand, a wave of humor was certain to come in and destroy it. . . . Stevenson was not without a good deal of innocent oddity in his dress. When I try to conjure up his figure, I can see only a slight, lean lad, in a suit of black sea-cloth, a black shirt, and a wisp of yellow carpet that did duty for a necktie."

At Grez, Stevenson met the lady who was to become his wife — Mrs. Osbourne, who had come there from San Francisco to study art. On her return, Stevenson crossed the Atlantic to visit her. His experiences in the steerage and in an emigrant car, he wrote up the following year in *The Amateur Emigrant*. In May, 1880, he married Mrs. Osbourne. They went at once up into the mountains, to a deserted mining camp; and after two months (out of which grew *The Silverado Squatters*), they returned to Scotland.

For the next seven years, Stevenson sought freedom from his lung trouble in one place after another — the Scotch Highlands, the Alps, the south of France. They were years of danger and anxiety, yet his friends remember him

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as gay, animated, full of fun. He would delight in chalking out battle-fields on the attic floor, with his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne, and conducting elaborate military campaigns with toy soldiers; he produced, with the boy, illustrated booklets, engraving cuts on wood and printing them with humorous verses, on a toy press.

These were years, too, of great literary activity. *Treasure Island*, his first romance, ran in *Young Folks* in the fall of 1881, and when published in book form won a great success. "Statesmen and judges," says Stevenson's biographer, "and all sorts of staid and sober men became boys once more, sitting up long after bedtime to read their new book." In 1885 came *A Child's Garden of Verses*, the most delightful collection of poems of childhood. The same year he wrote *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (founded on an extraordinary dream), and began *Kidnapped*, which was destined to be one of his widest-read novels.

Stevenson's health, however, became more and more precarious, and after his father's death in 1887 he went once more to the United States. Here his fame as the author of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* and *Treasure Island* had preceded him. After a winter in the Adirondacks and a few months near New York, he conceived the plan of cruising in the South Seas.

The following summer, Stevenson chartered in San Francisco the ninety-five-foot racing schooner *Casco*, and with his wife and stepson started on a voyage which took them in the next three years to almost every important group of islands in the eastern and central Pacific.

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The romance of the South Seas had always been a lure to his imagination. Everywhere he made friends with the not always gentle natives—some had been cannibals. Stevenson's manner of making friends with the native chiefs was to tell them story after story of the wild life of the Scotch Highlanders, until the native felt that here was a man of like passions with himself, and would come out with his own adventures or the legends of his race. The name by which Stevenson was generally known in the South Seas was Tusitala, the Teller of Tales.

This Pacific life agreed so well with Stevenson, and delighted him so much, that in 1891 he bought on the island of Upolu, in the Samoan group, an estate which he named Vailima, or Five Waters, from the mountain streams on its borders. Here he built a roomy and comfortable house, and lived with his wife, his mother, and as many kinsfolk as he could gather, until his death. Some chiefs who had received kindness at his hands when imprisoned for political reasons, on their release built for him a road through the forest to his home, and named it "The Road of the Loving Heart." Stevenson's life at Vailima was full, varied, and interesting. He wrote here some of his best works, including *David Balfour*, a sequel to *Kidnapped*, and two unfinished novels, *St. Ives* and *Weir of Hermiston*. In the dedication of this last book he expresses a longing for the Scotland he dearly loved but had not strength to revisit.

Stevenson died in 1894, and was buried, with touching lamentations of his native friends, on a mountain top

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above Vailima. On his tomb is inscribed his own poem, "Requiem":

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

There is much to justify the high esteem in which Stevenson is held: the revival of stirring romance in *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped;* the vivid characterization of such figures as John Silver, and Alan Breck; the sympathetic understanding of childhood in *The Child's Garden of Verses;* the humor, wisdom, and beauty of the essays; the exquisite artistry of his style; but most of all, the courage that enabled him to face poverty, hardship, and mortal disease, and in a period when pessimism was the literary fashion of the day, to make his message to the world, in his books and in his life, one of high-hearted faith and cheer.

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DAVID BALFOUR IN THE HOUSE OF SHAWS

By Robert Louis Stevenson

On the death of his father, David Balfour is left with no prospects but with the expectation that from a distant relative in the House of Shaws for whom Mr. Balfour left a letter, David will receive aid in making his living. He goes to the House of Shaws, a magnificent, unfinished building badly in need of repairs, and makes the acquaintance there of a miserly old man who claims to be his father's elder brother. Uncle Ebenezer's queer actions arouse David's suspicions. The following incident bears out his feeling that Uncle Ebenezer may be his father's younger brother and that he is trying to cheat David of the inheritance. It is one of many adventures that befall the lad before he comes into his rights.

For a day that was begun so ill, the day passed fairly well. We had the porridge cold again at noon, and hot porridge at night; porridge and small beer was my uncle's diet. He spoke but little, and that in the same way as before, shooting a question at me after a long silence; and when I sought to lead him in talk about my future, slipped out of it again. In a room next door to the kitchen, where he suffered me to go, I found a great number of books, both Latin and English, in which I took great pleasure all the afternoon. Indeed the time passed so lightly in this good company, that I began to be almost reconciled to my residence at Shaws; and nothing but the sight of my uncle, and his eyes playing hide-and-seek with mine, revived the force of my distrust.

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One thing I discovered, which put me in some doubt. This was an entry on the fly-leaf of a chapbook (one of Patrick Walker's) plainly written by my father's hand and thus conceived: "To my brother Ebenezer on his fifth birthday." Now, what puzzled me was this: That as my father was of course the younger brother, he must either have made some strange error, or he must have written, before he was yet five, an excellent, clear, manly hand of writing.

I tried to get this out of my head; but though I took down many interesting authors, old and new, history, poetry, and story-book, this notion of my father's hand of writing stuck to me; and when at length I went back into the kitchen, and sat down once more to porridge and small beer, the first thing I said to Uncle Ebenezer was to ask him if my father had not been very quick at his book.

"Alexander? No him!" was the reply. "I was far quicker mysel'; I was a clever chappie when I was young. Why, I could read as soon as he could."

This puzzled me yet more; and a thought coming into my head, I asked if he and my father had been twins.

He jumped upon his stool, and the horn spoon fell out of his hand upon the floor. "What gars ye ask that?" he said, and he caught me by the breast of the jacket, and looked this time straight into my eyes: his own were little and light, and bright like a bird's, blinking and winking strangely.

"What do you mean?" I asked, very calmly, for I was far stronger than he, and not easily frightened. "Take your hand from my jacket. This is no way to behave."

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My uncle seemed to make a great effort upon himself. "Dod man, David," he said, "ye shouldnae speak to me about your father. That's where the mistake is." He sat a while and shook, blinking in his plate: "He was all the brother that ever I had," he added, but with no heart in his voice; and then he caught up his spoon and fell to supper again, but still shaking.

Now this last passage, this laying of hands upon my person and sudden profession of love for my dead father, went so clear beyond my comprehension that it put me into both fear and hope. On the one hand, I began to think my uncle was perhaps insane and might be dangerous; on the other, there came up into my mind (quite unbidden by me and even discouraged) a story like some ballad I had heard folk singing, of a poor lad that was a rightful heir and a wicked kinsman that tried to keep him from his own. For why should my uncle play a part with a relative that came, almost a beggar, to his door, unless in his heart he had some cause to fear him?

With this notion, all unacknowledged, but nevertheless getting firmly settled in my head, I now began to imitate his covert looks; so that we sat at table like a cat and a mouse, each stealthily observing the other. Not another word had he to say to me, black or white, but was busy turning something secretly over in his mind; and the longer we sat and the more I looked at him, the more certain I became that the something was unfriendly to myself.

When he had cleared the platter, he got out a single pipeful of tobacco, just as in the morning, turned round

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a stool into the chimney corner, and sat a while smoking, with his back to me.

"Davie," he said, at length, "I've been thinking"; then he paused, and said it again. "There's a wee bit siller that I half promised ye before ye were born," he continued; "promised it to your father. O, naething legal, ye understand; just gentlemen daffing at their wine. Well, I keepit that bit money separate — it was a great expense, but a promise is a promise — and it has grown by now to be a matter of just precisely — just exactly" — and here he paused and stumbled — "of just exactly forty pounds!" This last he rapped out with a sidelong glance over his shoulder; and the next moment added, almost with a scream, "Scots!"

The pound Scots being the same thing as an English shilling, the difference made by this second thought was considerable; I could see, besides, that the whole story was a lie, invented with some end which it puzzled me to guess; and I made no attempt to conceal the tone of raillery in which I answered —

"O, think again, sir! Pounds sterling, I believe!"

"That's what I said," returned my uncle: "pounds sterling! And if you'll step out-by to the door a minute, just to see what kind of a night it is, I'll get it out to ye and call ye in again."

I did his will, smiling to myself in my contempt that he should think I was so easily to be deceived. It was a dark night, with a few stars low down; and as I stood just outside the door, I heard a hollow moaning of wind far off among the hills. I said to myself there was something

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thundery and changeful in the weather, and little knew of what a vast importance that should prove to me before the evening passed.

When I was called in again, my uncle counted out into my hand seven and thirty golden guinea pieces; the rest was in his hand, in small gold and silver; but his heart failed him there and he crammed the change into his pocket.

"There," said he, "that'll show you! I'm a queer man, and strange wi' strangers; but my word is my bond, and there's the proof of it."

Now, my uncle seemed so miserly that I was struck dumb by his sudden generosity, and could find no words in which to thank him.

"No a word!" said he. "Nae thanks; I want nae thanks. I do my duty; I'm no saying that everybody would have done it; but for my part (though I'm a careful body, too) it's a pleasure to me to do the right by my brother's son; and it's a pleasure to me to think that now we'll agree as such near friends should."

I spoke to him in return as handsomely as I was able; but all the while I was wondering what would come next, and why he had parted with his precious guineas; for as to the reason he had given, a baby would have refused it.

Presently he looked towards me sideways.

"And see here," says he, "tit for tat."

I told him I was ready to prove my gratitude in any reasonable degree, and then waited, looking for some monstrous demand. And yet, when at last he plucked

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up courage to speak, it was only to tell me (very properly, as I thought) that he was growing old and a little broken, and that he would expect me to help him with the house and the bit garden.

I answered, and expressed my willingness to serve.

"Well," he said, "let's begin." He pulled out of his pocket a rusty key. "There," says he, "there's the key of the stair-tower at the far end of the house. Ye can only win into it from the outside, for that part of the house is no finished. Gang ye in there, and up the stairs, and bring me down the chest that's at the top. There's papers in't," he added.

"Can I have a light, sir?" said I.

"No," said he, very cunningly. "Nae lights in my house."

"Very well, sir," said I. "Are the stairs good?"

"They're grand," said he; and then as I was going, "Keep to the wall," he added; "there's nae bannisters. But the stairs are grand under foot."

Out I went into the night. The wind was still moaning in the distance, though never a breath of it came near the house of Shaws. It had fallen blacker than ever; and I was glad to feel along the wall, till I came the length of the stair-tower at the far end of the unfinished wing. I had got the key into the keyhole and had just turned it, when all upon a sudden, without sound of wind or thunder, the whole sky lighted up with wild fire and went black again. I had to put my hand over my eyes to get back to the color of the darkness; and indeed I was already half blinded when I stepped into the tower.

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It was so dark inside, it seemed a body could scarce breathe; but I pushed out with foot and hand, and presently struck the wall with the one, and the lowermost round of the stair with the other. The wall, by the touch, was of fine hewn stone; the steps, too, though somewhat steep and narrow, were of polished mason-work, and regular and solid under foot. Minding my uncle's word about the bannisters, I kept close to the tower side, and felt my way in the pitch darkness with a beating heart.

The house of Shaws stood some five full stories high, not counting lofts. Well, as I advanced, it seemed to me the stair grew airier and a thought more lightsome; and I was wondering what might be the cause of this change, when a second blink of the summer lightning came and went. If I did not cry out, it was because fear had me by the throat; and if I did not fall, it was more by Heaven's mercy than my own strength. It was not only that the flash shone in on every side through breaches in the wall, so that I seemed to be clambering aloft upon an open scaffold, but the same passing brightness showed me the steps were of unequal length, and that one of my feet rested that moment within two inches of the well.

This was the grand stair! I thought; and with the thought, a gust of a kind of angry courage came into my heart. My uncle had sent me here, certainly to run great risks, perhaps to die. I swore I would settle that "perhaps" if I should break my neck for it; got me down upon my hands and knees; and as slowly as a snail, feeling before me every inch, and testing the solidity of every

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stone, I continued to ascend the stair. The darkness, by contrast with the flash, appeared to have redoubled; nor was that all, for my ears were now troubled and my mind confounded by a great stir of bats in the top part of the tower, and the foul beasts, flying downwards, sometimes beat about my face and body.

The tower, I should have said, was square; and in every corner the step was made of a great stone of a different shape, to join the flights. Well, I had come close to one of these turns, when feeling toward as usual, my hand slipped upon an edge and found nothing but emptiness beyond it. The stair had been carried no higher: to set a stranger mounting it in the darkness was to send him straight to death; and (although, thanks to the lightning and my own precautions, I was safe enough) the mere thought of the peril in which I might have stood, and the dreadful height I might have fallen from, brought out the sweat upon my body and relaxed my joints.

But I knew what I wanted now, and turned and groped my way down again, with a wonderful anger in my heart. About half-way down, the wind sprang up in a clap and shook the tower, and died again; the rain followed; and before I had reached the ground level it fell in buckets. I put out my head into the storm, and looked along towards the kitchen. The door, which I had shut behind me when I left, now stood open, and shed a little glimmer of light; and I thought I could see a figure standing in the rain, quite still, like a man hearkening. And then there came a blinding flash, which showed me my uncle

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plainly, just where I had fancied him to stand; and hard upon the heels of it, a great tow-row of thunder.

Now, whether my uncle thought the crash to be the sound of my fall, or whether he heard in it God's voice denouncing murder, I will leave you to guess. Certain it is, at least, that he was seized on by a kind of panic fear, and that he ran into the house and left the door open behind him. I followed as softly as I could, and, coming unheard into the kitchen, stood and watched him.

He had found time to open the corner cupboard and bring out a great case bottle of aqua vitæ, and now sat with his back towards me at the table. Ever and again he would be seized with a fit of deadly shuddering and groan aloud, and carrying the bottle to his lips, drink down the raw spirits by the mouthful.

I stepped forward, came close behind him where he sat, and suddenly clapping my two hands down upon his shoulders — "Ah!" cried I.

My uncle gave a kind of broken cry like a sheep's bleat, flung up his arms, and tumbled to the floor like a dead man. I was somewhat shocked at this; but I had myself to look to first of all, and did not hesitate to let him lie as he had fallen. The keys were hanging in the cupboard; and it was my design to furnish myself with arms before my uncle should come again to his senses and the power of devising evil. In the cupboard were a few bottles, some apparently of medicine; a great many bills and other papers, which I should willingly enough have rummaged, had I had the time; and a few necessaries, that were nothing to my purpose. Thence

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I turned to the chests. The first was full of meal; the second of moneybags and papers tied into sheaves; in the third, with many other things (and these for the most part clothes) I found a rusty, ugly-looking Highland dirk without the scabbard. This, then, I concealed inside my waistcoat, and turned to my uncle.

He lay as he had fallen, all huddled, with one knee up and one arm sprawling abroad; his face had a strange color of blue, and he seemed to have ceased breathing. Fear came on me that he was dead; then I got water and dashed it in his face; and with that he seemed to come a little to himself, working his mouth and fluttering his eyelids. At last he looked up and saw me, and there came into his eyes a terror that was not of this world.

"Come, come," said I; "sit up."

"Are ye alive?" he sobbed. "O man, are ye alive?"

"That am I," said I. "Small thanks to you!"

He had begun to seek for his breath with deep sighs. "The blue phial," said he — "in the aumry — the blue phial." His breath came slower still.

I ran to the cupboard, and, sure enough, found there a blue phial of medicine, with the dose written on it on a paper, and this I administered to him with what speed I might.

"It's the trouble," said he, reviving a little; "I have a trouble, Davie. It's the heart."

I set him on a chair and looked at him. It is true I felt some pity for a man that looked so sick, but I was full besides of righteous anger; and I numbered over before him the points on which I wanted explanation; why he

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lied to me at every word; why he feared that I should leave him; why he disliked it to be hinted that he and my father were twins — "Is that because it is true?" I asked; why he had given me money to which I was convinced I had no claim; and, last of all, why he had tried to kill me. He heard me all through in silence; and then, in a broken voice, begged me to let him go to bed.

"I'll tell ye the morn," he said; "as sure as death I will."

And so weak was he that I could do nothing but consent. I locked him into his room, however, and pocketed the key; and then returning to the kitchen, made up such a blaze as had not shone there for many a long year, and wrapping myself in my plaid, lay down upon the chests and fell asleep.

THE GREEN DONKEY-DRIVER

By Robert Louis Stevenson

The bell of Monastier was just striking nine as I got quit of these preliminary troubles and descended the hill through the common. As long as I was within sight of the windows, a secret shame and the fear of some laughable defeat withheld me from tampering with Modestine. She tripped along upon her four small hoofs with a sober daintiness of gait; from time to time she shook her ears or her tail; and she looked so small under the bundle that my mind misgave me. We got across the ford without difficulty — there was no doubt

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about the matter, she was docility itself — and once on the other bank, where the road begins to mount through pine-woods, I took in my right hand the unhallowed staff, and with a quaking spirit applied it to the donkey. Modestine brisked up her pace for perhaps three steps, and then relapsed into her former minuet. Another

application had the same effect, and so with the third. I am worthy the name of an Englishman, and it goes against my conscience to lay my hand rudely on a female. I desisted, and looked her all over from head to foot; the poor brute's knees were trembling and her breathing was distressed; it was plain that she could go no faster on a hill. God forbid, thought I, that I should brutalize this innocent creature; let her go at her own pace, and let me patiently follow.

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What that pace was, there is no word mean enough to describe; it was something as much slower than a walk as a walk is slower than a run; it kept me hanging on each foot for an incredible length of time; in five minutes it exhausted the spirit and set up a fever in all the muscles of the leg. And yet I had to keep close at hand and measure my advance exactly upon hers; for if I dropped a few yards into the rear, or went on a few yards ahead, Modestine came instantly to a halt and began to browse. The thought that this was to last from here to Alais nearly broke my heart. Of all conceivable journeys, this promised to be the most tedious. I tried to tell myself it was a lovely day; I tried to charm my foreboding spirit with tobacco; but I had a vision ever present to me of the long, long roads, up hill and down dale, and a pair of figures ever infinitesimally moving, foot by foot, a yard to the minute, and, like things enchanted in a nightmare, approaching no nearer to the goal.

In the meantime there came up behind us a tall peasant, perhaps forty years of age, of an ironical snuffy countenance, and arrayed in the green tail-coat of the country. He overtook us hand over hand, and stopped to consider our pitiful advance.

"Your donkey," says he, "is very old?"

I told him, I believed not.

Then, he supposed, we had come far.

I told him, we had but newly left Monastier.

"*Et vous marchez comme ça!*" cried he; and, throwing back his head, he laughed long and heartily. I watched

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him, half prepared to feel offended, until he had satisfied his mirth; and then, "You must have no pity on these animals," said he; and, plucking a switch out of a thicket, he began to lace Modestine about the stern-works, uttering a cry. The rogue pricked up her ears and broke into a good round pace, which she kept up without flagging, and without exhibiting the least symptom of distress, as long as the peasant kept beside us. Her former panting and shaking had been, I regret to say, a piece of comedy.

My *deus ex machina*, before he left me, supplied some excellent, if inhumane, advice; presented me with the switch, which he declared she would feel more tenderly than my cane; and finally taught me the true cry or masonic word of donkey-drivers, "Proot!" All the time, he regarded me with a comical incredulous air, which was embarrassing to confront; and smiled over my donkey-driving, as I might have smiled over his orthography, or his green tail-coat. But it was not my turn for the moment.

I was proud of my new lore, and thought I had learned the art to perfection. And certainly Modestine did wonders for the rest of the forenoon, and I had a breathing space to look about me. It was Sabbath; the mountain-fields were all vacant in the sunshine; and as we came down through St. Martin de Frugères, the church was crowded to the door, there were people kneeling without upon the steps, and the sound of the priest's chanting came forth out of the dim interior. It gave me a home feeling on the spot; for I am a country-

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man of the Sabbath, so to speak, and all Sabbath observances, like a Scotch accent, strike in me mixed feeling, grateful and the reverse. It is only a traveler, hurrying by like a person from another planet, who can rightly enjoy the peace and beauty of the great ascetic feast. The sight of the resting country does his spirit good. There is something better than music in the wide unusual silence; and it disposes him to amiable thoughts, like the sound of a little river or the warmth of sunlight.

In this pleasant humor I came down the hill to where Goudet stands in the green end of a valley, with Château Beaufort opposite upon a rocky steep, and the stream, as clear as crystal, lying in a deep pool between them. Above and below, you may hear it wimpling over the stones, an amiable stripling of a river, which it seems absurd to call the Loire. On all sides, Goudet is shut in by mountains; rocky foot-paths, practicable at best for donkeys, join it to the outer world of France; and the men and women drink and swear, in their green corner, or look up at the snow-clad peaks in winter from the threshold of their homes, in an isolation, you would think, like that of Homer's Cyclops. But it is not so; the postman reaches Goudet with the letter-bag; the aspiring youth of Goudet are within a day's walk of the railway at Le Puy; and here in the inn you may find an engraved portrait of the host's nephew, Régis Senac, "Professor of Fencing and Champion of the two Americas," a distinction gained by him, along with the sum of five hundred dollars, at Tammany Hall, New York, on the 10th April, 1876.

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I hurried over my midday meal, and was early forth again. But, alas, as we climbed the interminable hill upon the other side, "Proot!" seemed to have lost its virtue. I prooted like a lion, I prooted mellifluously like a sucking-dove; but Modestine would be neither softened nor intimidated. She held doggedly to her pace; nothing but a blow would move her, and that only for a second. I must follow at her heels, incessantly belaboring. A moment's pause in this ignoble toil, and she relapsed into her own private gait. I think I never heard of any one in as mean a situation. I must reach the lake of Bouchet, where I meant to camp, before sundown, and, to have even a hope of this, I must instantly maltreat this uncomplaining animal. The sound of my own blows sickened me. Once, when I looked at her, she had a faint resemblance to a lady of my acquaintance who formerly loaded me with kindness; and this increased my horror of my cruelty.

To make matters worse, we encountered another donkey, ranging at will upon the roadside; and this other donkey chanced to be a gentleman. He and Modestine met nickering for joy, and I had to separate the pair and beat down their young romance with a renewed and feverish bastinado. If the other donkey had had the heart of a male under his hide, he would have fallen upon me tooth and hoof; and this was a kind of consolation — he was plainly unworthy of Modestine's affection. But the incident saddened me, as did everything that spoke of my donkey's sex.

It was blazing hot up the valley, windless, with vehe-

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ment sun upon my shoulders; and I had to labor so consistently with my stick that the sweat ran into my eyes. Every five minutes, too, the pack, the basket, and the pilot-coat would take an ugly slew to one side or the other; and I had to stop Modestine, just when I had got her to a tolerable pace of about two miles an hour, to tug, push, shoulder, and readjust the load. And at last, in the village of Ussel, saddle and all, the whole hypothec turned round and grovelled in the dust below the donkey's belly. She, none better pleased, incontinently drew up and seemed to smile; and a party of one man, two women, and two children came up, and, standing round me in a half-circle, encouraged her by their example.

I had the devil's own trouble to get the thing righted; and the instant I had done so, without hesitation, it toppled and fell down upon the other side. Judge if I was hot! And yet not a hand was offered to assist me. The man, indeed, told me I ought to have a package of a different shape. I suggested, if he knew nothing better to the point in my predicament, he might hold his tongue. And the good-natured dog agreed with me smilingly. It was the most despicable fix. I must plainly content myself with the pack for Modestine, and take the following items for my own share of the portage: a cane, a quart flask, a pilot-jacket heavily weighted in the pockets, two pounds of black bread, and an open basket full of meats and bottles. I believe I may say I am not devoid of greatness of soul; for I did not recoil from this infamous burthen. I disposed

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it, Heaven knows how, so as to be mildly portable, and then proceeded to steer Modestine through the village. She tried, as was indeed her invariable habit, to enter every house and every courtyard in the whole length; and, encumbered as I was, without a hand to help myself, no words can render an idea of my difficulties. A priest, with six or seven others, was examining a church in process of repair, and he and his acolytes laughed loudly as they saw my plight. I remembered having laughed myself when I had seen good men struggling with adversity in the person of a jackass, and the recollection filled me with penitence. That was in my old light days, before this trouble came upon me. God knows at least that I shall never laugh again, thought I. But O, what a cruel thing is a farce to those engaged in it!

A little out of the village, Modestine, filled with the demon, set her heart upon a by-road, and positively refused to leave it. I dropped all my bundles, and, I am ashamed to say, struck the poor sinner twice across the face. It was pitiful to see her lift up her head with shut eyes, as if waiting for another blow. I came very near crying; but I did a wiser thing than that, and sat squarely down by the roadside to consider my situation under the cheerful influence of tobacco and a nip of brandy. Modestine, in the meanwhile, munched some black bread with a contrite hypocritical air. It was plain that I must make a sacrifice to the gods of shipwreck. I threw away the empty bottle destined to carry milk; I threw away my own white bread, and,

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disdaining to act by general average, kept the black bread for Modestine; lastly, I threw away the cold leg of mutton and the egg-whisk, although this last was dear to my heart. Thus I found room for everything in the basket, and even stowed the boating-coat on the top. By means of an end of cord I slung it under one arm; and although the cord cut my shoulder, and the jacket hung almost to the ground, it was with a heart greatly lightened that I set forth again.

I had now an arm free to thrash Modestine, and cruelly I chastised her. If I were to reach the lakeside before dark, she must bestir her little shanks to some tune. Already the sun had gone down into a windy-looking mist; and although there were still a few streaks of gold far off to the east on the hills and the black fir-woods, all was cold and gray about our onward path. An infinity of little country by-roads led hither and thither among the fields. It was the most pointless labyrinth. I could see my destination overhead, or rather the peak that dominates it; but choose as I pleased, the roads always ended by turning away from it, and sneaking back towards the valley, or northward along the margin of the hills. The failing light, the waning color, the naked, unhomely, stony country through which I was travelling, threw me into some despondency. I promise you, the stick was not idle; I think every decent step that Modestine took must have cost me at least two emphatic blows. There was not another sound in the neighborhood but that of my unwearying bastinado.

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Suddenly, in the midst of my toils, the load once more bit the dust, and, as by enchantment, all the cords were simultaneously loosened, and the road scattered with my dear possessions. The packing was to begin again from the beginning; and as I had to invent a new and better system, I do not doubt but I lost half an hour. It began to be dusk in earnest as I reached a wilderness of turf and stones. It had the air of being a road which should lead everywhere at the same time; and I was falling into something not unlike despair when I saw two figures stalking towards me over the stones. They walked one behind the other like tramps, but their pace was remarkable. The son led the way, a tall, ill-made, sombre, Scotch-looking man; the mother followed, all in her Sunday's best, with an elegantly-embroidered ribbon to her cap, and a new felt hat atop, and proffering, as she strode along with kilted petticoats, a string of obscene and blasphemous oaths.

I hailed the son and asked him my direction. He pointed loosely west and north-west, muttered an inaudible comment, and, without slacking his pace for an instant, stalked on, as he was going, right athwart my path. The mother followed without so much as raising her head. I shouted and shouted after them, but they continued to scale the hillside, and turned a deaf ear to my outcries. At last, leaving Modestine by herself, I was constrained to run after them, hailing the while. They stopped as I drew near, the mother still cursing; and I could see she was a handsome, motherly, respectable-looking woman. The son once more answered me roughly

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and inaudibly, and was for setting out again. But this time I simply collared the mother, who was nearest me, and, apologizing for my violence, declared that I could not let them go until they had put me on my road. They were neither of them offended — rather mollified than otherwise; told me I had only to follow them; and then the mother asked me what I wanted by the lake at such an hour. I replied, in the Scotch manner, by inquiring if she had far to go herself. She told me, with another oath, that she had an hour and a half's road before her. And then, without salutation, the pair strode forward again up the hillside in the gathering dusk.

I returned for Modestine, pushed her briskly forward, and, after a sharp ascent of twenty minutes, reached the edge of a plateau. The view, looking back on my day's journey, was both wild and sad. Mount Mézenc and the peaks beyond St. Julien stood out in trenchant gloom against a cold glitter in the east; and the intervening field of hills had fallen together into one broad wash of shadow, except here and there the outline of a wooded sugar-loaf in black, here and there a white irregular patch to represent a cultivated farm, and here and there a blot where the Loire, the Gazeille, or the Lausonne wandered in a gorge.

Soon we were on a highroad, and surprise seized on my mind as I beheld the village of some magnitude close at hand; for I had been told that the neighborhood of the lake was uninhabited except by trout. The road smoked in the twilight with children driving home

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cattle from the fields; and a pair of mounted stride-legged women, hat and cap and all, dashed past me at a hammering trot from the canton where they had been to church and market. I asked one of the children where I was. At Bouchet St. Nicholas, he told me. Thither, about a mile south of my destination, and on the other side of a respectable summit, had these confused roads and treacherous peasantry conducted me. My shoulder was cut, so that it hurt sharply; my arm ached like toothache from perpetual beating; I gave up the lake and my design to camp, and asked for the *auberge*.

A CAMP

By Robert Louis Stevenson

The bed was made, the room was fit,
By punctual eve the stars were lit;
The air was still, the water ran,
No need was there for maid or man,
When we put up, my ass and I,
At God's green caravanserai.

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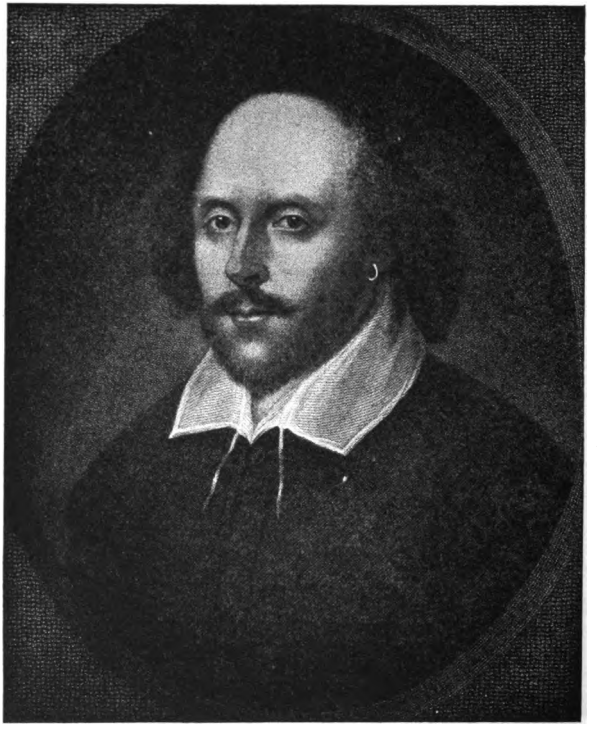

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(Born in 1564; died in 1616.)

It has been said that the greatest poet in our literature has the briefest biography. It is true that little real fact is known about Shakespeare's life. The countless books that his admirers have written about him have been pieced together from stray bits of record, from

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tradition, and from the lives of the characters in his plays. Scholars have said that Shakespeare probably did thus and so because they know that such was the custom of his age and community. Other scholars have said that Shakespeare thought thus and so, because the people in his plays have similar thoughts. All this, of course, is very clever surmising, but it tells us little that we may be certain is true of the real Shakespeare.

We are not even sure of his birthday. A record of his baptism is dated April 26, 1564, and since it was the custom to baptize a child three days after birth, it is assumed that Shakespeare was born on April 23.

John Shakespeare, the poet's father, was a well-to-do citizen of Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, England. At various times he held several different public offices, such as ale-taster, bailiff, and chief alderman. It is thought that he had not much education for, although he could write, he often signed business papers with his mark.

Shakespeare's mother, Mary Arden Shakespeare, could not write her name. She was, however, a woman of gentle and fine feeling, with a keen appreciation of nature. Through her the boy was led to see the world about him with understanding eyes. The seeds planted in his mind then must have borne fruit later in such passages as:

> "O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
> In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
> For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
> But to the earth some special good doth give."

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The English poet, John Masefield, says of the great bard and the country around Stratford, "Life took thought for Shakespeare. She bred him, mind and bone, in a two-fold district of hill and valley, where country life was at its best and the beauty of England at its bravest."

It was easy, therefore, for Shakespeare to write of the true poet's country where

> "Daisies pied and violets blue,
> And lady-smocks all silver-white,
> And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
> Do paint the meadows with delight."

There, too, he must have learned to know the habits and haunts of birds and fish and animals, and there he doubtless acquainted himself with the folklore and tradition of the countryside.

At Stratford grammar school Shakespeare probably learned the "small Latin and less Greek" that his friend Ben Jonson says he knew. The "small Latin" was perhaps considerable, as in the old grammar schools much attention was given to the subject. Perhaps he learned French there too. He knew some French, as is shown in his plays. But of the rest of his studies we are ignorant.

As he grew older, his father apparently had financial difficulties which at length made it necessary for the boy to be taken out of school, in order that he might help with the family income. His father seems to have been engaged in the butchering business at the period, and Shakespeare worked for some time as his assistant. An early biographer says, "When he killed a calf, he would

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doe it in a high style and make a speech." It appears that he was even then in love with play-acting.

At eighteen, Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a farmer in the neighboring town of Shottery, and a few years later (when he was twenty-one or twenty-two) he left Stratford.

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE

An old story has it that Shakespeare left his native town under some pressure — in fact, that he went to avoid arrest for stealing deer in a park near Stratford, belonging to Sir Thomas Lucy. As evidence of the truth of this story, it is pointed out that Shakespeare caricatured Sir Thomas later, in *Henry IV* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* as Justice Shallow, with the "dozen white luces" on his coat. This deer-stealing story, however, along with most of the anecdotes of Shakespeare, seems to have very little foundation in fact.

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Whether Shakespeare went at once to London or taught for a while in a neighboring country school is not certain. At any rate, sometime in 1586 he appeared in the capital, having doubtless traveled there on foot.

Henceforth, his life was bound up with the theater — from the time when he began as holder of horses, or call-boy in one of the two theaters in London, till the time when he came to be the greatest writer of plays in the English language, some say in any language.

Needless to say, his rise was not slow. Before long he had changed his scene of action from the street to the stage. Legend says that his first part was a very "mean" one, but he was apparently successful, for he continued with the same company to the end of his acting career. We have it on the authority of a contemporary that he "did act exceedingly well" though there is no full record of the parts he played. It is interesting to note, however, that character parts were his specialty and that one of his rôles was that of the ghost in his own play, *Hamlet.*

During these early years in London, Shakespeare, with a great deal of native shrewdness, was finding out what the theater-loving public wanted, and laying the foundation for his work as a playwright. At the start he made over and improved other people's plays, but he soon advanced to the making of his own, — the first of which, *Love's Labour's Lost,* was probably produced in 1592.

He must have been a tireless worker — and a sure one. In twenty years (from 1591 to 1611) he wrote over thirty plays, and it is said that he hardly erased a line he wrote. Shakespeare was more fortunate than many writers;

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fame came to him in a certain measure while he was still alive. Literary men recognized his worth and Queen Elizabeth, the great patron of letters, looked upon him with great favor. It is said that he was invited to read his plays to her.

Unlike many actors, and writers, also, Shakespeare seems to have been a shrewd business man. He prospered financially and in time became the manager of a theatrical company and part owner of the Globe and Blackfriars, two London theaters.

The fortune he built up enabled him to buy New Place in 1597, the largest house in Stratford. This estate he enlarged by several purchases and in 1611 retired from the stage, and went to spend the rest of his days comfortably in his native town.

The order in which Shakespeare probably wrote his plays has been an interesting study for scholars, because they have found that those written at different times differ widely.

The early plays, such as *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *The Comedy of Errors*, are full of youthful rollicking gayety. And they show, oftentimes, signs that the poet had not quite mastered his tools.

A Midsummer Night's Dream and *As You Like It* are examples of the next period of Shakespeare's writing, in which he had perfected his skill but had not yet lost his gayety and youthful freshness. Nothing can compare with the frolicsome drollery of some of the passages, or the exquisite lightness of fairy songs such as the one that follows from *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

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"Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen;
To dew her orbs upon the green."

Then came a time when it seemed as if Shakespeare were under some dark cloud. Whether he really was undergoing great sorrow or other mental depression is not known, but in this period he produced his great tragedies — *Macbeth, Hamlet, Othello,* and *King Lear.*

We are glad to see that the later plays show a more serene spirit, as if Shakespeare had passed out of his depression and once more saw the sunnier side of life. Sometimes, as in Ariel's song in *The Tempest,* we hear again the light-hearted playfulness of his earlier plays.

"Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands,
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear;
Hark, Hark!
(Bow-wow)
The watch-dogs bark.
(Bow-wow)
Hark, Hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, cock-a-didle-dow."

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Writers have exhausted their vocabularies trying to describe Shakespeare's work, and the "myriad-minded" man that his work shows him to have been. And yet they have all had difficulty in conveying the idea of his greatness — of his calm, large understanding of life. Walter Savage Landor voiced this feeling when he wrote:

> "Shakespeare is not our poet but the world's —
> Therefore on him no speech!"

One proof of Shakespeare's universality lies in the fact that many of his pithy sayings have become household words:

Every why hath a wherefore.
Men of few words are the best men.
The web of our life is of mingled yarn, good and ill together.
The better part of valor is discretion.
The wise man knows himself to be a fool.
Every one can master a grief but he that has it.
The night is long that never finds the day.
The fashion wears out more apparel than the man.

His knowledge of human character and his gift of speech enabled him thus to express most fittingly the great and the simple truths that all people recognize as common to their own experience.

Only after you have read his works can you have any idea of the remarkable range of his skill, which could at one time create the old, broken, mad King Lear, and at another time bring forth Puck and the fairies to dance in the moonshine.

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Carlyle has compared Shakespeare to a perfectly level mirror that reflects everything truly. And again he has compared him to the sea:

"On the whole, I know not such a power of vision, such a faculty of thought, if we take all the characters of it, in any other man. Such a calmness of depth; placid joyous strength; all things imaged in that great soul of his so true and clear, as in a tranquil unfathomable sea!"

But the best that Carlyle could say about Shakespeare he has said in just four words, "Great as the world."

For he was truly, as his friend Ben Jonson said of him, "not of an age, but for all time."

POLONIUS' ADVICE

By William Shakespeare

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
Bear 't, that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

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Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not exprest in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

MERCY

By William Shakespeare

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptered sway;
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

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SCENES FROM *JULIUS CÆSAR*

By William Shakespeare

I

THE CONSPIRACY

Rome. A public place

Brutus *and* Cassius, *a crowd in the distance*

Brutus. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cassius. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brutus. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well. —
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cassius. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story. —
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:

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We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" — Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plungèd in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roared; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their color fly;
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"

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As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish*
Brutus. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heaped on Cæsar.
Cassius. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and *Cæsar:* what should be in that *Cæsar?*
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as *Cæsar.* [*Shout*
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,

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When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say
There was a Brutus once that would have brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

. . . . . .

CÆSAR *and* ANTONY *passing*

Cæsar. Antonius!

Anthony. Cæsar?

Cæsar. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Antony. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæsar. Would he were fatter: — but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony: he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.

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II

THE FUNERAL ORATIONS

The Forum

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS *and a throng of Citizens*

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Brutus. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends. —
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers. —
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be renderèd
Of Cæsar's death.

First Citizen. I will hear Brutus speak.

Second Citizen. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them renderèd.

[*Exit* CASSIUS *with some of the Citizens.* BRUTUS *goes into the Rostrum*

Third Citizen. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Brutus. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear: believe me for mine honor: and have respect to mine honor that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than

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his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer:—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Citizens. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth: as which of you shall not? With this I depart: that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

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Citizens. Live, Brutus, live! live!

First Citizen. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Second Citizen. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Citizen. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Citizen. Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crowned in Brutus.

First Citizen. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Brutus. My countrymen, —

Second Citizen. Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

First Citizen. Peace, ho!

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit*

First Citizen. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Citizen. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Antony. For Brutus' sake I am beholding to you.

Fourth Citizen. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Citizen. He says, for Brutus' sake
He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Citizen. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Citizen. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

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Third Citizen. Nay, that's certain:
We are blessed that Rome is rid of him.
Second Citizen. Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.
Antony. You gentle Romans —
Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest, —
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men; —
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal

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I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! — Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Citizen. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Citizen. If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Citizen. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Citizen. Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Citizen. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Second Citizen. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Citizen. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Citizen. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,

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And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament —
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read —
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

Fourth Citizen. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

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Fourth Citizen. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.
Antony. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar: I do fear it.
Fourth Citizen. They were traitors: *honorable men!*
Citizens. The will! the testament!
Second Citizen. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will!
Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?
Citizens. Come down.
Second Citizen. Descend. [*He comes down*
Third Citizen. You shall have leave.
Fourth Citizen. A ring; stand round.
First Citizen. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.
Second Citizen. Room for Antony — most noble Antony!
Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
Citizens. Stand back! room! bear back!
Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii: —

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Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed;
And as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I and you and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

First Citizen. O piteous spectacle!

Second Citizen. O noble Cæsar!

Third Citizen. O woeful day!

Fourth Citizen. O traitors, villains!

First Citizen. O most bloody sight!

Second Citizen. We will be revenged.

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Citizens. Revenge! about! — seek! — burn! — fire! — kill! — slay! — let not a traitor live!

Antony. Stay, countrymen.

First Citizen. Peace there: — hear the noble Antony.

Second Citizen. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens. We'll mutiny!

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First Citizen. We'll burn the house of Brutus!

Third Citizen. Away, then; come, seek the conspirators!

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Citizens. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not — I must tell you, then: —
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens. Most true; the will! — let's stay, and hear the will.

Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Second Citizen. Most noble Cæsar! — we'll revenge his death.

Third Citizen. O royal Cæsar!

Antony. Hear me with patience.

Citizens. Peace, ho!

Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?

First Citizen. Never, never! — Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,

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And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

Second Citizen. Go, fetch fire.

Third Citizen. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Citizen. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body*

Antony. Now let it work! Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt! —

Enter a Servant

How now, fellow?

Servant. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Antony. Where is he?

Servant. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Antony. And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Servant. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Antony. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt*

III

THE QUARREL

Within the tent of BRUTUS

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS

Cassius. That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;

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Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
Brutus. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.
Cassius. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
Brutus. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cassius. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Brutus. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cassius. Chastisement!
Brutus. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, — shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cassius. Brutus, bait not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, ay,

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Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Brutus. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cassius. I am.

Brutus. I say you are not.

Cassius. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Brutus. Away, slight man!

Cassius. Is 't possible?

Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cassius. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Brutus. All this? ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you! for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cassius. Is it come to this?

Brutus. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cassius. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;

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I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?
Brutus. If you did, I care not.
Cassius. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
Brutus. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cassius. I durst not?
Brutus. No.
Cassius. What? durst not tempt him?
Brutus. For your life you durst not.
Cassius. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Brutus. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats:
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me; —
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection! I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

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Cassius. I denied you not.
Brutus. You did.
Cassius. I did not; he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. — Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Brutus. I do not, till you practice them on me.
Cassius. You love me not.
Brutus. I do not like your faults.
Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cassius. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! — There is my dagger
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.
Brutus. Sheathe your dagger:

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Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cassius. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?
Brutus. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.
Cassius. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Brutus. And my heart too.
Cassius. O Brutus! —
Brutus. What's the matter?
Cassius. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Brutus. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

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SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

AIMS IN TEACHING READING

THE reading lesson in this grade should be much more than an intellectual exercise in thought-getting or a physical drill in voice-training. The teacher should understand that the fundamental purpose of the reading of literature is to nourish the spiritual nature and stimulate it to virtuous action. The most important thing is to see that the vital message of the selection is appreciated with such sympathetic understanding that it will affect conduct.

The following are subsidiary details that should not be neglected, but they should always be contributory to the main end:

1. *The pupils must get the thought.*

The teacher should have in mind the dominant thought of the selection and should ask such questions as will impress the thought upon the pupils. The main idea should not be lost sight of by too much attention to minor details.

2. *They should connect what they read with their own experience.*

Many selections should be used as the basis of conversation, to call up related incidents that the pupils have observed. Only as the selection is brought within the range of their own experience will they be able to interpret it aright.

3. *They should appreciate the author's way of putting things.*

There are certain qualities of style, characteristic of great writers, that are easily within the capacity of boys and girls to enjoy and appreciate. They should notice humorous allusions, striking epithets, and forceful and felicitous expressions. When they enjoy an author, they will take delight in reading aloud what he so happily says. This little touch of familiarity with an author will break up the artificial "reading tone" that is the bane of the schoolroom.

4. *They must use their imagination.*

They must form a clear mental picture of the scene or situation. Give them the background when necessary, and ask questions that will

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stimulate the imagination so that they will construct a mental image and supply details. When they see, they can tell.

Frequently exercise the constructive imagination, not only by asking the pupils to add numerous details not mentioned, but by having them construct a mental picture of a situation differing in important particulars; for example, in Hawthorne's story, what would have happened if Feathertop had not seen himself in the glass?

5. *They must exercise their own judgment.*

It is a mistake to tell pupils that they must let the voice fall at a certain place or stress a certain word, but it is profitable to choose a paragraph and have the pupils select the significant ideas and then read so as to convey their idea of the meaning. There will be differences of opinion as to which are the important words, and these differences should be brought out by having the pupils defend their opinions and read to convey their individual ideas. Do not impose your own opinion upon the pupils, but put questions that will exercise their independent judgment.

6. *In oral reading and conversation they should use the voice properly.*

This involves correct enunciation and pronunciation, agreeable tone quality, and suitable expression, which were taken up in detail in READINGS IN LITERATURE, BOOK ONE.

SUGGESTED LESSON PLANS

Teachers of this grade have the ability to adapt the treatment of selections to the needs of the pupils. Two brief methods of study are included here simply as suggestions.

I. PLAN FOR A SHORT STORY

The Gift of the Magi. A good short story can usually be outlined as follows:

I. The introduction.
   a. The setting.
   b. The time.
   c. The characters.
II. The development.

(This includes the steps, or incidents which bring out the plot.)

III. The climax.
IV. The conclusion.

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Outline "The Gift of the Magi" in this way. How many steps are there in the development of the plot? When does the surprise or climax come? This is the characteristic feature of O. Henry's stories.

Does the story of Della's sacrifice remind you of any other story in which a girl cut off her hair to earn money for some one whom she loved? Let some one in the class tell the story of Jo in *Little Women*.

"The Gift of the Magi" is published in a book called *Stories of the Four Million*. Suppose that the publishers of this book want to advertise it in the magazine. Can you give the story of "The Gift of the Magi" in a very brief form, making it as interesting as possible to the readers of the advertisement so that they will want to buy the book to read this story and the others? Can you suggest an illustration that might be used with the advertisement?

II. Plan for a Section of a Long Poem

Horatius. (Stanzas VIII–XIX.) The first seven stanzas of this stirring ballad tell of the enemy's preparations for invading Rome. Who was this enemy? Why was he making war against Rome? How had he collected his army? How large a fighting force did he have? Of whom did they consist? Why should an army of this sort be especially feared in Rome?

The eighth stanza begins the description of the effect on the Romans of the news of the approaching enemy and tells of their preparations for defense.

Preparation: Read the twelve stanzas carefully in preparation for the class reading. Look up the pronunciation of proper names and any words of whose meaning you are not sure. Look up the story of Tarpeia and be ready to tell it to the class. Look up the word *toga* in a dictionary. Bring to class any questions on words or references. Select the stanza that you would especially like to read aloud.

In Class: Read carefully each stanza answering these questions:

(VIII) Why did the people of the surrounding country take flight to Rome? What does the word *refugee* mean? What does the description of the refugees in this stanza remind you of in recent history?

(IX) Compare the way in which the Fathers of the City received their tidings of the approaching enemy with the way a modern government gets its war news.

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(X) How does this stanza remind you of the German march towards Paris? At what river was the battle fought that saved Paris?

(XI) What were the "gowns" of the Consuls and Senate called? How were they worn? If you had read only this one stanza, what would tell you that their country was at war?

(XII) What river is meant here? What was Janiculum? Why is Rome often called the "City of the Seven Hills"? Do you know any other name that is given this city? (Notice the difference in spelling and pronunciation of the words *Consul* and *council*. What does the word *counsel* mean?)

(XIII–XIV) Notice especially the description of the approach of the enemy. From whose point of view is the description given? What does he see first? How does the scene change? Does he first see or hear the on-coming forces? Would this be true? What does he hear first? What one sound is first distinguished from the roll and hum? What thing does he first see standing out from the cloud? Can you think of any reason why the author makes Stanza XIV twelve lines long while almost all of the other stanzas have only eight lines? Can you find any words in the stanza which are like the sounds heard by the Consul? Now read Stanza XIV aloud, trying to make the class feel that the forces of Lars Porsena are coming nearer and nearer to the city. Should you read the last lines more, or less, slowly?

(XV) What is the effect of the beginning of this stanza?

(XVI) Try to feel the ring of patriotism in Horatius' speech. What is Horatius' idea of the best use a man can make of his life?

(XVII) What is the meaning of the word *strait?* What was Horatius' plan? Why do you think it was practicable?

(XVIII) Who were Horatius' companions? Why is their ancestry mentioned?

(XIX) Notice a Roman's definition of patriotism "in the brave days of old." Is ours to-day different?

Read the section aloud giving all the expression that you can. Try to show how the Consul felt; how the scout gave his message; and the feeling with which the dauntless Three spoke to the Consul.

Some one in the class should tell the story of Tarpeia. Another should tell the story of Leonidas and the Spartans at Thermopylæ. How does this story compare with the story of Horatius?

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SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

The first group of selections interprets the American spirit, traces the growth of the idea of American democracy to world-wide democracy, and describes some of the statesmen who have led the way.

The group closes with tributes to sister nations that joined hands in the greatest drama of all history, by which the world is to be made safe for democracy.

Page 11. God Give Us Men. *Lust of office:* the desire for a position of public authority, which leads one to sacrifice principle in order to gain it. In what sense does the poet use *kill* here? *Spoils of office:* the plunder or profit, which may tempt one to serve a cause. Grover Cleveland said, "A public office is a public trust," in reply to those who said, "To the victor belong the spoils." Personal gain should not be the motive for accepting public office. This poem has helped the cause of "Civil Service Reform." Do you know what that means? *Suncrowned . . . above the fog:* is a forceful expression applied to those who see clear and think straight, without mental confusion, or fog. *Rabble:* another expressive word, which once meant a pack of barking hounds. *Professions:* claims or public statements.

Our country provides by law for Freedom and Justice; why then are men necessary? Theodore Roosevelt frequently said that men of vision and character are more necessary in a democracy than in any other form of government.

Page 13. From the Speech in Independence Hall. Lincoln, on the way to his inauguration in 1861, stopped at Philadelphia and attended the patriotic exercises at Independence Hall on the twenty-second of February. Unexpectedly to him, he was called upon to speak. His words now seem prophetic.

Who were some of the great men to whose wisdom he alludes? Lincoln had not at that time announced his policy toward the slaves, but what would be inferred from his speech? What does the Declaration say regarding the hope of an equal chance for all men? Quote the four lines beginning "All men are created equal." What did Lincoln say of this sentiment?

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Page 14. A Defense of the American Revolution. This remarkable speech voiced the sentiment of many of the leading statesmen and probably most of the common people of England, but the stubborn king and his subservient ministry gave no heed to it. The government had planned a great campaign for 1777 which should detach New England from the other colonies. St. Leger was to come eastward by the Mohawk from Lake Ontario, Burgoyne southward by Lake Champlain, and Howe northward by the Hudson and they were to meet near Albany. St. Leger was defeated and turned back in August, Burgoyne surrendered in October, and Howe, who did not receive his instructions, had left New York and was engaged in a wild-goose chase after Washington around Philadelphia. The British Government thereupon asked Parliament for money to hire more German soldiers and prepare a still greater expedition. Pitt, who was known as "The Great Commoner," or spokesman for the common people, made his protest one month after the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga. The announcement had not yet been made but the disaster was foreseen.

Page 19. The Essential Principles of Our Government. Jeffersor came to the presidency as the champion of democracy. The formulation of democratic ideas may be looked upon as his greatest achievement. His ideals, though in many respects as old as the colonies themselves, are not yet fully carried out in practice.

The most important one of all — to secure equal and exact justice to all — is far from realization yet. It is another way of stating the idea Jefferson expressed twenty-five years before, that all men are created equal. Men may not be alike mentally or physically but they are equal before the law and are entitled to exact justice. It is the idea of an equal chance for all. Can you think of instances in which this theory is not carried out in practice?

Another great principle of government for which Jefferson stood is the method of settling abuses and determining policies by *elections*, or the formal choice of the people by vote — the will of the majority to be supreme. Freedom in a democracy is not freedom to do as one pleases. One can vote or express one's desire, but when the people decide, the will of the majority must be obeyed. Which clause in Jefferson's inaugural sets this forth? Notice his reasons for it. How do some people's idea of liberty differ from this?

Examine the last paragraph of principles in the inaugural (p. 20).

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It represents a third important consideration. If the majority is to rule it must be an intelligent and humane majority, otherwise the rule may be ignorant and brutal. In order that it may be intelligent, there must be freedom of the press and freedom of discussion; in order that it may be humane there must be freedom of religion and opinion. Even a majority cannot deprive one of liberty without due process of law. Every one shall have the right to demand a trial and be present at it with legal counsel (*habeas corpus;* have the body, bring the prisoner for trial), and the jury shall be an impartial one. This is contrary to the practice in many countries.

Page 21. Daniel Webster at Bunker Hill. Webster was probably America's greatest orator, and was as impressive in appearance as in speech. It is said that when he appeared in London, people stopped and exclaimed, " There goes a king."

Page 23. Our Sacred Trust. *What a praise you have added to freedom :* Because " the veterans " had thrown off the tyranny of Great Britain, France and many South American states took courage to establish republics. Solon gave a wise and merciful code of laws to Greece about 500 B.C., and Alfred the Great did the same for England in the ninth century A.D. Which " fathers " particularly did Webster refer to as Solons and Alfreds (p. 24)? Read one by one the several exhortations which Webster addresses to his hearers.

Page 25. Washington. This eulogy of Washington is a part of Webster's Bunker Hill Address. The words " *First in war,*" etc., are quoted from Light-Horse Harry Lee; look him up in your United States history. What place does Webster give Washington among the great men of the eighteenth century? In what particulars is the Bunker Hill Monument typical of Washington? What facts are cited to prove that Washington was entirely a product of America?

Page 27. Three Great Americans. *Saxon spirit:* The Angles and Saxons were seafaring people who came from the shores of the Baltic and North seas to England in the fifth century. The Angles were more numerous and gave their name to England (Angleland). The Saxons settled the southern portion of the island, and the people were therefore known to Europe as the Saxons. The English language and also common law come largely from the Anglo-Saxons. The Saxons when on the north shore of Germany had trial by jury, town meetings, election of officers instead of hereditary rulers, the rule of the majority,

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and sheriffs (shire reeves, rulers of shires, or counties). They were all "free born" and had the right to have property. In England the chiefs became kings, and many of the rights were lost, but common law and ideas of personal rights preserved the "immemorial Saxon spirit." Why was America fruitful soil for its development? How has it changed? What one American is the best representative of the American spirit? What is meant by calling Franklin a multiple American (p. 28)?

Mr. Allworthy: a benevolent country gentleman in the novel *Tom Jones*. *William the Silent* (p. 29): The king of Spain and the king of France united to conquer the Netherlands. The French king informed William of the plan, expecting to corrupt him. William maintained silence and went on quietly preparing to resist. This he successfully did for many years and finally freed the Netherlands. This led to the rise of the Dutch Republic. Contrast Jackson and Lincoln.

Explain, *A composite figure* (p. 31), *the country is summed up in him.*

Page 31. The Centennial Celebration of Lexington. How had our country changed in the hundred years since the Revolution? What ideals remained the same? What is the "vital condition" of national greatness? What is a Belshazzar's feast? (See page 109.) By what moral standard should public men be tested? Compare with "God Give Us Men" (p. 11).

The moral law (p. 34): the rule of right living or conduct, as sanctioned by the conscience, which tells us what is right or wrong. Is the temptation to violate the moral law greater in prosperity or in adversity?

Page 35. Our Adopted Sons. Judge Kavanaugh delivered this address in Portland, Oregon, in 1918, to a large number of foreign-born people who were prepared to take the oath of allegiance.

Why is it of immense importance not only to themselves but to this country that all foreign-born residents should become full-fledged citizens? How does a sovereign citizen differ from a subject? What is loyalty? True loyalty springs from love and gratitude; why should it be easy to be loyal to our country?

The sword of justice and the shield of mercy (p. 37): the sword drawn against tyranny, and the shield protecting the oppressed.

Page 37. Good Citizenship. Theodore Roosevelt, more than any other American of this generation, was "the young man's hero." He thundered at the door of public conscience with his "big stick" till he aroused men from their moral stupor. These are some of the things

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that he stood for: decent living and obedience to duty; fair play, in sport, business, or politics; hard work and no idle class; active participation of all in public affairs. Find these sentiments in his address.

What kind of efficiency does he believe in? What kind of idealism does he have contempt for? What two traits does he require in politics? What does he mean by *pulling your own weight* (p. 42)? In another address he urges the boys to "hit the line hard." What evidence do you find that he was fond of sports? What is the right kind of sporting spirit? Why is the do-nothing a menace to society? What is school spirit? What is the right kind? What is the best contribution a student can make to his school?

The Hill school is a boys' school in Pennsylvania.

Page 47. The History of Our Flag. *St. Andrew:* one of the Twelve Apostles, and the patron saint of Scotland. *St. George:* a Christian martyr in Asiatic Turkey in the third century, and the patron saint of England and some other countries.

Prior to the Declaration what was the American flag? What did it indicate? Why did the declaration make a new flag necessary? Why should a circle be a badge of union? Why is it not continued? How many stars are in the flag now? What do the colors indicate? The whole flag stands for our country's motto *E pluribus unum.* Find this on a coin. It was expressed by Webster thus: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

No particular order seems now to be observed (p. 49): The sermon from which this selection is quoted was delivered soon after the Civil War. In 1912, when the last two states were admitted to the Union, the arrangement of stars was defined by an act of Congress as six rows of stars with eight stars in each row.

Page 50. What Constitutes a State? Men who know equally their duties and their rights, and who have the courage for both, will make a State where Law is sovereign, and good is triumphant over ill. *Law* is the collected will of the state. This is true only in a democracy. Why? Compare this poem with the first in the book.

Page 51. As Toilsome I Wandered Virginia's Woods. Whitman served as a nurse in the Civil War. His remarkable poems have neither rhyme nor regular meter. Notice how this one differs from ordinary poetry. Why is caution as necessary for a soldier as bravery? Cour-

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age that is rash and reckless is foolhardy. There is an old motto which says, "Be bold, be bold, be not too bold!" What does this mean?

Pages 52 and 53. The Fatherland; Let Freedom Be Your King; The Parting of the Ways. The stirring poem by Lowell is a rebuke to the narrow conception of "Vaterland." It is a recognition that along with our duty to our own land we are called to assist in the spread of freedom and happiness to all, for ours is a *world-wide fatherland.* This poem and Emerson's written many years ago foreshadow the growth of the idea of liberty to take in all the world. **The Parting of the Ways** is a clarion call to America to take the lead in the regeneration of the world. *No guerdon* (p. 54): no reward. Act for the sake of humanity, and not with secret and selfish motives.

Page 54. Liberty for All Mankind. America entered the War in April, 1917. This address was made by President Wilson at Mount Vernon, July 4, 1918, after our aims in the war were definitely established. It sets forth the decision of our country to come out from its isolation and assist in the world-wide spread of Justice and Freedom, and shows that this decision is the outcome of the great movement begun by Washington and our forefathers. It is *the fruitage of what they planted* (p. 56). *The barons at Runnymede* (p. 54). The tenants of the king, the lesser nobility, revolted against the demands of King John of England and at the little stream of Runnymede compelled the king to sign the Great Charter (Magna Charta) which was the beginning of English liberty. It provided that there should not be taxation without representation, that there should not be imprisonment without trial, and that justice should not be bought or sold; in short, that the people had rights which even kings were bound to respect.

Sum up in a single sentence what this country proposes to stand for in its relations with the world.

What is meant by *the balances of power* (p. 59). What is proposed to take the place of alliances to secure a balance of power?

Page 59. America and Great Britain Side by Side. The Fourth of July, 1918, was celebrated in England by even more elaborate ceremonies than in the United States. James Bryce, who had written appreciative and authoritative studies of the United States government and who had been a most acceptable ambassador to this country, was the orator.

What has been gained and lost by the separation of this country

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from England? To what was the separation due? Compare with the speech of Pitt in the time of the Revolution (page 14). *Lycidas* (p. 61): a poem by Milton. *Milton and Hampden:* Milton was not only a poet; he wrote many powerful addresses upon the tyranny of kings and in defense of the Commonwealth government which beheaded Charles I. "Patriot" Hampden was the hero of that period. He was one of the first to resist the usurpations of Charles I, and argued the case for twelve days before the judges. He afterward fell in battle against the throne.

What reasons for mutual respect have the two nations?

That star (p. 63): A remarkably brilliant star had appeared suddenly in the sky, but had disappeared after a few days — supposed by some to have been the conflagration of some world. *To redress the balance:* to adjust again the scales of justice so they will be true.

Canning: an English statesman of the eighteenth century.

Page 64. The Spires of Oxford. In the recent Great War, the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford were among the very first to respond to the call of England for volunteers. More than two thirds of the students went at the first call and most of them sacrificed their lives on Flanders' fields. *Cricket-field:* Cricket is the national sport in England, as baseball is here. *The quad:* quadrangle, a court or yard inclosed by college buildings. *Oxford town:* Oxford University is composed of twenty-seven colleges. There are also many cathedrals and churches with lofty spires, making Oxford on the Thames one of the most beautiful towns of England.

Page 66. The Name of France. This is a deserved tribute to the gallant nation that "carried on" for four years against great odds. France had enriched life with her brilliant literature and art. She had in the French Revolution led Europe out of the feudal ages. She had been the ally of America in our Revolution and to cement our friendship she had given us the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," placed in New York harbor.

No wonder, when France called for help in her struggle which threatened the freedom of the world, that her appeal should move our hearts.

Page 67. To Belgium. Explain why the poet here applies to Belgium the phrase "infinitely great."

Page 68. An Ode. The most majestic proof of divine design is the universe, *the spacious firmament*, with its untold millions of stars,

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or suns, each star probably with its system of planets, and the planet with its moon — and all circling through space in perfect harmony. The ancients believed the stars in their courses gave forth music too fine for mortal ears, which they called the harmony of the spheres. What do the spheres say to reason's ear? Memorize this poem.

Page 69. The Ocean. Next to the majesty of the heavens is that of the ocean. At all times, whether calm or convulsed, whether forming the ice caps at the poles or heaving in torrid climes, it is boundless, endless, and sublime, and therefore is like eternity. *Glasses itself in tempests* (p. 70): In a storm we see as in a glass the majesty of the Almighty. *The Throne of the Invisible:* In the Psalms this thought is expressed thus: "His pavilions round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies." *Each zone obeys thee:* The ocean with its currents and winds affects the climate. *As I do here* (p. 71): Under what circumstances do you infer that this, the most beautiful of all poems upon the sea, was composed?

Page 71. The River. Compare the three stages of the river with those of the human soul. The large stones (*shingles*), the dam (*weir*), the crag, are characteristic of the upper course of streams, and the country church bell suggests the innocence of the region round about. Contrast with the middle course of the stream. In the lower course the stones have been ground to fine sand. These are stopped and heaped up at the mouth by the incoming waves of the ocean which leap over the *bar*.

Page 72. The Pond. In this exceedingly simple description we see the beginning of one of the world's great naturalists. His thirst to know led him over all obstacles, to school and college as well as to nature. Fame and plenty came to him from his work, but his joy in his work was his greatest satisfaction. Carlyle says "Blessed is the man who has found his work. There is no higher blessedness."

Hop-o'-my-thumb (p. 73): a pygmy hero in the fairy story who by his cunning saves his parents and rescues his brothers from the ogre. *Eyots:* small islands. *They spin on the surface of the water* (p. 77): Fabre refers here to the whirligigs, that look like shimmering pearls twisting rapidly. *Shells with compact whorls:* river snails possibly. *Little worms:* probably the grubs of mosquitoes, or other insects. *Fins constantly flapping* (p. 78): possibly the water-boatmen that swim on their backs with two oars cross-wise. A *Scarab:* a beetle.

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Some are very beautiful. Our common ones, glossy black, and hard bodied, are often to be seen rolling their balls of food on the roadside.

Broken stones sparkling with magnificent clusters (p. 79): geodes, roundish or "earth-form" stones containing glassy or amethyst-colored quartz crystals. They are believed to be formed by hot water dissolving pockets in stone and depositing crystals from matter in solution. The water of Yellowstone springs does this. *Gold filings:* probably small bits of mica. *A ram's-horn* (p. 80): the fossil shell of the ammonite, an animal that was somewhat like the nautilus and sometimes a foot or more across. *Derelicts of life* (p. 81): the castaways.

Sum up some of the interesting things about a pond. Does Fabre's account remind you of a similar experience in your childhood? Describe it. What does Fabre say is the best of all man's gifts? Why is it worth while to use this gift even if that means a life of hardship?

Page 82. Color in the Wheat. Those who have seen the lights and shadows play on a field of ripening wheat will appreciate this delicate description — the light breeze and the flying cloud, with the ripples and the changing sheen; the hum of distant reapers, the hawk swooping down and the sunflower nodding as the wind sleeps; and then the dazzling dance again. What colors are mentioned? One might think the wheat field was a sea, from *the deeps* and *the lazy wave*, and, as the slow billow rolls over *the deeps of ripening wheat*, it does resemble a sea of *liquid gold*.

Page 84. A Forest Hymn. *The shaft* or column, and the *architrave* (ärk'ĭ trāv) which was the part laid upon top of the columns, typify the classical temples of Greece and Rome. The *vault* refers to the Christian Cathedrals with their arched roofs. What does Bryant say was the purpose of the lofty vaults? Most cathedrals are of Gothic architecture as distinct from classical architecture. It is thought the Gothic idea was borrowed from the arching branches of forest trees. In northern countries it is necessary for large buildings to have steep roofs to support and turn the snow. All these ideas may have entered into the vaulted constructions. Why is the forest a fit shrine for worship?

Thy own Eternity (p. 85): The spirit of life goes on from youth to age and then again to youth eternally. How is this exemplified in the forest? What lessons do the tempests and forests teach?

Page 86. Hymn to the Night. It takes imagination to appreciate this, one of the most exquisite of all Longfellow's poems. It represents

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Night as an angel descending from the walls of heaven to the marble halls of earth. The poet feels her soothing presence. The whisperings of night — the weird sounds that haunt the night time — seem like the music of poets' rhymes. Her breath — the peaceful midnight air — pours repose upon his soul, and he breathes a song of thanksgiving and welcome to "Holy Night." *Orestes* prayed to his protecting divinity to save him from the Furies and bring him peace. His father, Agamemnon, of Trojan-war fame, had been treacherously slain by his wicked mother's connivance. Obedient to the command of the Delphic oracle, he avenged his father's death, but was pursued by the avenging Furies till he was maddened. His appeal was heard and he was restored to his right mind and enthroned in his father's kingdom. So will holy night restore our souls and give us peace.

Page 89. Mountain Climbing with John Muir. *John Muir* was an American naturalist of Scotch birth. When a boy on a Wisconsin farm, he found time for study by rising at three in the morning. A number of inventions, made by utilizing old parts of farm machinery, made it possible for him to spend four years at the Wisconsin State University. He explored and studied many parts of the United States and extended his travels around the world. He discovered the great glacier in Alaska now known by his name. It is chiefly due to his untiring efforts that the United States Government has undertaken the creation and maintenance of a system of national parks.

Niche in the Merced Mountains (p. 90): The Yosemite Valley in California. *Stockton's negative gravity machine:* an invention of fancy by the author Frank Stockton, by which the pull of the earth was neutralized. *The glaciers . . . God's landscape gardeners* (p. 92): The Great Lakes of North America and innumerable small ones in the same locality were scooped out ages ago by the great ice cap or glacier that extended from the polar regions as far south as the Ohio River. The hills and valleys of these regions were shaped by the same agency. The ice age is not yet fully passed but glaciers are slowly disappearing.

Metamorphic Slate: When a mountain is forming, the fold sometimes cracks and the melted material in the interior of the earth is forced through. This is known as metamorphic rock, that is, rock changed in form by pressure, heat, and water. *Control:* a spirit that is believed by the Spiritualists to direct the acts and utterances of persons under its influence, giving them power that they could not otherwise have.

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Prostrate Cyclops (p. 94): The cyclops are described by Ulysses as giants of mountain size. When they fell, their backs stood up as huge ridges.

Page 103. The Vision of Mirza. This is one of the most celebrated short allegories in all literature. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* is a great example of a long allegory and Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* is another. An *allegory* is a story that is not to be taken literally. It thinly veils a deeper meaning that it does not expressly state. In the form of a story it conveys some truth or lesson. A *fable* is a very short allegory. "The Vision of Mirza" is an essay in the *Spectator*, a volume of short and somewhat informal writings on many subjects, and the author, Joseph Addison, is considered by some the finest essayist in the English language. You will find an Ode by him on page 68. *Mirza:* The Persian word means a distinguished person, the son of a prince. *Genius:* In Mohammedan lore, a genius was a nature spirit with magic power. *A thousand arches* (p. 105): Before the Flood, the Bible tells of men who lived many hundreds of years. *Pitfalls at the entrance:* The death rate in the first five years of infancy far exceeds that of any other equal period. What were the *bubbles* (p. 106)?

Page 109. The Handwriting on the Wall. *Belshazzar:* the last of the Babylonian kings, reigned about 600 years before Christ. His father, Nebuchadnezzar, had made Babylon a world power, had enriched it with the famous Hanging Gardens, and had besieged Jerusalem, carrying the people away into what is called "The Great Captivity." At the court of both father and son, every question of state was referred to men skilled in sorcery. *Daniel* (p. 110), a prophet of Israel, foretold the destruction of Babylon by Darius, the Mede. *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin* (p. 113) (tĕ′nā, tĕ′nā, tĕk′el, ŭfar′sin). *Upharsin* and *Peres* have practically the same meaning.

Pages 114 and 115. The Troop of the Guard and **Lyric of Action.** *Troop of the Guard:* a unit in cavalry formation, corresponding to a company of infantry, going out as an escort or to do guard duty. The author wrote this as the class poem when he graduated from Harvard. It might belong to any time or place, for always there is some beleaguered city where humanity calls for strength, courage, action. It seems to suggest the dauntless spirit of youth striving for a better world. The **Lyric of Action** conveys the same general idea as **The Troop of the Guard** but is less allegorical. Which poem stirs you most?

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Page 116. Opportunity. This poem seems a fitting reply to another, in which Opportunity says,

> "I knock unbidden once at every gate —
> If sleeping, wake — if feasting, rise before
> I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
> . . . for I return no more."

Page 117. The House by the Side of the Road. Good fellowship, friendliness, brotherhood is the keynote of this poem. *The Cynic's ban* was a public interdict, condemnation, or curse on one. *Cynic* means doglike, snarling like a dog. The Cynics (p. 118) were Greek philosophers who professed contempt for social customs and disbelief in people's sincerity and honesty. Diogenes was a Cynic who lived in a tub by the side of the road and sneered at passers by. Give the thought of each stanza. It will please you to know that the author lived this poem to the letter.

Page 119. The Gift of the Magi. (See Suggested Lesson Plan.) *Parsimony:* stinginess. Thrift is not niggardly saving, like a miser, but it is saving to make a wiser expenditure of money. Why is sacrifice for those we love true thrift? *Mendicancy squad:* beggars.

What details show how poor Jim and Della were? Why is it important to emphasize this? Notice how little the author says of the characters and yet how clearly you can picture them. O. Henry is noted for his brief, telling descriptions.

The most characteristic feature of an O. Henry story is the surprise at the end. Have you been prepared for this one? What do you think was the expression in Jim's eyes when he came in?

What was the gift of the Magi? Why is the title of this story appropriate?

Page 126. The Happiest Heart. Phaëthon persuaded his father Apollo to let him drive the horses of the sun chariot just once, but he drove so recklessly that the horses left their course, scorching Africa and freezing an ice cap round the pole. Seeing the boy was going to wreck the world, Zeus struck him from the chariot.

What is contentment? Is "Let well enough alone" a good motto? This poem puts the cause of a simple contented life very forcibly. Others think a high degree of ambition best. Discuss the question.

Page 127. On His Blindness. In his early forties Milton became

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completely blind. This was a great misfortune to one whose talent lay in his pen. In after years he made the best of his affliction and with the aid of his daughters, who read to him and acted as scribes, he produced many great works which give him rank next to Shakespeare in English literature. This form of poem is called a sonnet. Notice in what peculiar ways it rhymes. The composition is somewhat intricate, but this one is worth untangling. *Spent:* lost.

That one talent which is death to hide. In the parable in Scripture the unprofitable servant who buried his one talent was cast into outer darkness when his master returned from his journey. Milton says, however, that *his* soul is more bent or inclined to use his talent profitably for his master than to neglect it, and *Present my true account* (the original sum given him with the accrued earnings) so that his master may not chide him when he asks for a reckoning. When he considers these things, he asks whether God expects work under such conditions. What reply does patience make? The last line of the sonnet is one of the most quoted in the language.

Page 129. Shadow. Why do you suppose the convict was called "Shadow"? Could so young a person receive such a sentence in a progressive community to-day? What are Juvenile Courts?

Page 138. Horatius. (Suggested Lesson Plan.) This poem celebrates an event that took place 509 B.C. The Romans had been ruled by an infamous family, the Tarquins, but in that year revolted, drove out their oppressors, and founded a republic. The Tarquins fled northward into Etruria and persuaded *Lars Porsena*, king of the rich and powerful city of *Clusium*, to espouse their cause. *The Nine Gods:* The Etruscans had gods corresponding to the chief deities of the Romans. Nine of them had the power of casting the lightning, that is, of ruling by violence. *Thirty chosen prophets* (p. 140): The will of the gods was recorded in mystic *verses*, according to Tuscan legend. These verses were written on linen and read from right to left. They could be interpreted by seers or prophets by means of the book of divination, which one of the gods had given to the people. *Nurscia's altars:* Nurscia corresponded to the Roman goddess Fortuna, Good Luck. *Tale of Men:* quota, proportioned number of men. *Sutrium* (p. 141): a city of Etruria. *Etruscan* was a name given the people of Etruria, which was also called Tuscany. *Latin:* The region around Rome was called Latium, and the people Latins. *Champaign:* open country.

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Crustumerium (p. 142): a city of Etruria. *Verbenna, Astur:* commanders of forces that had come to aid Porsena. *Ostia:* a city at the mouth of the Tiber. *Janiculum:* a hill across the Tiber — opposite the gate of Janus, the river gateway from the city. *The Senate:* Under the kings there was a body of old men, the chiefs or heads of clans, who acted as advisers. In the Republic these *Fathers* became the Senate which had many powers. *The Consul:* one of two men elected yearly who had most of the powers formerly held by the kings.

Ashes of his fathers (p. 144): The Romans paid great veneration to their ancestors. Every home had a room devoted to the family ancestors, in which were kept images or urns holding their ashes. *Ramnian, Titian* (p. 145): The Ramnes and Tities were two of the three most ancient tribes from which the Romans originated. *Harness on their backs.* The Romans wore heavy armor of leather and metal. The helmet had for a crest the tail of a horse or part of its mane.

Lord of Luna (p. 146): The ruler of Luna, a city of Etruria. *The she-wolf's litter* (p. 147): the Romans. This is an allusion to the popular legend about Romulus and Remus. Look it up. *What noble Lucumo*: A Lucumo was the hereditary chieftain of an Etruscan tribe.

Tossed his tawny mane (p. 150): a simile likening the river to an unbroken horse. The Tiber is a swift muddy stream, bringing the soil from the Apennines to the champaign and thus fertilizing it.

False Sextus (p. 151): the son of the deposed king of Rome and more hated even than the elder Tarquin. *Palatinus:* Rome was built on seven hills, but the Palatine and Capitoline were the two central ones on which Rome had its beginnings. *Father Tiber:* Rome was a hill city or stronghold, protected, cleaned, nourished by the Tiber River. The Romans, therefore, regarded the Tiber as the chief of their ancestors. *Spent with changing blows* (p. 152): worn out with exchanging blows. *Corn-land* (p. 153): The city held this land in the champaign and raised grain on it. *Algidus:* a mountain in sight of Rome, snow-peaked or forest-covered. Describe the picture in the cottage. What was the favorite story of the Roman families?

What are the chief incidents in the poem? (The marshaling of the enemy, the panic in Rome, etc.) Narrate each briefly. What is the climax? What are some of the "bridges" or approaches that every heroic soul will defend?

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Page 154. We Visit the French Army. This sketch is from *The A. E. F.* (The American Expeditionary Forces), one of the most enjoyable war books. It shows the indifference to fear of those who daily face death and destruction. Citizens as well as soldiers had become accustomed to the horrors of war. *Rheims*, about 100 miles northeast of Paris, was bombarded almost continuously throughout the war. It was reduced from 115,000 to about 4000 inhabitants. In the first two years more than 700 shells hit the cathedral alone, which seemed to be the target of the German guns. Rheims might be called the Holy City of the French and its cathedral the Holy Place. It was here that for seven centuries French kings were crowned. It was here that Clovis embraced the Christian religion and founded the first Christian Kingdom of France. Here the most beautiful Cathedral in Europe was erected. Here Joan of Arc, the holy maid of France, stood by Charles VII while he was crowned.

Cathedral (p. 155): from " cathedra " meaning a throne, from which the Bishop ruled or directed the district or diocese. From the 12th to the 14th century, while the crusaders were fighting in the Holy Land, those who stayed behind in Europe erected magnificent churches, " prayers in stone," with Gothic towers, rose windows, lofty vaulted naves, and exquisite carvings, to express their devotion to the holy cause. The cathedrals are the most perfect works of man and the most revered objects in Europe. *Clovis:* the chief of the Franks who defeated the Huns. The Huns were a great Asiatic tribe led by Attila, " the Scourge of God." Clovis also defeated the Germanic Tribes, including the Alemanni, the ancestors of the Germans.

Seven centuries down . . . nine blocks to go: football terms. The guide had brought his story down seven centuries from 496 to 1212 while the Germans had moved only one block nearer their goal. At this rate the guide might finish his story before the Germans got them, but the story stuck at the twelfth century and had no more *hiatuses*, or gaps, in it. .320 *shell:* a .320 centimeter shell. If a centimeter equals two fifths of an inch, how long was the shell?

Jeanne d'Arc: Joan of Arc (p. 157), was a French heroine, of the fifteenth century. Report to the class what you find in the library about her life. The most recent statue of Jeanne d'Arc was erected by popular subscription on Riverside Drive, New York City, in 1915.

L'Eclaireur de l'Est (p. 159): the observer of the East.

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Poilu (p. 162): unshaven, bearded, — the name given the French infantry, because many of them wore beards. It is used much as the English "Tommy" or our own "doughboy."

Page 164. The Life of the Knight. *Caracoling:* wheeling about. *Draughts* (p. 166): checkers. *The accolade* (p. 169): The words used in England in the ceremony were: "In the name of God, of St. Michael and St. George, I dub thee knight: Be loyal and brave."

Gunpowder (p. 171). It is said that the rise of chivalry was due to the invention of the stirrup, enabling a knight in the saddle to support heavy armor; and the fall of chivalry was due to the invention of gunpowder, making armor useless.

Page 173. One Morning in a Boat. This selection is from *Three Men in a Boat* by one of England's favorite humorists. He took a week's trip on the Thames River with his friends George and Harris, and their dog Montmorency. The latter is a prominent figure in their adventures, as he was born with more than his share of "natural original sin," though he wore an expression that seemed to say, "Oh what a wicked world this is, and how I wish I could do something to make it better and nobler." *Holborn* (p. 175): a suburb of London.

Page 180. Bill and Joe. Holmes wrote many poems about his schoolmates, but none better than this one. *Tam O'Shanter* (p. 181): one of Robert Burns' most humorous poems telling how a witch deprived Tam's mare of her tail. The poem of Holmes has the same meter and rhyme. Compare Burns' lines with the eighth stanza of Holmes.

> "But pleasures are like poppies spread,
> We seize the flower, the bloom is shed;
> Or like the snowfalls in the river,
> A moment white — then melts forever."

Notice also the transient quality of pleasure and fame in the two poems. *Hic jacet:* here lies — often found on old tombstones in New England.

Page 183. Legend of the Moor's Legacy. The Moors were Arabic Mohammedans (also called Mahometans, Moslems, or Mussulmans) who conquered North Africa and came into Spain. Because they came from Morocco they were called *Moors*. They were turned back in their invasion of France by Charles Martel (the "Hammer") at Tours, a little south of Paris. The battle of Tours was one of the decisive

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battles of the world, because it prevented Europe from becoming infidel Mohammedan. It is said the battle was won by the difference in head coverings. The light Moorish scimitars glanced harmlessly from the steel helmets of the Franks, while the huge swords of the Franks clove through the folded turbans of the Moors. The Moors withdrew to Spain, and remained there for five centuries, till 1266. They were then driven to their last stronghold, Granada, from which they were expelled in 1492 by Ferdinand and Isabella. Those who remained as Spanish citizens were promised freedom of worship, but these terms were violated.

At Granada the Moors had built themselves a splendid palace and fortress, called *Alhambra*, meaning "the red," probably from the many-towered wall of red brick that incloses thirty-five acres, including the palace with its beautiful gardens. It was believed that the Moors buried their treasure here when they were driven from Spain. This delightful story by Irving is one of the legends of the place.

Living rock: unquarried rock, reaching deep into the earth. *Galicia* (p. 184): the province in Spain that is north of Portugal. *Savoyards:* inhabitants of the French Alps next to Italy. *Correspondent class* (p. 185): similar class.

Maravedis (p. 186): Spanish coins worth about one third of a cent. *Vega* (vā'ga): a plain. *Angosturas of the Darro:* the narrows of a river running through Granada. *Puchero:* (poo kā'ro), a stew of vegetables and meats. *The Inquisition:* This was a court for the trial of heresy which for several centuries persecuted all unbelievers with notorious cruelty. *Alguazils* (p. 189): (al gua theels'), policemen. *Xenil:* a river tributary to the Darro.

Barber of Seville (p. 190): the officious and obliging character in a famous opera with this title. *Quidnuncs:* inquisitive gossips. *Alcalde* (ȧl cȧhl'dā): a judge or justice of the peace.

King Chico (p. 195): one of the most famous kings of the Moors, who accumulated great riches. *Tangiers* (p. 196): a city of Morocco to which the Moors went from Spain. *Zacatin* (p. 202): the chief street of Granada.

Allah (p. 207): the Mohammedan god, who is said to have sent his revelation, the Koran, on gold plates by the angel Gabriel to the prophet Mohammed. This was about A.D. 600. His followers far outnumber those of any other faith.

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Discuss some good settings for a story of buried treasure. A modern story of adventure. Would you expect to find a humorous character in most stories of enchantment? Is humor characteristic of Irving's stories? What incidents in this story depend on the character of the persons involved, and what on supernatural powers?

Page 209. Feathertop. The belief in witchcraft appears to be as old as mankind. Probably more than half the race believe in it seriously at the present time. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in Europe alone, more than 100,000 people were put to death for witchcraft. Stories of the weird and supernatural had a peculiar fascination for Hawthorne. He lived many years at Salem, Massachusetts, the home of the delusion in America. He was brought up on tales of witches who rode on broomsticks at midnight to meetings in the forest with the *Black Man*, or evil one, who instructed them in wicked plots against the innocent, and gave them an attendant but invisible demon (in this story called *Dickon*), to carry out their evil purposes. *A moralized legend* is one which is told not simply for the story but as a framework for wise observations on mankind. This tale is in Hawthorne's happiest vein and abounds with witty reflections, semi-serious explanations, and gentle satire on the ancient but still flourishing order of empty heads.

The broomstick (p. 211): the most important part, because a witch's broomstick had powers of self-movement, carrying one with it. *Louis le Grand* (p. 212): the Grand Monarque, Louis XIV, of France who in a reign of seventy-two years brought France to the height of her power. His court was remarkable for its magnificence of dress, and its elaborate system of etiquette. *Pow-wow:* a conjurer. As a conjurer made a great deal of noise in casting his spells, the word has also come to mean a noisy assembly.

Quotha (p. 219): quoth he, or an interjection, forsooth! *Eldorado* (p. 221): a mythical land of gold, existing nowhere. *Broken bubble:* a fraud in which people invest their money and lose it all. The Mississippi Bubble and the South Sea Bubble belong to the time of which Hawthorne writes. These were schemes for getting rich by monopolizing commerce in the Mississippi valley and in the Indies. Thousands of shares were sold that were worthless when the bubble broke. *Castle in the air; chateau in Spain:* dream palaces, visions, projects. Chateaux are French, but Spain being the land of romance, the chateau of

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fancy is located there. *Brass:* impudence. He had neither brains nor money, but assurance enough to push his way without them.

Describe *the fine gentleman of the period* (p. 226).

A looking-glass *incapable of flattery* (p. 235) is one that reveals the real self instead of the make-believe. The great maxim of the Seven Wise Men of antiquity was "Know thyself."

Do you think dogs and children are good judges of character? Why did the people whom Feathertop met fail to see his real character? "The easiest person to deceive is one's own self." Do you agree?

What was the word Feathertop whispered in Master Gookin's ear?

Why is this a fanciful story? Is anything about it true to life?

Page 251. The Purloined Letter. Poe wrote a series of short stories, "The Rue Morgue," "Mystery of Marie Roget," and "The Purloined Letter," in which a fictitious friend of his, whom he calls *Dupin*, by wonderful analysis unravels a profound mystery. After these stories are modeled many later ones of the Sherlock Holmes type.

No.: the abbreviation for "number," is made up of the first and last letter of the French word *numero*. *Faubourg:* a suburb of a city. *St. Germain:* now a central part of Paris. *Au fait* (p. 256): well instructed.

. *Abernethy* (p. 262): a great English surgeon. *Procrustean* (p. 264): Procrustes was a legendary Greek highwayman who fitted his victims to a bed by stretching them if too short, and chopping off their legs if too long. *Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, Machiavelli, Campanella* (p. 265): The first two men were French, and the last two Italian. They were all celebrated for political intrigue, and advocated methods of conduct contrary to moral law, both for individuals and for the state.

Facilis descensus Averni (p. 274): Easy is the descent to the lower regions, the downward way is easily followed, the path to evil is easy. Poe disputes this and says it is more difficult and humiliating to come down than to go up. *Monstrum horrendum:* monster to be feared.

Page 275. The Bells. This poem is one of the most remarkable in the language for the use of words which by their sound suggest the meaning. The rhythm and repetitions and sonorous sounds are in harmony with the idea to be conveyed by the different bells and when read aloud become very effective. Poe held to the theory that poetry should be like instrumental music and appeal to the emotions by its

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melodious sounds, not so much exercising the intellect by definite ideas as stirring the feelings.

Runic rhyme : Verse written in old Norse characters, the exact meaning of which was unintelligible. Runes were used in charms and incantation to cast a spell over hearers. The word is especially applicable to the magic of the bells.

Pæan (p. 278) : a loud song of joy and triumph. The music begins in a muffled monotone and grows into a pæan and then dies off with reverberation and echoes into a moan. Though the poet uses fictitious imagery, he conveys the gruesome sense of horror that we associate with death.

Page 279. Annabel Lee. This poem was written the year of Poe's death. His lovely child-wife, to whom he was devoted, had gradually faded and died a few years before. The English language probably contains nothing more beautiful or touching than this tribute.

Page 281. Alfred, Lord Tennyson. *Herschel* (p. 283) : The Herschels, father, son, and daughter, spent their lives studying the heavens, and made great contributions to astronomical science. *Star-patches* are groups of stars, so numerous and so remote that they appear in the heavens as nebulæ or white clouds.

Lord Tennyson (p. 285) : The poet was a great favorite of Queen Victoria, who often offered him the title. He declined it many times but was persuaded in his old age to accept it.

Excalibur : The sword received by Arthur from the Lady of the Lake, " so bright that men were blinded by it." On one side were graven the words " Take me ; " on the other, " Cast me away." With the passing of the great king from the world, he ordered the sword cast back into the lake. As it circled toward the water a white arm arose and grasped it, and, brandishing it three times in the air, drew it under.

The bare black cliff (p. 286) : The Knight Bedivere bore King Arthur over the cliff to the lake where a funeral barge carried Arthur to the dream island of Avilion,

> " Where falls not hail or rain or any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly."

Page 288. Tennyson. *In lucem transitus :* having gone across into the light. Among Tennyson's last poems was " Crossing the Bar," containing the lines,

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"I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar."

Silence here. Tennyson said:

"And may there be no moaning at the bar,
When I put out to sea."

Page 289. Ring Out, Wild Bells. This New Year song from *In Memoriam* is especially appropriate at the present time. It is one of the most quoted of Tennyson's poems.

Page 290. Gareth and Lynette. It would be well to precede this story by reading "The Life of a Knight" on page 164. *Knave* (p. 291) originally meant boy, and *villain* villager; later they meant persons of mean birth, and finally, low character. The queen believed her son too proud to submit to the disgrace of becoming a kitchen-knave. *The sooty yoke* (p. 292): The cooking was then done on flat stones, the smoke escaping through the roof. *Lancelot:* the most valiant knight of all the Table Round. *Kay, the seneschal:* the keeper of the castle and a hard taskmaster. *A squire of Lot:* A squire was a youth in training for knighthood. Lot was the father of Gareth. The squire was one of noble family sent to the court for training. *Oval:* the shape of the lists, or inclosure in which the tournaments were held. *From Satan's foot to Peter's knee* (p. 293): from hell to heaven. St. Peter is represented as the gatekeeper of heaven. *These news:* News was originally plural, meaning new things.

My knighthood do the deed (p: 294): Arthur's knights did their valiant deeds not for notoriety (to be noised of) but for his sake and the deed's sake. *Cover the lions on thy shield:* Conceal thy identity. Knights wore some insignia or emblem by which they could be recognized. *That best blood* (p. 295): the sacramental wine. *The lonest hold,* the loneliest hamlet. *A holy life* (p. 296): the life of a nun. If Lyonors cannot wed whom she loves, she will enter a convent.

Old knight-errantry. These four fantastic knights that guarded the way to the castle of Lyonors had seen an allegory carved upon a rock, representing the war of Time upon the human soul; and they armed themselves to represent youth, manhood, old age, and death, calling themselves Morning Star, Noonday Sun, Evening Star, and Night, to indicate the struggles any knight would have, to reach the castle

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and rescue the maiden. *Kay . . . groaning* (p. 297): with disgust at his knave's assurance. *Agaric in the holt*: a foul fungus in the woods. *The lion and the stoat have isled together* (p. 299): the lion and the weasel have taken refuge on a mound or isle together. *Wedded a king's son.* The reference is to Cinderella.

The serpent river coil'd (p. 300): The river had three loops. The first knight had his pavilion just across the outer loop, which was decorated to represent morning. The second knight stood within the second coil, representing the noonday, with a shield like the sun. *Avanturine:* a kind of quartz that sparkles brilliantly.

The flower that blows a globe of after arrowlets (p. 303): the dandelion, whose flower is followed by a globe of arrowy seed. *Brother:* As Gareth was clad in the armor of the first knight, the second mistook him for his brother in his domain. *Vizoring up:* lifting his vizor so as to show his face.

Bridge of treble bow (p. 304): They had come to the third coil of the river with its three-arched bridge, across which waited the knight who represented Evening or Old Age. He was encased in hardened skins, symbolic of habits and prejudices that tighten round us. *Thy ward:* Thy watch. The third knight also mistook Gareth for the brother who was on guard up the river.

I lead no longer (p. 306): The change of Lynette from scorn, to pity, to quietness, to admiration, to love is very gradual. Gareth joked her, "Hath not the wind changed," had she not changed her mind about him? She now confesses she has, and will never change again.

Castle Perilous (p. 307): the castle where the lady Lyonors was confined, at the center of the inner loop of the river. It was guarded by the fourth knight, Death, a monster so hideous that maidens swooned and even the courageous Lancelot felt his blood grow cold. But when the dauntless Gareth charged on Lancelot's horse, he clove the monster through at the first blow, for it was but a harmless though ghastly mask that was worn by "a blooming boy." In this allegory, the adventures of Gareth seem to represent the struggles of a true and valiant human soul through life and its victory at last over death, which is but the mask of beautiful and immortal Youth. Tennyson, however, never wanted his allegories pressed too far. He preferred that his readers should enjoy the simple beauty of the story.

Wedded Lyonors (p. 310): The poet seems unable to decide which

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maiden Gareth wedded. Which one he should have wed is open to discussion. Which do *you* think?

Page 310. Flower in the Crannied Wall. Another poet, Wordsworth, says:

> "To me the meanest flower that blows
> Can oft give thoughts too deep for tears."

The humble little flower growing in the crevice of a wall contains the mystery of life — the riddle of the universe. *All in all:* an adverbial phrase meaning completely, wholly, through and through, not only in itself but in its relations to all nature and to other life.

Page 318. David Balfour in the House of Shaws. This thrilling incident is taken from *Kidnapped*, which, with its sequel, *David Balfour*, should be read by all lovers of romantic stories. Describe the picture you would like to see illustrating David's climb in the tower. Sum up the reasons David has for suspecting his uncle.

Quick at his books (p. 319): quick to learn. *Gars ye:* makes you. *Dod man* (p. 320): an exclamation. *Siller* (p. 321): silver or, as here, money. *Keepit:* kept. *Aumry* (p. 327): a closet.

Page 328. The Green Donkey Driver. Stevenson kept a journal of his holiday trips. This sketch is from his *Travels with a Donkey*, a humorous account of a trip on foot through the mountains in south central France. In connection with this journey he says "We are all travelers in the wilderness of this world, — all, too, travelers with a donkey," that is, with some vexatious drawback or perplexing trouble that retards our progress or dampens our joys. To carry his pack, he had bought a diminutive, mouse-colored, kindly eyed, but resolute jawed donkey, whom, because of her Quakerish elegance, he called Modestine. He proposed the first day to go from Monastier, across the river Loire up to Lake Bouchet on the highland beyond the river. He began loading his donkey at six in the morning, with every conceivable thing he might want, so that by nine her burden looked like a ship's cargo. "I was then but a novice, and went forth as an ox goeth to the slaughter."

Hand over hand (p. 330): rapidly and easily, like passing one hand over the other. *Et vous marchez comme ça?* (ā voo mar-shay ko-my sah): "and you travel like that?" Stevenson was fluent in French. *Deus ex machina* (mă kē'nă) (p. 331): a god out of a machine, help from

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an unexpected source. In old Greek plays when the plot became tangled with unsolvable difficulties a god was brought in by stage machinery. *Masonic word:* a password used only by members of the order. *Country man of the Sabbath.* He belonged to the country of the Sabbath. Scotland is noted for its strict observance of the day. *Beaufort:* a beautiful castle on a strong height.

Le Puy: a city on a mountain. *Tammany Hall:* The home of the dominant club of the Democratic party in New York. *Like a sucking dove* (p. 333): *In Midsummer Night's Dream:* Bottom, who is to act the part of a lion, says that in order not to scare the ladies he "will roar you as gently as any suckling dove."

Hypothec (p. 334): a term in Scotch law meaning taxable chattels or movables, here meaning all his equipment, saddle, and cargo.

General average (p. 336): He did not strike an average between his needs and his beast's, but favored her.

Mezenc (p. 338); the highest peak of the Cevennes mountains.

Broad wash of shadow: the dull dark color with which an artist overlays his canvas before putting in the details of the picture. *Canton* (p. 339): a division in France corresponding somewhat to our township. *St. Nicholas:* He had come to the village instead of the lake and therefore, instead of camping out, stopped at the inn or *auberge* (ō bārzh′).

Page 348. Polonius' Advice. This passage from *Hamlet* is an example of the practical wisdom of Shakespeare. Almost every sentence has become a proverb. *Unproportioned:* loosely formed, not carefully thought out. You will find it interesting to recall proverbs that are suggested by this selection, such as "Look before you leap," "Act in haste and repent at leisure." *His:* formerly used for "its." "It" was declined, "hit," "his," "hit," and "his" was long retained for the possessive after the *h* was dropped, thus in the Bible, "When the salt has lost his savor." *Familiar*, in Shakespeare's time, meant informal, intimate, as in a family; it now sometimes means rude, taking liberties, which is just what Polonius advises against. *To thine own self:* better nature.

Page 349. Mercy. This is a part of the address of Portia to Shylock in the *Merchant of Venice.* The quality, or virtue, we call mercy is not *strained*, or forced; it comes as freely from the heart as the rain from the cloud. *'Tis mightiest in the mightiest:* that is, in kings. Their scepter

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makes them feared, but merciful actions make them loved. Mercy is therefore more becoming, fit, or appropriate for a king than his crown.

Page 350. I. The Conspiracy. Although this play is called Julius Cæsar and revolves around the death of Cæsar, the great character in it is Brutus, of whom even Antony says:

> " This was the noblest Roman of them all, —
> His life was gentle and the elements
> So mixed in him that nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, ' This was a man ! ' "

What means this shouting? Cæsar had conquered the world and upon returning to Rome had overthrown Pompey's opposition to him and followed Pompey into Greece. He was now returning and his triumph was being celebrated. The aristocratic party, fearing his growing popularity, formed a conspiracy against him, and the wily Cassius was deputed to secure the support of the brave and honest Brutus. *Outward favor :* personal appearance.

Æneas (p. 351) : The old Roman families claimed their decsent from Æneas, a Trojan prince, who upon the fall of Troy made his escape, bearing his old father and his household gods to Italy, after seven years of wandering. *A Colossus* (p. 352) : One of the seven wonders of the world was the Colossus of Rhodes, a statue to the sun god at the entrance of the harbor, so huge that vessels passed between its legs. *In our stars :* The star overhead at the time of birth was supposed to determine destiny. Some were good, some evil. Brutus' star was not an evil one. *Conjure* (kun'jer) : cast a spell, use them to call the dead. *Rome in deed :* formerly pronounced " room." *A Brutus once* (p. 353) : who had expelled the hated Tarquins from Rome. *Antonius* (Mark Antony) : Cæsar's leading lieutenant, or attendant, who was passing with him and observed Cassius in secret conversation.

Page 354. II. The Funeral Orations. *The Forum :* Cæsar's forebodings were correct. The conspirators fell upon him in front of Pompey's statue in the forum and slew him, Brutus himself assisting. Antony fled at first but returned and asked to speak " as became a friend " at Cæsar's funeral. Brutus granted this request.

Friends, Romans, Countrymen (p. 357) : This is one of the most adroit speeches in all literature. His words are not to be taken as sarcastic at first. He has promised to say no evil of the conspirators but

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he plays upon the feelings of the populace in all apparent seriousness till they revolt at the term " honorable men." *Lupercal :* a feast day on February 15, in honor of the Founding of the City.

The Commons (p. 359) : the common people. *The Nervii* (p. 360) : A Belgic tribe that fought most valiantly to preserve their independence. Caesar's hardest battle was against the Nervii. *Most unkindest cut of all* (p. 361) : Cæsar had originally honored Brutus, making him governor of a province south of the Alps. *But were I Brutus* (p. 362) : Here Antony at last unmasks himself.

Octavius (p. 364) : The grand-nephew of Cæsar, who adopted him as a son. He formed a triumvirate with Antony and Lepidus and defeated Brutus and Cassius. Later he overthrew Lepidus and Antony and became the first Emperor, Augustus, B. C. 27. The Age of Augustus has been called the Golden Age of Rome. He reaped the fruits of Cæsar's genius.

Page 364. III. The Quarrel. Brutus and Cassius had assembled an army in Asia Minor, near Sardis, to resist Octavius and Antony. Cassius had fallen under suspicion of using corrupt means of getting money and of hoarding it and not paying the soldiers. Brutus had just received word of the death of his wife and of the miscarrying of his plans and was in no mood to be patient when Cassius took him to task for *slighting off* (turning aside, ignoring) his letters. The scene which follows is one of the finest in Shakespeare. *Every nice offence should bear his comment:* every trivial offence should bear its criticism, be censured. *Itching palm :* grasping hand.

Ides of March Cæsar was slain on the Ides, or 15th, of March. *Bait:* To bait an animal is to drive it at bay and goad and torture it.

Plutus (p. 368) : the god of wealth. *I was ill-tempered too* (p. 369) : spoken like a man. There is much difference of opinion about the character of Cassius. What do you think of him? He and Brutus fell on their swords in battle shortly afterwards, to avoid the disgrace of being taken captive. Brutus' last words were :

> " Caesar, now be still,
> I killed not thee with half so good a will."

Brutus sacrificed his life for what he considered the good of his country, but whether he was mistaken in his estimate of Cæsar or not, you must wait till you read a good deal of history to find out.

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672–1719) was an English statesman, poet, essayist, and dramatist. He is best known for his contributions to *The Spectator*, one of the earliest newspapers, which he founded in connection with his friend, Richard Steele.

HEYWOOD BROUN is a newspaper correspondent and the dramatic critic for the *New York Tribune*. In June, 1917, he was sent to France as a representative of the press, with General Pershing and the First American Expeditionary Forces.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794–1878) is one of America's most distinguished poets. In his early years he was a lawyer in Massachusetts, but he gave up this profession to become editor of the *New York Review*. He was later made editor-in-chief of the *Evening Post*.

JAMES BRYCE (1838–) is a distinguished British statesman, especially interesting to Americans because of the fact that he was for six years the British Ambassador to the United States and also because of his book entitled the *American Commonwealth*. This is an accurate and sympathetic account of American political institutions and national characteristics. Viscount Bryce has done a great deal to bring about a better understanding between the United States and Great Britain.

LORD BYRON (1788–1824) was a romantic and reckless Englishman, who led a stormy life. He died of a fever, contracted while fighting for the liberty of Greece. His *Childe Harold* is a masterpiece of poetic description.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY (1848–) is a California poet, who has been for some years a librarian in Chicago and San Francisco.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS (1824–1892) was an American man of letters, political reformer, essayist, editor, and orator. Although a New Englander by birth, Curtis made New York his home, and in the editorial office of *Harper's Monthly* penned the informal essays that have been collected in volumes called *From the Easy Chair*.

HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS (1855–) lives in Macon, Georgia, and has written many short stories dealing with Southern life.

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RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803–1882), the Concord philosopher and poet, through his lectures and essays did much to promote high ideals and solid thinking. Money getting, cheap showiness, and greed — growing evils of his day — he denounced strongly.

JEAN HENRI FABRE (1823–1915) was a great French naturalist. His early life was one of poverty and hardship; his education was won with difficulty; and he spent most of his life in a weary struggle to get enough money to enable him to devote his time to the study of the insects that he loved. His books, *The Life of the Spider* and *The Life of the Fly*, and others, are fascinating and accurate accounts of insect life. He has been called "The Scientist for Children."

SAM WALTER FOSS (1858–1911) was a journalist and writer of humorous verse. He was at one time an editor of the *Boston Globe* and frequently gave lectures and readings from his own poems.

HAMLIN GARLAND (1860–) is a story writer and poet of the Middle West. His stories are noted for their local color.

JOSEPH BENSON GILDER (1858–), a New York editor, has been associated with *Putnam's Magazine*, *The Century Magazine*, and was at one time editor of the *New York Times' Review of Books*.

SAMUEL GRISWOLD GOODRICH (1793–1860), who lived in Connecticut, wrote under the pseudonym of Peter Parley and is perhaps best known for his school histories.

HERMANN HAGEDORN, JR. (1882–) has been an instructor in English at Harvard University and has written several plays and poems.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE (1831–1886) a southern poet, saw active service in the Confederate Army and suffered great financial loss during the Civil War. His subsequent ill health and his many misfortunes did not affect his sunny spirit nor the artistic quality of his verse.

O. HENRY (1864–1910), whose real name was William Sydney Porter, was born in North Carolina, but spent most of his life in Texas, where he wrote, edited, and printed a small paper called *The Rolling Stone*. The last ten years of his life were spent in New York City, which is the scene of his cleverest short stories contained in the book entitled *Stories of the Four Million*.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND (1819–1881) was born in Western Massachusetts. He was assistant editor of the *Springfield Republican* and founded *Scribner's Monthly*, which later became *The Century Magazine*. He usually wrote under the assumed name of Timothy Titcomb.

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OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809–1894) was a doctor of medicine in Boston and for many years Professor of Anatomy at Harvard University. His shrewd wit and genial humor made him much sought after as a public speaker. He is often spoken of as "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," from the title of one of his best-known works.

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783–1839) has been called "The Father of American Literature." This is because he was the first great American author to choose American subjects. His *Knickerbocker's History of New York* and the *Sketch-Book*, containing the tales of *Rip Van Winkle* and the *Legend of the Sleepy Hollow*, show his gentle humor and the charm of his style and personality.

THOMAS JEFFERSON (1743–1826) is known as the author of the Declaration of Independence, the founder of the University of Virginia, and the President who made simplicity and hospitality the order of the day during his administration. He held advanced opinions on the slave question, the rights of individuals, and our foreign policy. The people had unbounded confidence in him because of his faith in them.

JEROME K. JEROME (1859–) is an English author, actor, playwright, and humorist. His best known writings are his humorous essays, *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*, and his story, *The Passing of the Third Door Back*, which was later dramatized.

SIR WILLIAM JONES (1746–1794) was an English scholar whose work in the oriental languages and literature attracted much attention. The latter part of his life was spent in India.

JOHN P. KAVANAUGH is presiding judge in the city of Portland, Oregon.

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819–1875), an English clergyman, novelist, and professor of history, was much interested in various schemes for the improvement of the working classes. He is more noted, however, for his historical novels, *Westward Ho!* and *Hypatia*.

WINIFRED M. LETTS is an English story-writer and poet who served as a Red Cross nurse during the Great War. Most of the war poems in her book *Hallow-E'en* were written while she was on night duty.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1809–1865) was born in Kentucky and shared the wandering life of a frontier family, which meant that he had almost no schooling and a great deal of experience with the ax and the hoe. After volunteering in the Black Hawk War, he served three terms in the

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Illinois state legislature, and then practiced law in Springfield, Illinois. The question of slavery led him to run as Republican candidate for senator against Judge Stephen A. Douglas. Douglas won the election, but Lincoln's debates in the campaign won him the national support that later gained him the presidency. His speeches live to-day because they express perfectly the greatness of his heart, the honesty of his thought, and the simplicity of his nature.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807–1882) is one of the best loved of our poets, and is often called the "household poet" of America. He belonged to the Cambridge group of writers which included Lowell and Holmes, and for many years was Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard University.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819–1891) is one of America's chief men of letters. He was a distinguished author of prose and verse, Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard University, magazine editor, and minister to Spain and England. His genius was capable of expression in almost any form; dialect and satirical poems, legends, lyrics, patriotic odes, and nature poems all appear among his best works.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800–1859) was an English historian, essayist, and poet. He had a most remarkable memory and once said that if all copies of *Paradise Lost* and *Pilgrim's Progress* were destroyed, he could reproduce them from memory. He was a member of the English Parliament and a favorite in London society because of his brilliant conversational powers. His *History of England* and his essays are noted for their clear, sparkling style.

WALTER MALONE (1866–1915) was a judge of the circuit court of Tennessee and the author of several volumes of poems.

JOHN MILTON (1608–1674), the greatest English poet except Shakespeare, lived at a time when the Puritan struggle for liberty was at its height in England. He championed that cause in stormy prose tracts and as a result lost both his eyesight and political favor. His epic, *Paradise Lost and Regained*, written in his blindness, gives the best expression that we possess of the sublimity of God.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (1801–1890) was an English religious leader at the University of Oxford. In 1842 he became a Roman Catholic and a few years later was made a Cardinal. He had a remarkable influence on the thought of his time because of the simplicity and sincerity of his life and character.

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WILLIAM PITT (1708–1778) is usually known as "The Elder Pitt" to distinguish him from his son, who was also a famous English statesman. Another name frequently given to him is "The Great Commoner," because as a member of the House of Commons he consistently upheld the rights of the people. He was the Prime Minister of England during the reign of King George II, but lost his influence with King George III because he stubbornly opposed that king and his minister Lord North in their policy of taxing the American Colonies.

EDGAR ALLAN POE. See the biographical sketch on page 245.

ALFRED PORTER PUTNAM (1827–1907) was a Unitarian minister who preached for many years in Brooklyn, New York.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT (1858–1919) was one of our best known and most popular statesmen. When war was declared against Spain, he organized a volunteer cavalry regiment known as the "Rough Riders." At the close of the war Colonel Roosevelt was elected Governor of New York State and later was made Vice-President. He became President in 1901 and served two terms. He remained a prominent figure in American life and politics until his death. Whether one thinks of him as President, strenuously opposing law-breaking corporations, as a soldier, as a keen and forceful public speaker, as author, or as an explorer, always he stands forth a man and a true American.

ELIHU ROOT (1845–), a New York statesman, has played a prominent part in our national politics. During his political career he has held the positions of Secretary of War, Secretary of State, and Senator from New York State. He has done a great deal to establish friendly relations between the United States and the South American Republics, and in 1912 was awarded the Nobel peace prize.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. See biographical sketch on page 311.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. See the biographical sketch on page 340.

FRANK R. STOCKTON (1834–1902) was born in Philadelphia. He was for some time an editor of the *St. Nicholas*. His short stories and novels are distinguished by a quality of humorous exaggeration of circumstances and by realistic characters. One of his tales, *The Lady or the Tiger?* is famous for the clever mystery of its conclusion.

EVA MARCH TAPPAN (1834–), who lives in Boston, is the author of many books for young people, most of which are stories from history.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. See the biographical sketch on page 281.

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JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE (1827–1916) was a story-writer and poet who lived in New York and in Boston. His stories for boys and his humorous poems, such as "Darius Green and His Flying Machine," rank with the best of their kind.

HENRY VAN DYKE (1852–) is a distinguished American who has served in many capacities. From a pastorate in New York City, he went to Princeton University as Professor of English Literature, and from there he was sent to the Netherlands, where he served as United States Minister. Many poems, short stories, and essays have come from his versatile pen.

DANIEL WEBSTER (1782–1852) is considered America's greatest orator. He was born in Salisbury, N.H., studied at Dartmouth College, and practiced law in Boston. In 1813 he began his political career as representative to Congress. He was twice Secretary of State, and was offered a nomination for the presidency but refused it.

WALT WHITMAN (1819–1892), the son of a carpenter who lived near Brooklyn, spent his early life in rambling about acquiring experience. His health was destroyed by his hard service as a volunteer army nurse in the Civil War. His poetry lacks meter and rhyme, but its vigorous spirit of independence makes him one of our greatest poets.

WOODROW WILSON (1856–), a Virginian by birth, has been closely associated with New Jersey, first as president of Princeton University for eight years and then as governor. In 1913 he was elected President of the United States. The third crisis in our nation's history has proved him a great spokesman of American ideals and a leader in world democracy.

SAMUEL HALL YOUNG (1847–), an American clergyman, went to Alaska in 1878 as a missionary and explorer. He visited all parts of Alaska, much of the Siberian Coast and the Arctic regions by boat, and traveled long distances in the winter by dog team. He has published many articles and books telling of his experiences in the Northwest.

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WORD LIST

This WORD LIST gives only the meaning of the word as it is used in this Reader. The number following each word indicates the page on which the word first appears.

The PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES is given on page 415.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ā *as in* hāte
ă *as in* senate
ă *as in* hăt
ȧ *as in* ȧccount
ä *as in* färr
ȧ *as in* ask
à *as in* sofa

ē *as in* mē
ĕ *as in* mĕt

ē *as in* her
ĕ *as in* event

ī *as in* pīne
ĭ *as in* pĭn

ō *as in* nōte
ŏ *as in* obey
ŏ *as in* nŏt
ȯ *as in* cȯnnect
ô *as in* hôrse
ȯ *as in* soft

ū *as in* ūse
ŭ *as in* unite
ŭ *as in* tŭb
ŭ *as in* circŭs
û *as in* fûr
ŭ *as in* menŭ

o͞o *as in* moon
ŋ *as in* iŋk

a bor'tive (217) undeveloped, incomplete.
ac cou'tre ment (226) dress, belongings.
ac cru'ing (221) increasing or adding to one's wealth as a result of profit or interest.
ac'o lytes (335) assistants in the church service.
a cu'men (267) cunning.
ad her'ents (207) followers.
ad u la'tion (14) praise in excess, flattery.
af fa bil'i ty (104) friendliness, courtesy.
ag gres'sion (60) an unprovoked attack, an invasion.
aide'-de-camp (185) an assistant.
ai grette' (ā grĕt') (203) a plume of gems or feathers.
am'i ca bly (58) in a friendly way.
a mor'phous (30) shapeless.
a nath'e ma tized (174) cursed.
an i mos' i ty (44) hatred.
ap pen'dix (181) an addition.
ap per tain'ing (119) belonging.
ar bi tra'ri ly (134) without a sufficient cause, not according to rule.
ar o ma'tic (215) fragrant, spicy.
ar raign'ment (20) being called to account, or brought to trial.
ar'ro gance (63) pride.
as cend'an cy (254) controlling power.
as say' (298) to try.
as ses'sing (30) judging the value of a thing.
as tute' (256) clever, shrewd.
a thwart' (303) across.
at'ro phied (45) wasted away, weakened.

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at tain'der (17) loss of all civil rights and legal protection, caused by a sentence for treason.
at'tri bute (349) an essential characteristic or quality.
au'gurs (148) prophets or soothsayers, who foretold coming events, usually by observing the flight of birds.
au thor'i ta tive (28) entitled to obedience.
a void' (298) go away.

bail'iff (341) an agent who looked after the rents and management of a lord's estate.
bait (365) to worry, to torment.
ban dit'ti (17) outlaws, brigands.
ban ner et' (300) a small banner.
bas qui'na (bäs kē'nyä) (203) an overskirt, worn by the Basques, a people of northern Spain.
bas ti na'do (333) a beating with a cudgel.
beav'er (192) a hat of silky cloth resembling a beaver's fur.
be diz'ened (213) dressed, adorned.
bel'dam (217) an ugly old woman.
be lea'guered (114) surrounded by an enemy, besieged.
bes'tial (296) like a beast, brutal.
bick'er (286) to move unsteadily and rapidly with a quick noise.
bog'-trot ting (184) living near a bog.
bo le'ro (186) a lively Spanish dance.
bou'doir (bōō'dwar) (254) a small private sitting-room.
brand (286) sword.
brew'is (298) broth.
broach (292) a pointed stick on which meat is hung when roasted over an open fire.
brooked (353) endured.
buff'ers (181) fellows.
bull'doz ing (119) forcing by threats of violence.
burgh'ers (141) inhabitants of a burgh (borough) or town, citizens.

cal'en dar (193) *here*, a table containing the names of all the saints arranged according to the days assigned to honor them.
call'boy (344) a boy who calls the actors to go on the stage.
cam pan'u las (90) a bell-shaped flower, such as the Canterbury bell.
cant (254) *here*, a form of expression, phrases.
ca pac'i ties (221) *here*, powers, positions.
car'di nal (41) chief, principal.
ca reered' (234) moved in a lively manner, galloped.
car'i bou (92) a species of reindeer.
car'i ca tured (343) represented by a ridiculous exaggeration, either by a written description or a drawing.
cas si'o pe (90) a flowering shrub growing in northern countries.
cat'a pult (302) a machine used by the Romans to hurl stones and weapons at an enemy.
cen'sure (348) thought, judgment, opinion; (354) to criticize, or, *here*, to judge.
cer e mo'ni ous (230) formal, precise.
ces sa'tion (18) a stop or discontinuance of action, whether temporary or final.
ces'sion (227) a grant.
chaff'ing (181) making fun in a good-natured way, teasing.
chap'book (319) a small old book.
char'la tans (237) impostors.
char'tered (315) hired for use.
chas'tise ment (365) punishment.
cha teau' (shă tō') (75) a French castle or fortress.
chev a lier' (231) a nobleman of the lowest rank.
chol'er (366) anger.
chron'i cle (190) record, register, *here*, a news-collector.
cler'i cal (247) belonging to the work of a clerk, writing.

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cock'er el (181) a young cock, or rooster.
co er'cion (35) force.
co in cid'ed (205) agreed.
co los'sal (26) huge, gigantic.
com pli ca'tion (18) confusion, entanglement.
com pos'ite (36) made up of many parts.
com po si'tion (235) the way a thing is made up, or the elements which make it.
com pul'sions (31) forces.
con cep'tions (24) ideas.
con cert' (56) to work or plan together.
con ces'sions (34) things that are granted or yielded.
con fis ca'tion (17) the taking of private property for public use without payment.
con form' (86) to bring into harmony, to make two things agree.
con'jured (201) brought before the eyes by magic.
con nives' (35) winks at, therefore, disregards or ignores purposely.
con struc'tion (312) engineering.
con sum ma'tion (55) completion, fulfillment.
con tam'i nate (365) soil, dishonor.
con ti nu'i ty (230) proper order of events.
con ven'tion al ism (233) a regard for the customs, fashions, and traditions of the time.
coot (286) a kind of duck.
cor'mo rants (106) birds living along the seacoast, noted for gluttony.
cor po ros'i ty (211) body.
cor rob'o rat ed (194) strengthened, made more certain.
count'ers (367) *here*, money.
cov'e nants (58) solemn agreements.
cov'ert (320) secretive, sly.
cox'combs (237) vain, conceited persons.
cran'nied (310) full of cracks.
cra'ven (151) cowardly.
cre vass'es (92) deep cracks or crevices, especially in a glacier.
cuc'koo-buds (342) yellow spring flowers.
cue (56) the last words of a speech, or the ending of an action in a play indicating the time for the next player to speak or act. Sometimes, as *here*, the actor's part in a play.
cu pid' i ty (193) greed.
cu ra'tor (155) caretaker.

daff'ing (321) toying, fooling.
dam'ask (230) *here*, silk with a pattern woven into the fabric.
de ca'dent (63) weakening, declining.
de cre'scent (292) growing smaller, applied to the moon in its last half.
deft'ly (147) skillfully, cleverly.
de lec'ta ble (76) delightful.
de lin'quent (192) one who fails in his duty, a law-breaker.
dem'a gogue (11) a popular leader or orator. The word originally meant a leader of the people, but has come to mean one who uses his influence with the people for his own advantage.
de pre'ci ate (121) to make a thing seem less in value.
des'pi ca ble (334) wretched, contemptible.
di gres'sion (185) a change of subject, an interruption.
di lap'i dat ed (175) decayed, fallen into ruins.
di plo'ma cy (254) *here*, the business or art of conducting treaties or affairs between nations.
dirk (327) a dagger.
dis com posed' (262) disturbed, worried.
dis sen'tient (228) one who disagrees.
dog'ger el (257) poetry of a poor quality.

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dooms'day (209) the day of final judgment, the end of the world.
driv'el ing (179) talking foolishly.
du'al (38) two-sided.
dul'ci fied (210) sweetened, put into a good humor.
dung (72) manure.
dy nam'i cal ly (91) with power, forcefully, energetically.

ear'nest (287) a pledge of something to come, a promise of fulfillment.
ef faced' (94) erased, wiped away.
e gre'gious (195) out of the ordinary, *here*, very wrong.
e late' (50) elevated, exalted.
en cum'brance (171) hindrance, burden, annoyance.
en dued' (50) endowed.
en nui' (än nwē') (270) indifference, weariness, languor.
en'signs (146) standards, banners.
er'mine (134) the white fur formerly used on a judge's robes. Now, the symbol of a judge's office or authority.
es'cri toire (ĕs'kri twär) (263) a writing desk.
es pla nade' (183) a clear level space.
eu'phon y (276) harmony, pleasing combination of sounds.
ex'e cra ble (228) horrible, dreadful.
ex hor ta'tion (214) encouragement, advice.
ex plic'it (253) clear, exact, definite.
ex pos tu la'tion (276) protest, remonstrance.

fac sim'i le (273) an exact copy.
fag'ot (205) a bundle of sticks or twigs used to kindle a fire; *here*, the sticks used to kindle a fire for burning alive an offender against the law.
fan'ta sy (296) fancy, imagination.
fel'on (266) a criminal.
fen (128) a swamp or marsh.
fend (53) to protect, defend.
fer'vid (26) burning, eager, intense.
feu'dal (66) belonging to the Middle Ages (from the 9th to the 14th or 15th centuries).
fil'i gree (271) decorated with graceful and intricate designs in gold and silver wire.
flumed (92) turned from its natural course by a deep channel or ravine.
for'mal ism (27) a belief in following closely certain definite rules and laws, rather than interpreting and acting upon their meaning.
forms (45) classes, (364) benches.
fo'rum (354) an open place where the people stood.
franc (261) a French coin worth about twenty cents.
fresh'en ing (71) growing more brisk and strong.
func'tion a ry (267) an official.

gam'bol (186) frolic, play.
gar'ish (128) dazzling, glaring.
gauged (41) measured.
gav'el (135) the mallet used by the presiding officer of a legislative body, or public assembly, for the purpose of calling the meeting to order.
gim'let (259) a tool for boring holes.
gin'-house (jĭn) (131) a building where the seeds are taken from cotton by a machine called a cotton-gin.
gloats (276) gazes at fondly.
gnarled (80) full of knots, rough.
grim ace' (229) a wry or made-up face.
guer'don (54) reward.
gyves (jīves) (52) chains, fetters.

hand'some (58) noble.
har'pies (106) monsters in Greek mythology, with the head of a woman and the claws, wings, and beak of a bird. They snatched food from their starving victims.
har'ry (53) to oppress, annoy.
hern (286) heron, a kind of water bird.

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het er o ge'ne ous (217) widely different.
hi a'tus es (155) intervals, spaces where something is missing.
hitch'er (178) a knot for fastening a boat to a landing-place.
hos'tler (hŏs'lẽr) (130) one who takes care of horses.
ho tel' (256) in France, a public mansion or residence of a person of rank.
hu'mor (369) *here*, a passing fancy, a mood.
hus'band ry (349) careful management, thrift, a word derived from *husband*, which meant originally house manager.
hy per-ob tru'sive (272) more than easily seen, very plainly evident.

il lu'so ry (223) deceiving.
im me mo'ri al (27) beyond any one's memory.
im'mi nent (14) threatening, full of danger.
im ming'led (301) blended together.
im'po tent (16) powerless, weak.
im pu'ni ty (58) freedom from punishment.
in ap'pli ca ble (264) unsuitable.
in can ta'tion (196) a magic spell that is sung or chanted to produce enchantment.
in cle'ment (72) rough, stormy.
in con'gru ous (217) inappropriate, unsuitable.
in con se quen'tial (124) unimportant.
in con'ti nent ly (334) immediately.
in cor'po rat ed (219) made a part of, united.
in cred'u lous (331) unbelieving.
in-cres'cent (292) increasing, growing larger, applied to the first half of the moon.
in dem'ni fy (187) to make up for a loss.
in di rec'tion (367) unfair or dishonorable means.
in fat u a'tion (14) folly.
in gre'di ents (197) the materials of which a thing is made.
in sin'u at ing (190) winning favor gradually, usually by flattery or by implying evil of others.
in spir'it ing (55) inspiring, encouraging.
in'sti gates (119) leads to, encourages.
in'ter im (229) meantime.
in ter'mi na ble (333) endless.
in ter posed' (254) interrupted.
in terred' (357) buried.
in tim'i dat ed (333) frightened, terrified by force.
in tri'guant (268) a trickster, a plotter.
i so la'tion (63) separation from others, loneliness.
is'sue (57) end, conclusion.

jeop'ard ized (254) exposed to danger.
jo cos'i ty (314) joking.
jousts (jŭsts) (291) mock battles.
ju di'cial (134) belonging to, or characteristic of, a judge.
junc'tures (223) intervals of time.
jun'ket ing (186) merry-making.
jux ta po si'tion (255) nearness, being placed side by side.

la'bor (292) *here*, to make a person work hard.
la'dy-smocks (342) the cuckoo flower, or ragged robin.
lam'bent (37) light, flickering.
lanc'es (170) long pointed spears.
lau're ate (285) originally meant crowned with laurel, the sign of the victor. It has therefore come to mean distinguished, famous. In England the title of **poet laureate** is one granted by the king to the most distinguished poet of the land.
leer (185) a sidelong glance.
Lent-li'ly (300) daffodil.
li'cense (34) freedom, *here*, abused freedom.

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li'chens (lī'kens) (92) plants or fungi, which grow on rocks and on the bark of trees.
lief'er (301) rather.
lieu (lū) (187) place, **in lieu of**, instead of, in place of.
lin'go (90) language, speech.
lit'ter (147) brood.
luc'es (343) fleur-de-lis, lilies.
lu'pins (94) a plant with large blue, white, red, or purple flowers.
lynx (254) like a lynx or wildcat, sharp, keen.

main (72) ocean.
man til'la (203) a scarf or veil of lace, covering the head and falling over the shoulders, worn in Spain.
march'es (303) meadows.
mart (365) to trade.
ma te'ri al ism (63) a tendency to care only for bodily needs and comforts, without thought for the mental or spiritual welfare.
may-blos'som (295) lily of the valley, pure white.
me di a'tion (60) bringing about an agreement, acting a peacemaker.
me di o'cre (248) of a middle quality, ordinary.
mel lif'lu ous ly (333) sweetly.
men'ace (44) a threatening evil.
mer'ce na ry (16) serving solely for pay.
mer e tri'cious (122) false, deceiving.
met'a phor (122) a figure of speech in which a comparison of two things is suggested.
met'eth (102) measures.
mick'le (341) great, much.
mi li'tia (20) a body of citizens enrolled as a regular military force, but not called into active service except in emergencies.
mi nute' (261) accurate in every detail.
mis cel la'ne ous (211) having no special quality of any kind.
mis say' (301) to speak evil of.
moat'ed (50) surrounded by a moat or ditch filled with water. This was a method of defense used in medieval castles and towns.
mol'li fy (191) to soften, make less rough.
mon'o dy (277) a funeral song.
mo not'o nous (284) without change or variety.
moor (128) waste sandy ground, usually more or less marshy.
mo raine' (92) an accumulation of earth and stones carried along by a glacier and deposited either along its sides or at its extremity.
mor'bid ly (177) in an unhealthy manner, unnaturally.
mul'ti ple (28) many-sided.

na'tive (233) *here*, natural.
neth'er most (115) lowest.
nig'gard ly (72) stingy, unyielding.
non-re mu'ner a tive (44) without salary.
no'ta ries (189) public officers, whose duty it is to certify documents.
not'ed (364) *here*, branded with disgrace.
nox'ious (44) harmful, dangerous.

ob scene' (337) vulgar.
on'yx (102) a semi-precious stone, having layers of different colors.
or'i flamme (67) a banner.
or thog'ra phy (331) spelling.
ou'zel (71) the European blackbird, or thrush.
o ver ween'ing (18) over-confident, conceited.

pale (346) *here*, fence.
pan'nier fuls (păn'yer) (72) baskets full.
pe'nal (17) inflicting punishment.
pe'nal ize (41) to make a thing punishable.

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pen'sive (182) thoughtful.
per func'to ry (313) performed merely as a duty, indifferent.
per'pe trat ing (62) doing, performing.
per sua'sion (19) belief.
pe ruque' (pĕ rōōk') (226) a wig.
pe rus'al (254) reading with care.
phan'tom (230) an unreal object, an illusion.
pied (342) spotted, dotted with color.
pier-glass (120) a high mirror, originally designed to occupy the wall space between two windows.
pimp'ing (209) deceiving, acting the part of a go-between.
plait'ed (73) braided.
plau'si ble (34) receiving applause, popular.
play'wright (344) a writer of plays.
po li'cial (268) of the police.
port (226) *here*, the manner in which a person walks or conducts himself.
po'tent (210) powerful.
pre ca'ri ous (96) uncertain, insecure.
pre ced'ence (178) first place.
pre cip'i tate (274) headlong, sudden.
pre'fect (251) chief, head.
pri va'tion (36) need, poverty.
pro fun'di ty (265) depth of knowledge or feeling.
pro pen'si ties (186) habits.
pro pri'e ty (313) fitness, correctness.
pros'ti tutes (35) abuses.
prov'en der (187) food for domestic animals, as hay, straw, or oats.
pun'gent ly (215) sharply, bitingly.
pur loined' (251) stolen.
pu sil lan'i mous (218) weak, faint-hearted.

quest (293) a search for knightly adventure.
quips (314) bright. clever sayings.

rad'i cal ness (272) state of being extreme.
rail'ler y (321) merriment.
re cher'ché (rē shĕr'shā') (267) rare, choice.
re cu'per a tive (34) restoring to health.
ref'u geed (130) to seek safety.
re pute' (183) good reputation, fame.
ret ri bu'tion (117) payment, punishment.
re vil'er (298) one who abuses or reproaches another.
rid (364) driven out.
rig'or ous (205) severe, harsh.
ros'trum (354) the pulpit or platform.
rue (251) French word for street.
ruff (192) a broad double collar of linen stiffly plaited or crimped, which was worn by men and women in Queen Elizabeth's time.
rus'es (268) tricks.
ruth (299) pity.

sa'ble (86) black.
sa'bres (114) swords.
sanc'tu a ries (84) sacred or holy places, places of worship.
san'dal-wood (193) a fragrant yellow wood obtained from a tree growing in the East Indies.
sap'phire (102) a precious stone, usually of a clear, deep, blue color.
saps (289) makes unfirm, weakens.
scar'ab (skăr'ăb) (78) a beetle.
scim'i tars (106) long curved swords.
scope (369) free range.
scull (skŭl) (178) an oar.
scul'lions (291) servants whose task is to clean pots and kettles.
se dan'-chair (184) a chair or covered vehicle used in England and France in the 17th century. It was mounted on two long poles and carried on the shoulders of two servants.
sem'blance (213) likeness.
se'quence (120) order of events, succession.
se ques'tered (75) hidden, secluded.
ser'aph (116) an angel.

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shale (96) rock formed of clay or mud hardened in layers which separate and slide easily.
sham'bles (16) a place for slaughtering animals for meat.
shark'ing (209) living by trickery.
sheer (97) straight up and down.
shrap'nel (163) a projectile containing a number of small bullets or fragments, with a bursting charge. The shell bursts in the air, scattering the pieces over a large area.
shrew (297) a small animal like a mole.
sim'u la cre (219) from simulacrum, a poor likeness.
slat'tern (186) an untidy woman.
sled'ges (275) sleds, sleighs.
spec'tral (216) *here*, having to do with the rays of light.
speir'in (313) asking.
spit (154) a slender pointed rod on which meat was hung while being roasted over an open fire.
sprites (346) spirits, fairies.
spur'i ous (265) false.
stat'u a (361) statue.
strait (144) narrow.
sub'tle (sŭt''l) (82) *here*, hard to follow.
sub'tle ty (216) craft, cleverness.
suf fused' (37) filled.
su per'flu ous (207) unnecessary.
su per'nal (67) heavenly.
su per nat'u ral (107) above the natural, miraculous.
sup'ple (190) bending to the wishes of others, sly, cunning.
sur mis'ing (341) guessing.
sym'bol ize (49) to represent.

te nu' i ty (218) thinness.
tes'ta ment (359) will.
tho'rough (346) through.
thrall (291) slave.
tin tin nab u la'tion (275) ringing, jingling.
to'paz (102) a precious stone, usually of a transparent yellow.
tor'pid (219) dull, stupid.
tour'ney (292) tournament, a contest of arms in which knights fought to exhibit their skill.
tra di' tion a ry (198) founded on a tradition or tale, handed down from older generations, usually by word of mouth.
tran scend'ent (26) supreme, surpassing all others.
tren'chant (338) keen.
trin'i ty (133) a union of three.
tryst'ing (trĭst ing) (138) meeting.
tur'bu len cy (276) commotion, wild disorder.

u na nim'i ty (25) state of being of one mind, or agreeing in opinion.
un dis tin'guished (211) ordinary.
un fas tid'i ous (27) easy to please.
un knelled' (70) without bells tolling at a funeral, unmourned.
un pe dan'tic (27) not trying to display one's knowledge.
un pro vin'cial (27) not confined to a particular section of the country.
un tram'melled (53) unfettered, free.

vap'id (45) lifeless, stupid.
var'let (190) a low fellow, a scoundrel.
vas'sal age (291) servitude.
ven'om (366) poison.
ver'sa tile (28) turning with ease from one thing to another; having the ability to do many things well.
ves'ture (217) clothing, covering.
vin'di cat ing (235) defending, justifying.
viv i fi ca'tion (217) being brought to life.
vo cif'er at ing (228) crying loudly.

wan'toned (71) played.
whist (346) quiet, still.
whorls (77) turns, spirals.

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PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

[For explanation of these names, see the text and the SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.]

Æneas (351) ē nē′ăs
Alais (330) ȧ lē′
Alberic de Humbert (155) äl′bĕ rĭk d' ün bĕr′
Algidus (153) ăl gĭd′ŭs
Anchises (351) ăn kī′sēz

Beaufort (332) bō fōr′
Belshazzar (34) bĕl shăz′ȧr
Bernard de Soissons (155) bĕr nȧr′ dē swä sôŋ′
Bouchet (333) bōō shā′

Catalani (274) căt ă lä′nē
Chaldean (109) kăl dē′ȧns
Chatham (14) chăt′ăm
Chico (195) chē′cō

Dupin (251) dü păn′

Faubourg (251) fō bōōrg′
Frugères (331) frōō zhăr′

Gallego (185) găl lā′gō
Gauthier de Reims (155) gō tyā′ dē raŋs′
Gazeille (338) gă zā′
Goudet (332) gōō dā′

Jean d'Orbais (156) zhän dōr bā′
Jeanne d'Arc (157) zhän därk′
Jean Henri Fabre (72) zhän än rē′ fȧ′br'
Jean Loups (156) zhän lū′

La Bruyère (265) lȧ brü yȧr′
Lausonne (338) lō zŏn′
L'Éclaireur de l'Est (159) l'ā clā rür′ dē lĕ′
Le Puy (332) lē pwē′
Loire (332) lwär
Lycidas (61) lĭs′ĭ dăs

Machiavelli (265) măk ĭ ȧ vĕl′lĭ
Marie Rogêt (251) mȧ rē′ rō zhā′
Mezenc (338) mĕ zonk′
Monastier (328) mōn ȧs tē ā′
Muir (90) mūr

Nebuchadnezzar (110) nĕb ŭ kăd nĕz′ȧr
Nervii (360) nûr′vĭ ĭ
Nurscia (140) nŭr′shă

Ophir (102) ō′phĭr
Orestes (87) ō rĕs′tēz

Pedrillo Pedrugo (190) pā drēl′lo pā drōō′gō
Pedro Gil (184) pā′drō hēl
Peregil (184) pā′rȧ hēl

Regis Senac (332) rä zhē′ sŭn näk′
Rheims (154) rēmz
Rochefoucauld (265) rōsh fōō kō′
Rue Dunôt (251) rü dü nō′
Rue Morgue (251) rü mōrg′
Runic (275) rü′nĭk

Spurius Lartius (145) spū′rĭ ŭs lär′ shŭs
St. Julien (338) sähn zhü′lĕ án

Tusitala (311) tū sĭ tā′lȧ

Ussel (334) ü′sĕl

Vailima (316) vä ē lē′mä

Warwickshire (341) wŏr′ĭk shēr
Wrangell (96) răn′gĕl

Xenil (189) hā′nēl

Zacatin (202) thä ka tēn′

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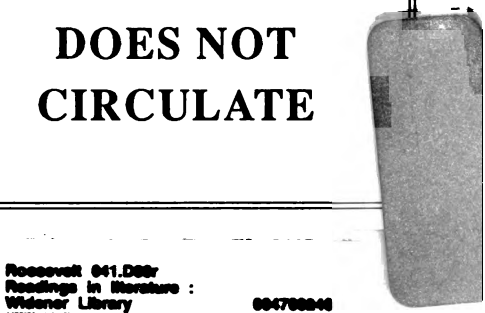

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